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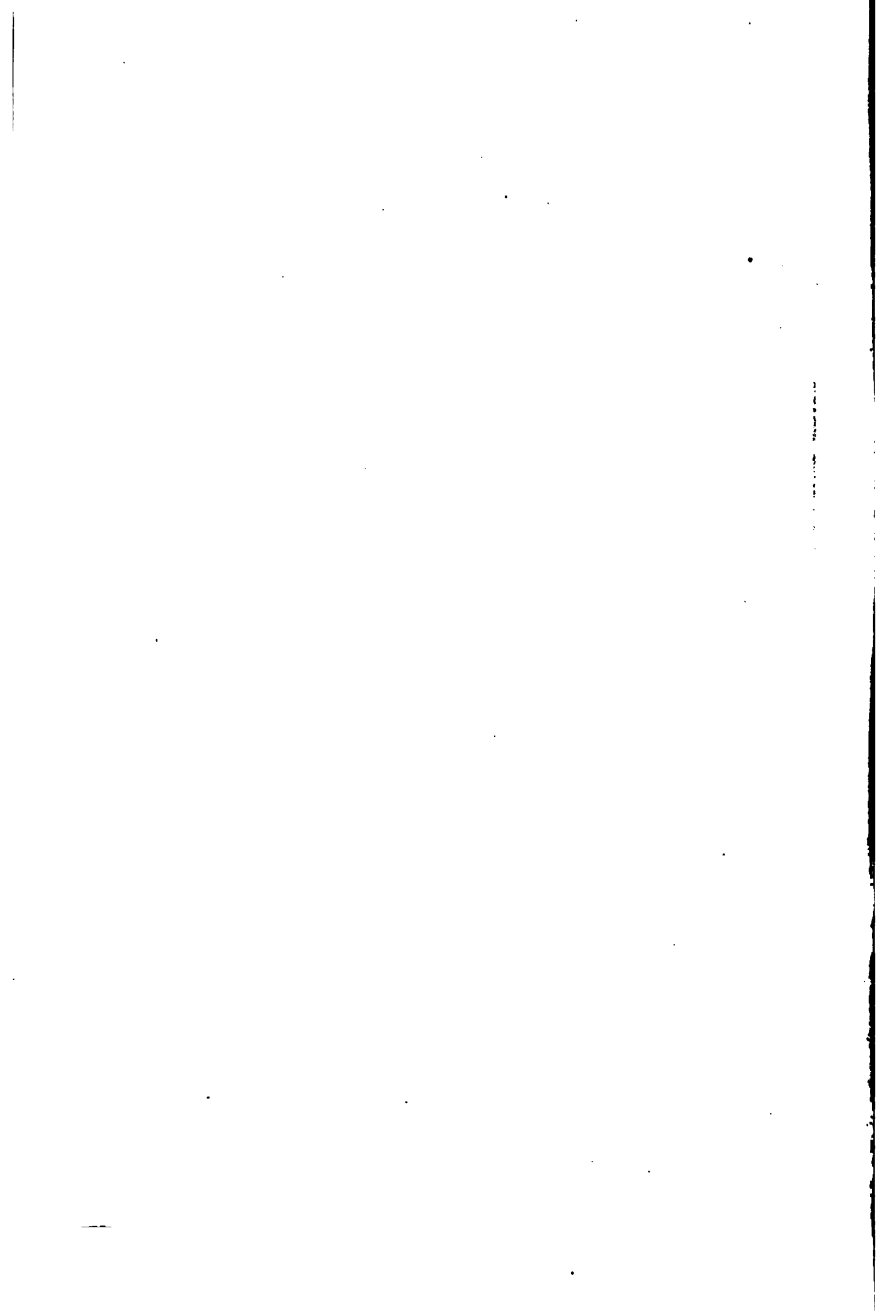
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## Preface.

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THIS volume completes the Course of Reading Books in *Nelson's School Series*. The Editor regrets that its publication has been delayed considerably beyond the time expected. It is now presented to Teachers, in the belief that it will be found a valuable addition to English School Literature.

In arrangement, as in choice of subjects, it differs from any existing book. A glance at the contents will show that it includes a great variety of interesting and instructive readings, from the best English writers.

In continuation of the plan of the previous volume of the Series, (*The Senior Reader*), a geographical arrangement has been followed with the selections from works of travel and history. Interspersed with these, are a large number of miscellaneous readings in literature and science.

The *Selections from the Poets* are more numerous than in any other book of the kind ; so numerous, that, if necessary, the Teacher may pass over some of them, choosing those he considers best adapted for his class. All the pieces, however, are choice specimens of the English Poets, and should become familiar to every pupil, by study either at school or at home.

*December 1865.*

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*The Italics indicate Poetical Pieces.*

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# THE ADVANCED READER.

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## PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

IT is NOBLE to seek Truth, and it is BEAUTIFUL to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart, that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and *sacredly true*. To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvellous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own, that the quickness of light, travelling from the world's creation, has never yet reached us; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the Old World; to go up with great reasoners to the First Cause of all, and to perceive, in the midst of all this dissolution and decay and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting;—it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it; to give up for it laborious days; to spurn

for it present pleasures ; to endure for it afflicting poverty ; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and all times.

I appeal to the experience of any man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a satisfaction in it, which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence ? The end of nature has been answered : his faculties have done that which they were created to do—not languidly occupied upon trifles, not enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature, and so worthy of their strength.

A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress ? with whose happiness does he interfere ? whom does his ambition destroy ? and whom does his fraud deceive ? In the pursuit of science he injures no man, and in the acquisition he does good to all. A man who dedicates his life to knowledge, becomes habituated to pleasure which carries with it no reproach : and there is one security that he will never love that pleasure which is paid for by anguish of heart—his pleasures are all cheap, all dignified, and all innocent ; and, as far as any human being can expect permanence in this changing scene, he has secured a happiness which no malignity of fortune can ever take away, but which must cleave to him while he lives, ameliorating every good, and diminishing every evil of his existence.

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I solemnly declare, that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence ; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains—it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched ! Upon something it must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coëval with life, what do I say but love innocence ; love virtue ; love

purity of conduct ; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the providence which has made you so, and make men call it justice ; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes ; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world—that which will make your motives habitually great and honourable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud ?

Therefore, if any young man have embarked his life in the pursuit of Knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event : let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of Knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train ; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

SYDNEY SMITH.

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#### A TIDE IN HUMAN LIFE.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries :  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKESPEARE.

## MAN AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

THE Industrial Arts are necessary arts. The most degraded savage must practise them, and the most civilized genius cannot dispense with them. Whatever be our gifts of intellect or fortune, we cannot avoid being hungry, and thirsty, and cold, and weary every day; and we must fight for our lives against the hunger, and thirst, and cold, and weariness, which wage an unceasing war against us. But we can live down the longest day without help from music, or painting, or sculpture, and it is only in certain moods of mind that we demand or can enjoy these noble arts. ....

But, though the industrial arts are common, they are not ignoble arts. They minister, indeed, to those physical wants which we share with the lower animals, but we are raised above them as much by being industrial, as by being æsthetic artists. We are the former in virtue of our superior intellect, as we are the latter in virtue of our superior imagination.

Let me ask your attention to this point. It is with every-day life, and every-day cares, that the Industrial Arts have to do; with man, not as "a little lower than the angels," but "as crushed before the moth," and weaker than the weakest of the beasts that perish; with man as a hungry, thirsty, restless, quarrelsome, naked animal. But it is my province to show that man, because he is this, and just because he is this, is raised by the industrial conquests which he is compelled to achieve, to a place of power and dignity, separating him by an absolutely immeasurable interval from every other animal.

It might appear, at first sight, as if it were not so. As industrial creatures we often look like wretched copyists of animals far beneath us in the scale of organization; and we seem to confess as much by the names which we give them. The mason-wasp, the carpenter-bee, the mining caterpillars, the quarrying sea-slugs, execute their work in a way which we cannot rival or excel. The bird is an exquisite architect; the beaver a most skilful bridge-

builder ; the silk-worm the most beautiful of weavers ; the spider the best of net-makers. Each is a perfect craftsman, and each has his tools always at hand. Those wise creatures, I believe, have minds like our own, to the extent that they have minds, and are not mere living machines, swayed by a blind instinct. They will to do one thing rather than another, and do that one thing in different ways at different times. A bird, for example, selects a place to build its nest upon, and accommodates its form to the particular locality it has chosen ; and a bee alters the otherwise invariable shape of its cell, when the space it is working in forbids it to carry out its hexagonal plan. Yet, it is impossible to watch these, or others among the lower animals, and fail to see that, to a great extent, they are mere living machines, saved from the care and anxiety which lie so heavily upon us, by their entire contentment with the present, their oblivion of the past, and their indifference to the future. They do invent, they do design, they do exercise volition in wonderful ways ; but their most wonderful works imply neither invention, contrivance, nor volition, but only a placid, pleasant, easily rendered obedience to instincts which reign without rivals, and justify their despotic rule by the infallible happiness which they secure. There is nothing, accordingly, obsolete, nothing tentative, nothing progressive, in the labours of the most wonderful mechanicians among the lower animals. It has cost none of these ingenious artists any intellectual effort to learn its craft, for God gave it to each perfect in the beginning ; and within the circle to which they apply, the rules which guide their work are infallible, and know no variation.

No feathered Ruskin appears among the birds, to discuss before them whether their nests should be built on the principles of Grecian or Gothic architecture. No beaver, in advance of his age, patents a diving-bell. No glow-worm advocates, in the hearing of her conservative sisters, the merits of new vesta-lights, or improved lucifer-matches. The silk-worms entertain no propositions regarding the substitution of machinery for bodily labour. The spiders never divide the House on the question of a Ten Hours Working Bill. The ants are at one on their Corn-laws.

The wasps are content with their Game-laws. The bees never alter their tax upon sugar ; nor dream of lessening the severities of their penal code—their drones are slaughtered as relentlessly as they were three thousand years ago ; nor has a solitary change been permitted since first there were bees, in any of their singular domestic institutions.

To those wise creatures the Author of All has given, not only infallible rules for their work, but unfaltering faith in them. Labour is for them not a doubt, but a certainty. Duty is the same thing as happiness. They never grow weary of life ; and death never surprises them. Wonderful combinations of individual volition, pursuing its own ends, and of implicit surrender to Omnipotent will, subduing all opposition, they are most wonderful in the latter respect, and are less to be likened to us than to perfect self-repairing machines, which swiftly raise our admiration from themselves, to Him who made and who sustains them.

We are industrial for other reasons, and in a different way. Our working instincts are very few ; our faith in them still more feeble ; and our physical wants far greater than those of any other creature. . . .

The heritage of nakedness, which no animal envies us, is not more the memorial of the innocence that once was ours, than it is the omen of the labours which it compels us to undergo. With the intellects of angels, and the bodies of earth-worms, we have the power to conquer, and the need to do it. Half of the Industrial Arts are the result of our being born without clothes ; the other half, of our being born without tools. I use this language deliberately. The Fine Arts may be gracefully grouped round the five senses:—the eye to the painter, the ear to the musician, the tongue to the poet, the hand to the sculptor, and the whole body, the instrument of touch, among all. The Fine Arts thus begin each with a special sense, and converge towards the body ; the Industrial Arts begin with the body, and diverge towards the special senses. . . .

I do not propose to offer you a catalogue of the arts which our uncladness compels us to foster. The shivering savage in the

colder countries robs the seal and the bear, the buffalo and the deer, of the one mantle which nature has given them. The wild huntsman, by a swift but simple transmutation, becomes the clothier, the tailor, the tanner, the currier, the leather-dresser, the glover, the saddler, the shoemaker, the tent-maker. And the tent-maker, the arch-architect of one of the great schools of architecture, becomes quickly a house-builder, building with snow where better material is not to be had ; and a ship-builder, constructing, out of a few wooden ribs and stretched animal skins, canoes which, as sad experience has too recently shown us, may survive where English ships of oak have gone to destruction, we know not where.

Again : the unchilled savage of the warmer regions seeks a covering, not from the cold, but from the sun, which smites him by day ; and the moon, which smites him by night. The palm, the banana, the soft-barked trees, the broad-leaved sedges and long-fibred grasses, are spoiled by him, as the beasts of the field are by his colder brother. He becomes a sower, a reaper, a spinner, a weaver, a baker, a brewer, a distiller, a dyer, a carpenter ; and whilst he is these, he bends the pliant stems of his tropical forests into roof-trees and rafters, and clothes them with leaves, and makes for himself a tabernacle of boughs, and so is the arch-architect of a second great school of architecture ; and, by-and-by, his twisted branches and interlaced leaves grow into Grecian columns with Corinthian acanthus capitals, and Gothic pillars with petrified plants and stony flowers gracefully curling round them.

Once more : in those temperate regions, where large animals and trees do not greatly abound, turfs, or mud, or clay, or stones, or all together, can be fashioned into that outermost garment which we call a house, and most familiarly connect with the notion of architecture.

It is not, however, his cultivation of the arts which have been named, or of others, that makes man peculiar as an industrial animal ;—it is the mode in which he practises them. The first step he takes towards remedying his nakedness and helplessness, is in a direction where no other creature has led the way, and none has followed his example. He lays hold of that most power-

ful of all weapons of peace or war, *Fire*, from which every other animal, unless when fortified by his presence, flees in terror; and with it alone not only clothes himself, but lays the foundation of a hundred arts.

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## MAN AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

(Continued.)

Man may be defined as the only animal that can strike a light; the solitary creature that knows how to kindle a fire. This is a very fragmentary definition of the "Paragon of Animals," but it is enough to make him the conqueror of them all. The most degraded savage has discovered how to rub two sticks together, or whirl the point of one in a socket in the other till the wood is kindled. It is a thoroughly technical process, not easily learned or practised. Judgment, dexterity, and patience are needed for its performance; and even the most sagacious of monkeys, though he has a pair of hands more than a man, has never attempted this primitive pyrotechnic art.

Once provided with his kindled brand, the savage technologist soon proves what a sceptre of power he holds in his hand. He tills with it; by a single touch burning up the withered grass of a past season, and scattering its ashes to fertilize the plains, which will quickly be green again. It serves him as an axe to fell the tallest trees with, and hollows out for him the canoe in which he adventures upon strange seas. It is an all-sufficient defence against the fiercest wild beasts; and it reduces for him the iron ore of the rocks, and forges it into a weapon of war. I might say, indeed, with truth, that his kindled brand makes the ten-fingered savage, without further help, a farmer, a baker, a cook, a carpenter, a smith, a potter, a brick-maker, a lime-burner and builder; and, besides much else, a soldier and a sailor. Well did the wise ancients declare that men obtained fire from heaven; but not well that they stole it. It was a gift to them, in compensation for



their having no share in the dowry granted to the lower animals; and it has proved an ample compensation.

You may think this sketch of the savage's obligation to fire fanciful and exaggerated; but if you consider how every human industrial art stands directly or indirectly related to fire, whilst no animal art does, you will not regard the statement as extravagant. And civilized man, as much as his savage brother, is a fire-worshipper in his practical doings. The great conquering peoples of the world have been those who knew best how to deal with fire. The most wealthy of the active nations are those which dwell in countries richly provided with fuel. No inventions have changed the entire world more than steam and gunpowder. We are what we are, largely because we are the ministers and masters of fire.

Clotheless creatures by birth, we are also tool-less ones. Every other animal is by nature fully equipped and caparisoned for its work; its tools are ready for use, and it is ready to use them. We have first to invent our tools, and then to fashion them, and then to learn how to handle them. Man's marvellous hand is, no doubt, in itself an exquisite instrument of art; but, after all, our hands are less adroit than those of the monkey, who has four, each equivalent to a right hand, whilst the handiest of us is only ambidextrous. Our right hands would be nothing to us, but for our wise heads; for we have to begin two steps further back, in our industrial labours, than the meanest of the animals, who practise no such craft as that of tool-making, and serve no apprenticeship to any craft. Two-thirds at least of our industrial doings are thus preliminary. Before two rags can be sewed together, we require a needle, which embodies the inventiveness of a hundred ingenious brains; and a hand, which only a hundred botchings and failures have, in the lapse of years, taught to use the instrument with skill.

It is so with all the crafts, and they are inseparably dependent on each other. The mason waits on the carpenter for his mallet, and the carpenter on the smith for his saw; the smith on the smelter for his iron, and the smelter on the miner for his ore. Each, moreover, needs the help of all the others;—the carpenter the smith, as much as the smith the carpenter; and both the

mason, as much as the mason both. This helplessness of the single craftsman is altogether peculiar to the human artist. The lower animals are all polyartists, and never heard of such a doctrine as that of the division of labour. The same bee, for example, markets, and bakes bee-bread, and manufactures sugar, and makes wax, and builds storehouses, and plans apartments, and nurses the royal infants, and waits upon the Queen, and apprehends thieves, and smites to the death the enemies of the Amazons. The nightingale, though he is a poet, builds and furnishes his nest without any help from the raven, who despises the fine arts ; and the lark does not excuse herself from her household duties because she is an excellent musician.

Nor are there degrees of skill among the animal artists. The beavers pay no consulting fees to eminent beaver engineers experienced in hydraulics ; the coral insects do not offer higher wages to skilled workmen at reef-building ; every nautilus is an equally good sailor ; and the wasps engaged in "just and necessary wars," offer no bounties to tempt veteran soldiers into their armies. . . .

The industrialness, then, of man is carried out in a way quite peculiar to himself, and singularly illustrative of his combined weakness and greatness. The most helpless, physically, of animals, and yet the one with the greatest number of pressing appetites and desires, he has no working instincts to secure (at least after infancy) the gratification of his most pressing wants, and no tools which such instincts can work by. He is compelled, therefore, to fall back upon the powers of his reason and understanding, and make his intellect serve him instead of a crowd of instinctive impulses, and his intellect-guided hand instead of an apparatus of tools. Before that hand, armed with the tools which it has fashioned, and that intellect, which marks man as made in the image of God, the instincts and weapons of the entire animal creation are as nothing. He reigns, by right of conquest, as indisputably as by right of inheritance, the king of this world.

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

## FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs—  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end :  
 Were this frail world our final rest,  
 Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this vale of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime,  
 Where life is not a breath;  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown ;  
 A long eternity of love,  
 Formed for the good alone;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are passed away,  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day;  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

## THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found :  
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,  
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,  
 No more disturbs their deep repose  
 Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head  
 And aching heart beneath the soil;  
 To slumber in that dreamless bed  
 From all my toil.

The Grave, that never spake before,  
 Hath found at length a tongue to chide;  
 O listen !—I will speak no more—  
 Be silent, pride !

" Art thou a mourner? hast thou known  
 The joy of innocent delights,  
 Endearing days for ever flown,  
 And tranquil nights?

Oh, live and deeply cherish still  
 The sweet remembrance of the past;  
 Rely on Heaven's unchanging will  
 For peace at last.

Though long of winds and waves the sport,  
 Condemned in wretchedness to roam,  
 Live !—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
 A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,  
 Of power the fiercest griefs to calm;

And soothe the bosom's deepest wound  
 With heavenly balm.

Whate'er thy lot, where'er thou be,  
 Confess thy folly—kiss the rod ;  
 And in thy chastening sorrows see  
 The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break;  
 Afflictions all his children feel;  
 He wounds them for his mercy's sake—  
 He wounds to heal !

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
 Prostrate, his providence adore :  
 'Tis done ! arise ! he bids thee stand,  
 To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears,  
 To realms of everlasting light,  
 Through Time's dark wilderness of years,  
 Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
 And while the mouldering ashes sleep  
 Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin divine,  
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
 A star of day !

The sun is but a spark of fire,  
 A transient meteor in the sky;  
 The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
 Shall never die !"

MONTGOMERY.

## NOBLE REVENGE.

A YOUNG officer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would “make him repent it.” This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer’s anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy’s hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty.

A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership. The party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to

return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not; mystery you see none in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; "high and low" are words without a meaning; and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? Oh, reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting, and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed for ever.

As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up for ever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it: "Sir," he said, "I told you before that I would make you repent it!"

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

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#### VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

Good name, in man, and woman,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

**DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.**

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes; the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care—at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life even while her own was

waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday, could know her no more. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on she sank to sleep. They could tell by what she faintly uttered in her dreams that they were of her wanderings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. She had never murmured or complained, but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was

dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

Up to that time the old man had not spoken once—except to her, or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape from earthly eyes for ever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice, rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now—pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quite shade. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the coloured window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds



sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath—many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels; and, when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed.

Thus, coming to the grave in little' knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch—and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

DICKENS.

## THE PRINCE AND THE WIDOW.

WHEN the Cross in Spain was broken,  
 And the Moors her sceptre swayed,  
 In his royal town a Caliph  
 A fair stately palace made;  
 Pleasant was the wide-arched mansion,  
 With its quaintly-figured walls,  
 And the silver-sprinkling fountains  
 In its marble-paven halls.  
 Arabesques filled every chamber  
 With a wild fantastic grace,  
 And the Koran's golden ciphers  
 Made a mystery of the place;  
 Rich the tracery of each lattice,  
 Carven sharp with master-craft,  
 And the mouldings wrought like lace-  
 work  
 On each tall and slender shaft.  
 Sudden glimpses of trees waving,  
 With a freshness to the eye,  
 Came through pillared courts all open  
 To the soft blue summer sky;  
 And around it were sweet gardens,  
 Sunny clumps of scented bloom,  
 Dusky umbrage-shadowing alleys,  
 With a cool, delicious gloom.  
 Near the palace a poor Widow  
 Had a small paternal field,  
 Where the Prince a fair pavilion  
 For his pleasure wished to build;  
 Only this one charm was wanting  
 To complete it to his heart,—  
 But no bribe could tempt the widow  
 With her little plot to part.  
 Wearied with his vain entreaties,  
 He at last put forth his hand,  
 And raised up his dome of pleasure  
 On the violated land.

Weak and friendless was the widow,—  
 Her oppressor proud and strong;  
 But she went before the Cadi,  
 And bore witness to the wrong.  
 On a day the Prince was walking  
 In the garden planted there,  
 With a joyous heart beholding  
 His pavilion shining fair;  
 The old Cadi then came kneeling,  
 And implored, in lowly mood,  
 Leave to fill a sack beside him  
 From the soil on which they stood.  
 It was granted, and he filled it;  
 Then the old man, turning round,  
 Asked the Caliph to assist him  
 While he raised it from the ground.  
 Smiled the Prince at the entreaty,  
 Thinking all was done in mirth,  
 Raised the sack, but dropped full quickly  
 His strange burden to the earth.  
 "It is heavy," said the Cadi,  
 "And thou canst not bear the weight;  
 Yet 'tis but a little portion  
 Of the widow's whole estate.  
 Side by side with that poor widow  
 Must thou stand, at Allah's bar;  
 And in that majestic presence  
 Prince and beggar equal are.  
 And if thou, O Prince! art burdened  
 With a load of earth so small,  
 What wilt thou then answer Allah,  
 When he charges thee with all?"

The sharp arrow reached his conscience,  
 And atoning for his guilt,  
 Like a king, he gave the widow  
 The pavilion he had built.

J. D. BURNS.

## THE LAST DAY.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,  
 The hills their fixed seat forsake;  
 And, withering, from the vault of night  
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same  
 As once in lowly form he came,—  
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,  
 With wreath of flame and robe of storm.

On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
 Anointed Judge of human-kind!

Can this be He who wont to stray  
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride—  
 O God! is this the Crucified?

While sinners to the rocks complain,  
 And seek the mountain's cleft in vain;  
 The saints, victorious o'er the tomb,  
 Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come!"

HEBER.

## CREATION A CONTINUOUS WORK.

WE are accustomed to conceive of the creation of man as a dim, miraculous event, of the most ancient time, forgetting that God's scheme of managing the living world is one of *perpetual* creation. Had our earth been formed of an eternal adamant, subject to no vicissitudes of change through all the cycles of duration, we might, perhaps, well refer to the act of bringing it into existence as especially illustrative of creative power; but where all is changing, transitory, and incessantly dissolving away, so that nothing remains immutable but God's conception of being, which the whole universe is for ever hastening to realize, we cannot escape the conviction of his immediate, living, omnipresent, constructive agency. The truth is, we are hourly and momentarily created, and it is impossible to imagine in what respect the first act of formative power was more wonderful or glorious, or afforded any more conspicuous display of omnipotent wisdom, than that august procession of phenomena by which man, and the entire living world, are now and continually called into being.

Those material atoms which are to-day interposed between us and destruction, are recent from chaos,—they were but yesterday formless dust of the earth, corroded and pulverized rocks, or fleeting and viewless gases of the air. These, through the vast enginery of astronomic systems, whose impulses of movement spring directly from the Almighty's will, have entered a world of organic order, are wrought into new states, and made capable of nourishing the animal body. The mingled gases and mineral dust have become vital aliment. The test-miracle which the Tempter of old demanded, as evidence of Godlike power, is disclosed to the eye of science as a result of natural laws; for in the most literal sense, "stones are made bread."

## THE LIVING SYSTEM A THEATRE OF CHANGE.

The body of the grown man presents to us the same unaltered aspect of form and size for long periods of time. With the exception of furrows deepening in the countenance, an adult man may seem hardly to alter for half a hundred years. But this appearance is altogether illusory; for with apparent bodily identity there has really been an active and rapid change, daily and nightly, hourly and momentarily—an incessant waste and renewal of all the corporeal parts. A waterfall is permanent, and may present the same aspect of identity and unchangeableness from generation to generation, but who does not know that it is certainly made up of particles in a state of swift transition; the cataract is only a *form* resulting from the definite course which the changing particles pursue. The flame of a lamp presents to us for a long time the same appearance, but its constancy of aspect is caused by a ceaseless change in the place and condition of the chemical atoms which carry on combustion.

Just so with man: he appears an unchanged being, endowed with permanent attributes of power and activity, but he is really only an unvarying *form*, whose constituent particles are for ever changing. As each part of his body is brought into action, its particles perish, and are replaced by others; and thus destruction and renovation in the vital economy are indissolubly connected, and proceed together. It is said, with reference to the casualties to which man is everywhere exposed, that “in the midst of life we are in death;” but physiologically this is a still profounder truth—we begin to die as soon as we begin to live.

Very few persons have any correct conception of the rate at which change goes on in their bodies. The average amount of matter taken into the system daily, under given circumstances, has been determined with a considerable degree of precision. From the army and navy diet-scales of France and England, which, of course, are based upon the recognized necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is found that about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  lb avoirdupois of dry food per day are required for each individual: of this,

about three-quarters are vegetable, and the rest animal. Assuming a standard of 140lb as the weight of the body, the amount of oxygen consumed daily is nearly  $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb, which results from breathing about 25 or 30 hogsheads of air: the quantity of water is nearly  $4\frac{1}{8}$ lb for the same time.

The weight of the entire blood of a full-grown man varies from 20 to 30lb; of this the lungs, in a state of health, contain about  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The heart beats, on an average, 60 or 70 times in a minute. Every beat sends forward two ounces of the fluid. It rushes on at the rate of 150 feet in a minute, the whole blood passing through the lungs every two minutes and a half, or twenty times in an hour. In periods of great exertion the rapidity with which the blood flows is much increased, so that the whole of it sometimes circulates in less than a single minute. According to these data, all the blood in the body travels through the circulatory route 600 or 700 times in a day,—a total movement through the heart of 10,000 or 12,000lb of blood in 24 hours. At the same time there escapes from the lungs nearly 2lb of *carbonic acid* and  $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb of *watery vapour*. The *skin* loses by perspiration  $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb of water, and there escape in other directions about  $2\frac{1}{4}$ lb of matter. In the course of a year, the amount of solid food consumed is upwards of 800lb; the quantity of oxygen is about the same; and that of water, taken in various forms, is estimated at 1500lb: or altogether a ton and a half of matter, solid, liquid, and gaseous, is ingested annually. We thus see that the adult of a half a century has shifted the substance of his corporeal being more than a thousand times!

## THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

I HEARD the angels singing,  
 As they went up through the sky,  
 A sweet infant's spirit bringing  
 To its Father's house on high :—

"Happy thou, so soon ascended,  
 With thy shining raiment on !  
 Happy thou, whose race is ended  
 With a crown so quickly won !

Hushed is now thy lamentation,  
 And the first words to thee given  
 Will be words of adoration  
 In the blessed speech of heaven ;  
 For the blood thou mightst have slighted  
 Has now made thee pure within,  
 And the evil seed is blighted  
 That had ripened unto sin.

We will lead thee by a river,  
 Where the flowers are blooming fair ;  
 We will sing to thee for ever,  
 For no night will darken there.  
 Thou shalt walk in robes of glory ;  
 Thou shalt wear a golden crown ;  
 Thou shalt sing redemption's story,  
 With the saints around the throne.

Thou wilt see that better country,  
 Where a tear-drop never fell,—  
 Where a foe made never entry,  
 And a friend ne'er said farewell ;  
 Where, upon the radiant faces  
 That will shine on thee alway,  
 Thou wilt never see the traces  
 Of estrangement or decay.

Thee we bear, a lily-blossom,  
 To a sunnier clime above ;  
 There to lay thee in a bosom  
 Warm with more than mother's love.  
 Happy thou, so timely gathered  
 From a region cold and bare,  
 To bloom on, a flower unwithered,  
 Through an endless summer there !"

Through the night that dragged so  
 slowly  
 Rachel watched beside a bed ;  
 Weeping wildly, kneeling lowly,  
 She would not be comforted.  
 To her lost one she was clinging,  
 Raining tears upon a shroud ;  
 She could hear no angels singing,—  
 See no brightness through the cloud.

J. D. BURNS.

## THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
 The Sun himself must die,  
 Before this mortal shall assume  
 Its immortality !  
 I saw a vision in my sleep,  
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
 Adown the gulf of Time !  
 I saw the last of human mould,  
 That shall Creation's death behold,  
 As Adam saw her prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
 The Earth with age was wan,  
 The skeletons of nations were  
 Around that lonely man !  
 Some had expired in fight—the brands  
 Still rusted in their bony hands ;  
 In plague and famine some :  
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;  
 And ships were drifting with the dead,  
 To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
 With dauntless words and high,  
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood,  
 As if a storm passed by ;  
 Saying, " We are twins in death, proud Sun !  
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run—  
 'Tis mercy bids thee go ;  
 For thou, ten thousand, thousand years,  
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
 His pomp, his pride, his skill ;  
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth  
 The vassals of his will ;  
 Yet mourn I not thy parted away,  
 Thou dim, dis-crowned king of day :  
 For all those trophied arts  
 And triumphs, that beneath thee sprang,  
 Healed not a passion, or a pang,  
 Entailed on human hearts.

Go—let oblivion's curtain fall  
 Upon the stage of men,  
 Nor with thy rising beams recall  
 Life's tragedy again;  
 Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
 Of pain anew to writhe;  
 Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
 Or mown in battle by the sword,  
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies  
 To watch thy fading fire;  
 Test of all sunless agonies,  
 Behold not me expire.  
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
 To see thou shalt not boast;  
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall—  
 The majesty of darkness shall  
 Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him  
 That gave its heavenly spark;—  
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,  
 When thou thyself art dark;  
 No! it shall live again, and shine  
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
 By Him recalled to breath,  
 Who captive led captivity,  
 Who robbed the grave of victory,  
 And took the sting from death.

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up,  
 On Nature's awful waste,  
 To drink this last and bitter cup  
 Of grief that man shall taste;  
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race  
 On earth's sepulchral clod,  
 The dark'ning universe defy  
 To quench his immortality,  
 Or shake his trust in God.

CAMPBELL.

## THE ABBOT AND FOOL.

THE Fool made mirth in the convent-hall,  
 While the Abbot and monks were feasting  
 all.—

"Now, sirrah, come hither," the Abbot  
 cried;

And he took up a staff that lay by his side:  
 "With this staff in my name you will pro-  
 mise to greet

The veriest fool you may chance to meet."  
 The monks applauded with hearty laugh,  
 And the Fool assented and took the staff.

Not long after the Abbot fell sick,  
 And he lay on his bed breathing short and  
 quick;

All who saw how he gasped for breath  
 Knew that his sickness would end in  
 death.

For the parting soul many masses were  
 said;

And monks were kneeling about his bed,  
 And friends stood round with looks of  
 gloom,  
 When the Fool came softly into the room.

"Alas!" said the Abbot, with heavy  
 moan,

"That I must leave all, and be quickly  
 gone!"—

"And whither, dear uncle, must thou go,"  
 Asked the Fool, "from the friends who  
 love thee so?"—

"I must go to a country far away;  
 A summons is come that I must obey."—  
 "But if thou must go, thou hast treasures  
 rare:  
 These thou wilt take, and be happy there!"

"Alas!" said the Abbot, "though loath  
 of mind,  
 My jewels and gold I must leave behind."—  
 "But, then, you have surely out of your  
 store  
 Sent the choice of all that you loved be-  
 fore?"—

"Alas!" said the Abbot, with mortal  
 groan,  
 "There is nothing prepared, yet I must be  
 gone;  
 I have made no provision against the way,  
 And a message is come that brooks no  
 delay!"

"Nothing! but sure you have taken heed  
 To secure a friend to supply your need?"—  
 "I have none!" he shrieked, "for I  
 wished not to go,  
 And that makes the journey so fearful  
 now!"—

"Here, then, is a staff which may stand  
 thee in stead;"  
 And he laid it down on the Abbot's bed;—  
 "If what thou hast spoken be true, I greet  
 The veriest fool I ever did meet!"

J. D. BURNS.

## THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

"WHAT shall I render thee, Father Supreme,  
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"  
Said a young mother, as she fondly watched  
Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice  
That night in dreams:—

"Thou hast a little bud  
Wrapped in thy breast, and fed with dews of love:  
Give me that bud—'twill be a flower in heaven."  
But there was silence; yea, a hush so deep,  
Breathless, and terror-stricken, that the lip  
Blanched in its trance.

"Thou hast a little harp—  
How sweetly would it swell the angels' hymn!

Give me that harp." There burst a shuddering sob,  
As if the bosom by some hidden sword  
Was cleft in twain.

Morn came. A blight had struck  
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud;  
The harp-strings ran a thrilling strain and broke—  
And that young mother lay upon the earth,  
In childless agony.

Again the voice  
That stirred her vision:—"He who asked  
of thee,  
Loveth a cheerful giver." So she raised  
Her gushing eye, and, ere the tear-drop dried  
Upon its fringes, smiled—and that meek smile,  
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

## THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past  
There lived a man—and who was he?  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee!

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he lived unknown:  
His name hath perished from the earth;  
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
Alternate triumphed in his breast;  
His bliss and woe, a smile, a tear!  
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits' rise and fall,  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;  
Had friends—his friends are now no more;  
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;  
Oh! she was fair! but nought could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
Encountered all that troubles thee;  
He was—whatever thou hast been;  
He is—what thou shalt be!

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye  
That once their shade and glory threw,  
Have left, in yonder silent sky,  
No vestige where they flew!

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN.

MONTGOMERY.



## THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

THE dignity of labour! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts in its persevering promotion of human happiness, "clamorous Labour knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world!

Labour clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Labour drives the plough, and scatters the seed, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labour, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the one thousand millions of the family of man.

Labour gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves them into raiment, soft, and warm, and beautiful,—the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork.

Labour moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome.

Labour, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal, to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labour explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold, the silver, the copper, and the tin. Labour smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament,—from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire-gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead.

Labour hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labour brings us Indian rice and American cotton; African ivory and Greenland oil; fruits from the sunny South and furs from the frozen North; tea from the East and sugar from the West: carrying, in exchange, to every land the products of British industry and British skill. Labour, by the universally spread ramifications of trade, distributes its own treasures from country to country, from city to city, from house to house, conveying to the doors of all, the necessities and luxuries of life; and, by the pulsations of an untrammelled commerce, maintaining healthy life in the great social system.

Labour, fusing opaque particles of rock, produces transparent glass, which it moulds, and polishes, and combines so wondrously, that sight is restored to the blind; while worlds, before invisible from distance, are brought so near as to be weighed and measured with an unerring exactness; and atoms, which had escaped all detection from minuteness, reveal a world of wonder and beauty in themselves.

Labour, possessing a secret far more important than the philosopher's stone, transmutes the most worthless substances into the most precious; and, placing in the crucible of its potent chemistry the putrid refuse of the sea and land, extracts fragrant essences, and healing medicines, and materials of priceless importance in the arts.

Labour, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends aerial bridges above deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark, undeviating tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows; and, while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy—"Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low." Labour draws forth its delicate iron thread, and, stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled,

while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, compete with the lightning, and fly as rapidly as thought itself.

Labour seizes the thoughts of genius, the discoveries of science, the admonitions of piety, and, with its magic types impressing the vacant page, renders it pregnant with life and power, perpetuating truth to distant ages, and diffusing it to all mankind.

Labour sits enthroned in Palaces of Crystal, whose high arched roofs proudly sparkle in the sunshine which delighteth to honour it, and whose ample courts are crowded with the trophies of its victories in every country and in every age.

Labour, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then, waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheels whirl round; the town appears,—the mart of Commerce, the hall of Science, the temple of Religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbour; the quays are crowded with commercial spoils,—the peaceful spoils which enrich both him who receives and him who yields. Representatives of far-off regions make it their resort; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; Literature, new born, redoubles and perpetuates its praise; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults,—for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every hand. And who, contemplating such achievements, will deny that there is dignity in Labour!

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

**BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.**

THE characteristic peculiarity of the Pilgrim's Progress is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit in Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the Pilgrim's Progress. But the pleasure which is produced by the Vision of Mirza, or the Vision of Theodore, or the Contest between Rest and Labour, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes, or from a canto of Hudibras. It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever.

It is not so with the Pilgrim's Progress. That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the Pilgrim's Progress. That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. In the wildest parts of Scotland, the Pilgrim's Progress is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery, the Pilgrim's Progress is a greater favourite than Jack the Giant-Killer. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius—that things which are not should be as though they were; that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker\* has wrought.

There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate,

\* Bunyan was a tinker.

and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction ; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it ; the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows ; all the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones and shining ones ; the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money ; the black man in the bright vesture ; Mr. Worldly Wiseman and My Lord Hategood, Mr. Talkative and Mrs. Timorous ;—all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress, with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London.

Bunyan is almost the only writer that ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not an Othello, but jealousy ; not an Iago, but perfidy ; not a Brutus, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative, that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old, unpolluted English language ; no book which shows so well how rich that language is, in its own proper wealth,

and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, fifty or sixty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. We live in better times ; and we are not afraid to say, that though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of these produced the *PARADISE LOST*, the other the *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*.

MACAULAY.

### THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here !

Father, mother,

Sister, brother,

All who hold each other dear.

Each chair is filled—we're all at home :

To-night let no cold stranger come.

It is not often thus around

Our old familiar hearth we're found :

Bless then the meeting and the spot ;

For once be every care forgot ;

Let gentle Peace assert her power,

And kind Affection rule the hour :

We're all—all here.

We're not all here !

Some are away—the dead ones dear,

Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,

And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.

Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,

Looked in and thinned our little band :

Some, like a night-flash, passed away,

And some sank lingering day by day :

The quiet grave-yard—some lie there ;

And cruel Ocean has his share :

We're not all here.

We are all here !

Even they, the dead—though dead, no

Fond Memory, to her duty true, [dear,

Brings back their faded forms to view.

How life-like through the mist of years

Each well-remembered face appears !

We see them as in times long past—

From each to each kind looks are cast :

We hear their words, their smiles behold—

They're round us, as they were of old :

We are all here.

We are all here !

Father, mother,

Sister, brother,

You that I love with love so dear.

This may not long of us be said ;

Soon must we join the gathered dead,

And by the hearth we now sit round,

Some other circle will be found.

Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,

Which yields a life of peace below ;

So, in the world to follow this,

May each repeat, in words of bliss,

We're all—all—here !

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

### MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,  
Or as the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower of May,  
Or like the morning to the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,  
E'en such is man ;— whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—  
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes—and man, he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung.  
Or like a tale that's new begun.  
Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearled dew of May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan,  
E'en such is man ;—who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life, and death.—  
The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,  
The hour is short, the span not long,  
The swan's near death—man's life is done.

S. WASTELL.

## THE ELDER'S DEATH-BED.

"JAMIE, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but, Jamie, forget not thou thy father nor thy mother, for that, thou knowest and feelest, is the commandment of God."

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the loving old man; and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hands. "Oh, if my husband knew but of this, he would never, never desert his dying father!" And I now knew that the elder was praying on his death-bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time the minister took the family Bible on his knees, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God part of the fifteenth psalm;" and he read, with a tremulous and broken voice, those beautiful verses—

"Within thy tabernacle, Lord,  
Who shall abide with thee?  
And in thy high and holy hill  
Who shall a dweller be?

The man that walketh uprightly,  
And worketh righteousness,  
And as he thinketh in his heart,  
So doth he truth express."

Ere the psalm was yet over, the door was opened, and a tall, fine-looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck, by the melancholy and dirge-like music, he sat down on a chair, and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's bed. When the psalm ceased, the elder said, with a solemn voice, "My son, thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the Hazel Glen,

win thee from the error of thy ways ! Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William! for three years past your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God. They who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice. Now is the hour for repentance, that your father's spirit may carry up to heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners !"

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bed-side, and at last found voice to say, "Father, I am not without the affections of nature ; and I hurried home the moment I heard that the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover ; and, if ever I have made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness—for, though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father ! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William ; kneel down by the bed-side, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son—for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church-yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul—ay, too much the pride!—for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wept for thee—ay, William, when there was none near me !—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son ! my son !"

A long deep groan was the only reply ; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed, and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The pastor said, with a sterner voice and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your



rebellious head? But what signifies the word father to him who has denied God, the Father of us all!"

"Oh, press him not too hardly!" said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame. "Spare, O spare my husband! He has ever been kind to me!" And with that she knelt down beside him, with her long, soft, white arm mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck.

- "Go thou likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer."

The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father the 25th, 26th, and 27th verses of the 11th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John."

The pastor went up to the kneelers, and, with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, "There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou. Can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?"

He had not forgotten them. There was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed-side. The sacred stream of the gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he read, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man,

triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy!"

"I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in heaven."

The elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled, his pale cheeks glowed, his palsied hand seemed to wax strong, and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. "Into thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit!" And, so saying, he gently sunk back on his pillow, and I thought I heard a sigh: there was then a long, deep silence; and the father, the mother, and the child rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest; and, without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the

DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER.

WILSON,

(*Christopher North.*)

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## NELSON AND HARDY.

THE life of Nelson abounds with illustrations of naval daring, but all are so well known that great difficulty has been experienced in presenting any to the reader with a feature of novelty. One, however, narrated by Colonel Drinkwater Bethune, the historian of "The Siege of Gibraltar," and an eye-witness of what follows, is as well worthy of general fame as some of Nelson's more splendid achievements; and the more so as, on this occasion, that personal affection to his more immediate followers, which in every case secured their devoted attachment to himself, was the inciting cause to a display of that gallantry which, a day or two after, was more conspicuously called forth in the cause of his country, at the battle of Cape St. Vincent,—after which "Nelson's patent bridge for boarding first-rates" (he having boarded one enemy's first-rate from the deck of another) became a boasting byword of the English sailor.

Commodore Nelson, whose broad pendant at that time was

hoisted in the *Minerve*, Captain Cockburn, got under weigh from Gibraltar on the 11th of February 1797, in order to join Sir John Jervis's fleet. The frigate had scarcely cast round from her anchorage, when two of the three Spanish line-of-battle ships in the upper part of Gibraltar Bay were observed also to be in motion. The headmost of the Spanish ships gaining on the frigate, the latter prepared for action, and the *Minerve's* situation every instant becoming more hazardous, Colonel Drinkwater asked Nelson his opinion as to the probability of an engagement. The hero said he thought it was very possible, as the headmost ship appeared to be a good sailer ; "but," continued he, looking up at the broad pendant, "before the Dons get hold of that bit of bunting I will have a struggle with them ; and sooner than give up the frigate I will run her ashore."

Captain Cockburn, who had been taking a view of the chasing enemy, now joined the Commodore, and observed that there was no doubt of the headmost ship gaining on the frigate. At this moment dinner was announced ; but before Nelson and his guests left the deck, orders were given to set the studding sails. Seated at dinner, Colonel Drinkwater was congratulating Lieutenant Hardy, who had been just exchanged, on his being no longer a prisoner of war, when the sudden cry of "a man overboard" threw the dinner party into disorder. There is, perhaps, no passage in naval history of deeper interest than the following account of what then occurred :—

"The officers of the ship ran on deck ; I, with others, ran to the stern windows to see if anything could be observed of the unfortunate man. We had scarcely reached them, before we noticed the lowering of the jolly-boat, in which was my late neighbour, Hardy, with a party of sailors ; and before many seconds had elapsed the current of the Straits (which runs strongly to the eastward) had carried the jolly-boat far astern of the frigate, towards the Spanish ships. Of course the first object was to recover, if possible, the fallen man ; but he was never seen again. Hardy soon made a signal to that effect, and the man was given up as lost.

"The attention of every person was now turned to the safety of Hardy and his boat's crew. Their situation was extremely perilous, and their danger was every instant increasing from the fast sailing of the headmost ship of the chase—the *Terrible*,—which by this time had approached nearly within gunshot of the *Minerve*. The jolly-boat's crew pulled 'might and main' to regain the frigate, but apparently made little progress against the current of the Straits. At this crisis, Nelson, casting an anxious look at the hazardous situation of Hardy and his companions, exclaimed, 'No, it shall not be; I will not lose Hardy: back the mizzen-topsail.' No sooner said than done: the *Minerve's* progress was retarded, having the current to carry her down towards Hardy and his party, who, seeing this spirited manœuvre to save them from returning to their old quarters on board the *Terrible*, naturally redoubled their exertions to rejoin the frigate. To the landsmen on board the *Minerve* an action now appeared to be inevitable; and so, it would appear, thought the enemy, who, surprised and confounded by this daring manœuvre of the Commodore's (being ignorant of the accident that led to it) must have construed it into a direct challenge.

"Not conceiving, however, a Spanish ship of the line to be an equal match for a British frigate with Nelson on board of her, the captain of the *Terrible* suddenly shortened sail, in order to allow his consort to join him, and thus afforded time for the *Minerve* to drop down to the jolly-boat to take out Hardy and the crew; and the moment they were on board the frigate, orders were given again to make sail. Being now under studding-sails, and the widening of the Straits allowing the wind to be brought more on the *Minerve's* quarter, the frigate soon regained the lost distance, and in a short time we had the satisfaction to observe that the dastardly Don was left far in our wake; and at sunset, by steering to the southward, we lost sight of him and his consort altogether, and Commodore Nelson thus escaped, to share in the battle of St. Vincent, and win fresh laurels from the Spaniard."

GIFFARD.

## MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I LOOKED far back into other years, and,  
 lo! in bright array,  
 I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages  
 passed away.  
 It was a stately convent, with its old and  
 lofty walls,  
 And gardens, with their broad green walks,  
 where soft the footstep falls;  
 And o'er the antique dial-stones the creep-  
 ing shadow passed,  
 And all around the noonday sun a drowsy  
 radiance cast.  
 No sound of busy life was heard, save from  
 the cloister dim,  
 The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters'  
 holy hymn.  
 And there five noble maidens sat beneath  
 the orchard trees,  
 In that first budding spring of youth, when  
 all its prospects please;  
 And little recked they when they sang, or  
 knelt at vesper prayers,  
 That Scotland knew no prouder names—  
 held none more dear than theirs;  
 And little even the loveliest thought, be-  
 fore the Virgin's shrine,  
 Of royal blood, and high descent from the  
 ancient Stuart line;  
 Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted  
 in their flight,  
 And as they flew they left behind a long-  
 continuing light.

## HER MARRIAGE.

The scene was changed. It was the court  
 —the gay court of Bourbon—  
 And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a  
 thousand courtiers throng;  
 And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well  
 pleased, I ween, to see  
 The land assemble all its wealth of grace  
 and chivalry:—  
 Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head has  
 passed a storm of years,  
 Strong in himself and children stands, the  
 first among his peers;  
 And next the Guises, who so well fame's  
 steepest heights assailed,  
 And walked ambition's diamond ridge,  
 where bravest hearts have failed—  
 And higher yet their path shall be, stronger  
 shall wax their might,  
 For before them Montmorency's star shall  
 pale its waning light.

Here Louis, Prince of Condé, wears his  
 all-unconquered sword,  
 With great Coligni by his side—each name  
 a household word!  
 And there walks she of Medicis—that  
 proud Italian line,  
 The mother of a race of kings—the haughty  
 Catharine!  
 The forms that follow in her train, a glori-  
 ous sunshine make—  
 A milky way of stars that grace a comet's  
 glittering wake;  
 But fairer far than all the rest, who bask  
 on fortune's tide,  
 Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the  
 new-made bride!  
 The homage of a thousand hearts—the  
 fond, deep love of one—  
 The hopes that dance around a life whose  
 charms are but begun—  
 They lighten up her chestnut eye, they  
 mantle o'er her cheek,  
 They sparkle on her open brow, and high-  
 souled joy bespeak.  
 Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day,  
 through all its brilliant hours,  
 She thought of that quiet convent's calm,  
 its sunshine, and its flowers?

## LEAVES FRANCE.

The scene was changed. It was a bark that  
 slowly held its way,  
 And o'er its lee the coast of France in the  
 light of evening lay;  
 And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with  
 tearful eyes  
 Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and  
 distant rise.  
 No marvel that the lady wept—there was  
 no land on earth  
 She loved like that dear land, although she  
 owed it not her birth;  
 It was her mother's land, the land of child-  
 hood and of friends—  
 It was the land where she had found for  
 all her griefs amends—  
 The land where her dead husband slept—  
 the land where she had known  
 The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and  
 the splendours of a throne:  
 No marvel that the lady wept—it was the  
 land of France—  
 The chosen home of chivalry—the garden  
 of romance!

The past was bright, like those dear hills  
so far behind her bark;  
The future, like the gathering night, was  
ominous and dark!  
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—  
"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"  
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on  
the unconscious sea.

#### HOLYROOD PALACE.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of  
raw and surly mood,  
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient  
Holyrood  
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sigh-  
ing with the winds,  
That seemed to suit the stormy state of  
men's uncertain minds.  
The touch of care had blanched her cheek  
—her smile was sadder now;  
The weight of royalty had pressed too  
heavy on her brow;  
And traitors to her councils came, and  
rebels to the field;—  
The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the  
*sword* she could not wield.  
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the  
dreams of youth's brief day,  
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and  
bade the minstrel play  
The songs she loved in early years—the  
songs of gay Navarre,  
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung  
by gallant Chatelard:  
They half beguiled her of her cares, they  
soothed her into smiles,  
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal,  
and fierce domestic broils:—  
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the  
Douglas' battle-cry!  
They come—they come—and lo! the scowl  
of Ruthven's hollow eye!  
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam,  
and tears and words are vain,  
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faith-  
ful Rizzio's slain!  
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears  
that trickling fell:  
"Now for my father's arm!" she said;  
"my woman's heart farewell!"

#### LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

The scene was changed. It was a lake,  
with one small lonely isle,  
And there, within the prison-walls of its  
baronial pile,  
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till  
she should stoop to sign

The traitorous scroll that snatched the  
crown from her ancestral line:—  
"My lords! my lords!" the captive said,  
"were I but once more free,  
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to  
aid my cause and me,  
That parchment would I scatter wide to  
every breeze that blows,  
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er  
my remorseless foes!"  
A red spot burned upon her cheek—  
streamed her rich tresses down;  
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a  
queen without a crown!

#### BATTLE OF LANGSIDE.

The scene was changed. A royal host a  
royal banner bore,  
And the faithful of the land stood round  
their smiling queen once more:  
She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw  
them marching by—  
She heard their shouts—she read success  
in every flashing eye:  
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—  
it dies away;  
And Mary's troops and banners now, and  
courtiers—where are they?  
Scattered and strewn, and flying far, de-  
fenceless and undone—  
O God! to see what she has lost, and think  
what guilt has won!  
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act  
no laggard's part;  
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the  
arrow in thy heart.

#### FOTHERINGAY CASTLE.

The scene was changed. Beside the block  
a sullen headsman stood,  
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand,  
that soon must drip with blood.  
With slow and steady step there came a  
lady through the hall,  
And breathless silence chained the lips,  
and touched the hearts of all:  
Rich were the sable robes she wore—her  
white veil round her fell—  
And from her neck there hung the cross—  
the cross she loved so well!  
I knew that queenly form again, though  
blighted was its bloom—  
I saw that grief had decked it out—an of-  
fering for the tomb!  
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that  
once so brightly shone—  
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that  
thrilled with every tone—

I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once  
 threads of living gold—  
 I knew that bounding grace of step—that  
 symmetry of mould!  
 Even now I see her far away, in that calm  
 convent aisle,  
 I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark  
 her holy smile—  
 Even now I see her bursting forth, upon  
 her bridal morn,  
 A new star in the firmament, to light and  
 glory born!  
 Alas, the change! she placed her foot  
 upon a triple throne,  
 And on the scaffold now she stands—be-  
 side the block, *alone!*  
 The little dog that licks her hand, the last  
 of all the crowd

Who sunned themselves beneath her  
 glance, and round her footsteps bowed!  
 Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—  
 the soul is passed away;  
 The bright, the beautiful, is now—a bleed-  
 ing piece of clay!  
 The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it  
 gurgles o'er,  
 Laps the warm blood that trickling runs  
 unheeded to the floor!  
 The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—  
 the heart-blood of a queen—  
 The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest  
 earth hath seen—  
 Lapped by a dog! Go, think of it in silence  
 and alone;  
 Then weigh against a grain of sand the  
 glories of a throne!

H. G. BELL.

## THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I  
 pondered, weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of  
 forgotten lore—  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly  
 there came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at  
 my chamber door.  
 "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping  
 at my chamber door—  
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah distinctly I remember it was in the  
 bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its  
 ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly had  
 I sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow  
 for the lost Lenore—  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the  
 angels name Lenore—  
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of  
 each purple curtain  
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic ter-  
 rors never felt before;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart,  
 I stood repeating,  
 "Tis some visitor entreating entrance at  
 my chamber door—  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my  
 chamber door;—  
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesi-  
 tating then no longer,  
 "Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your for-  
 giveness I implore;  
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently  
 you came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping  
 at my chamber door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here  
 I opened wide the door;—  
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I  
 stood there wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever  
 dared to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the  
 darkness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the  
 whispered word, "Lenore!"  
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured  
 back the word, "Lenore!"—  
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul  
 within me burning,  
 Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat  
 louder than before.  
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is some-  
 thing at my window lattice;  
 Let me see, then, what theerath is, and this  
 mystery explore—  
 Let my heart be still a moment and this  
 mystery explore;—  
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung a shutter, when with  
 many a flirt and flutter  
 In there stepped a stately raven of the  
 saintly days of yore!  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not an  
 instant stopped or stayed he;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched  
 above my chamber door—  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above  
 my chamber door—  
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad  
 fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the  
 countenance it wore,  
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,  
 thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wander-  
 ing from the nightly shore,—  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the  
 Night's Plutonian shore."  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to  
 hear discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning, little  
 relevancy bore;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living  
 human being  
 Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above  
 his chamber door,  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust  
 above his chamber door,  
 With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid  
 bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one  
 word he did outpour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered—not a  
 feather then he fluttered—  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other  
 friends have flown before;  
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my  
 hopes have flown before."  
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so  
 aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its  
 only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom  
 unmerciful disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his  
 songs one burden bore—  
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy  
 burden bore  
 Of "Never—nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad  
 soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in  
 front of bird, and bust, and door;  
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook  
 myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this  
 ominous bird of yore—  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt  
 and ominous bird of yore  
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no  
 syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burnt into  
 my bosom's core;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head  
 at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the  
 lamp-light gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining, with the  
 lamp-light gloating o'er,  
 She shall press, ah, nevermore!

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet  
 still, if bird or devil!  
 By that heaven that bends above us, by  
 that God we both adore—  
 Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within  
 the distant Aidenn  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the  
 angels name Lenore—  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the  
 angels name Lenore."  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or  
 fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—  
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the  
 Night's Plutonian shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of the lie  
 thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken, quit the  
 bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take  
 thy form from off my door!"  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting,  
 still is sitting,  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my  
 chamber door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a  
 daemon's that is dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming  
 throws his shadow on the floor;  
 And my soul from out that shadow that is  
 floating on the floor  
 Shall be lifted—"Nevermore."  
 E. A. POE.



## THE EYE.

It is one of the prerogatives of man to have eyes. Many living creatures have none. The eyes which others—for example, the star-fishes—have, are mere sensitive points, dimly conscious of light and darkness, but not perceiving colours, or distinguishing forms. The eyes of flies are hard, horny lanterns, which cannot be moved about like our restless eyes, but look always in the same direction; whilst spiders, having many more things to look after than one pair of such lanterns will suffice for, have eyes stuck all over their heads, and can watch a trapped gnat with one eye, and peer through a hole in their webs with another. We are much better provided for than any of these creatures, although we have but two small orbs to see with. Think, first, how beautiful the human eye is, excelling in beauty the eye of every creature. The eyes of many of the lower animals are doubtless very beautiful. You must have admired the bold, fierce, bright eye of the eagle; the large, gentle, brown eye of the ox; the treacherous green eye of the cat, waxing and waning like the moon, as the sun shines upon it or deserts it; the pert eye of the sparrow; the sly eye of the fox; the peering little bead of black enamel in the mouse's head; the gem-like eye which redeems the toad from ugliness; and the intelligent, affectionate expression, which looks out from the human-like eye of the horse and the dog. There are these and the eyes of many other animals full of beauty; there are none, indeed, which are not beautiful; but there is a glory which excelleth in the eye of man. We realize this fully only when we gaze into the faces of those we love. It is their eyes we look at when we are near them, and recall when we are far away. The face is a blank without the eye; and the eye seems to concentrate every feature in itself. It is the eye that smiles, not the lips; it is the eye that listens, not the ear; it that frowns, not the brow; it that mourns, not the voice. Every sense and every faculty seems to flow towards it, and find expression through it, nay, to

be lost in it: for all must at times have felt as if the eye of another was not his, but he; as if it had not merely a life, but also a personality of its own; as if it was not only a living thing, but also a thinking being.

But apart from this source of beauty, in which man's eye must excel that of all other creatures as much as his spirit excels in endowments theirs; it is in itself, even when life has departed from it, and the soul no longer looks through its window, a beautiful and a very wonderful thing. Its beauty is, perhaps, most apparent in the eye of an infant, which, if you please, we shall suppose not dead, but only asleep with its eyes wide open. How large and round they are; how pure and pearly the white is, with but one blue vein or two marbling its surface; how beautiful the rainbow ring, opening its mottled circle wide to the light! How sharply defined the pupil, so black and yet so clear, that you look into it as into some deep, dark well, and see a little face look back at you, which you forget is your own, whilst you rejoice that the days are not yet come for those infant eyes, when "they that look out of the windows shall be darkened!" And then, the soft pink curtains which we call eyelids, with their long silken fringes of eyelashes, and the unshed tears bathing and brightening all! How exquisite the whole! How precious in the sight of God must those little orbs be, when he has bestowed upon them so much beauty!

But apart altogether from that beauty which delights the painter, the human eye is a wondrous construction. Let us glance for a moment at its wonderfulness. It is essentially a hollow globe, or small spherical chamber. There is no human chamber like it in form, unless we include among human dwelling-places the great hollow balls which surmount the Cathedral or Basilica Domes of St. Peter and St. Paul. The eye is such a ball: the larger part of it, which we do not see when we look in each other's faces, forms the white of the eye, and consists of a strong, thick, tough membrane, something like parchment, but more pliable. This forms the outer wall, as it were, of the chamber of the eye; it may be compared to the cup of an acorn, or to a still more familiar

thing, an egg-cup, or to a round wine-glass with a narrow stem. It is strong, so that it cannot easily be injured ; thick, so that light cannot pass through it ; and round, so that it can be moved about in every direction, and let us see much better on all sides with a single pair of eyes than the spider can with its host of them.

In the front of the eye is a clear, transparent window, exactly like the glass of a watch. If you look at a face sideways, you see it projecting with a bent surface like a bow-window, and may observe its perfect transparency. The eyelids, which I have formerly spoken of as a curtain, may perhaps be better compared to a pair of outside shutters for this window, which are put up when we go to sleep, and taken down when we awake. But these shutters are not useless, or merely ornamental through the day. Every moment they are rising and falling, or, as we say, winking. We do this so unceasingly, that we forget that we do it at all ; but the object of this unconscious winking is a very important one. An outside window soon gets soiled and dirty, and a careful shopkeeper cleans his windows every morning. But our eye-windows must never have so much as a speck or spot upon them, and the winking eyelid is the busy apprentice who, not once a day, but all the day, keeps the living glass clean ; so that after all we are little worse off than the fishes, who bathe their eyes and wash their faces every moment.

Behind this ever-clean window, and at some distance from it, hangs that beautiful circular curtain which forms the coloured part of the eye, and in the centre of which is the pupil. It is named the Iris, which is only another name for the Rainbow ; for though we speak of eyes as simply blue, or gray, or black, because they have one prevailing tint, we cannot fail to notice that the ring of the eye is always variously mottled, and flecked or streaked with colours as the rainbow is. This rainbow-curtain, or iris, answers the same purpose which a Venetian blind does. Like it, it can be opened and closed at intervals ; and like it, it never is closed altogether : but it is a far more wonderful piece of mechanism than a Venetian blind, and it opens and closes in a different way.

There is nothing this iris so much resembles, both in shape and in mode of action, as that much-loved flower, the daisy. The name signifies literally Day's Eye; the flower which opens its eye to the day, or when the day dawns. Shakspeare, who saw all analogies, referring to the similar action of the marigold, in the morning song in Cymbeline tells how

"Winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes."

The daisy and the iris agree in this, that their opening and closing are determined by their exposure to light or darkness: but they differ in this, that the daisy opens widest when the sun is at its height, and shuts altogether when the sun goes down; whilst the iris opens widest in utter darkness, and closes so as to make the pupil a mere black point when sunshine falls upon it.

If we wish to observe this in our own eyes, we need only close them for a little while before a looking-glass, so that the dropped eyelids may shut out the day, when, like shy night-birds, the living circles will stretch outwards; and the pupil of the eye, like a hole which the sun is melting in the ice, will quickly widen into a deep clear pool. If now we open our eyes, we see the rainbow-rings contract as the light falls upon them, and the dark pupil rapidly narrow, like the well-head of a spring almost sealed by the frost. But probably all have seen the movement I am describing, in the eyes of a cat, where the change is more conspicuous than in our own eyes; and have noticed the broad iris spread out in twilight, till the look, usually so suspicious, softened into a mild glance; whilst when Pussy is basking in the sun, as she dearly loves to do, she shows between her frequent winkings only a narrow slit for a pupil, like the chink of a shutter, or the space between the spars of a lattice-blind.

The endless motions of this living curtain, which, like the un-resting sea, is ever changing its aspect, have for their object the regulation of the flow of light into the eye. When the permitted number of rays have passed through the guarded entrance, or pupil, they traverse certain crystal-like structures, which are now to be described.

## THE EYE.

*(Continued.)*

Behind the iris is a lens, as opticians call it, or magnifying-glass. We are most familiar with this portion of the eye as it occurs in fishes, looking in the recently-caught creature like a small ball of glass, and changing into what resembles a ball of chalk, when the fish is boiled. This lens is enclosed in a transparent covering, which is so united at its edges to the walls of the eye that it stretches like a piece of crystal between them; and in front of it, filling the space dividing the lens from the watch-glass-like window, is a clear transparent liquid, like water, in which the iris floats. The lens is, further, set like the jewel-stone of a ring, in what looks, when seen detached, like a larger sphere of crystal; but which in reality is a translucent liquid contained in an equally translucent membrane: so that the greater part of the eye is occupied with fluid; and the chamber, after all, which it most resembles, is that of a diving-bell full of water. Lastly, all the back part of the eye has spread over its inside surface, first a thin white membrane, resembling cambric or tissue paper, and behind that a dark curtain; so that it resembles a room with black cloth hung next to the wall, and a white muslin curtain spread over the cloth. This curtain or Retina, seen alone, is like a flower-cup, such as that of a white lily, and like it ends in a stem, which anatomists name the optic nerve: the stem, in its turn, after passing through the black curtain, is planted in the brain, and is in living connection with it.

Altogether, then, our eye is a chamber shaped like a globe, having one large window provided with shutters outside, and with a self-adjusting blind within. Otherwise it is filled with a glassy liquid, and has two wall papers, or curtains, one white and the other black.

How small this eye-chamber is, we all know; but it is large enough. A single tent sufficed to lodge Napoleon; and Nelson guided the fleets of England from one little cabin. And so it is

with the eye: it is set apart for the reception of one guest, whose name is Light, but also Legion; and as the privileged entrant counsels, the great arms and limbs of the body are set in motion.

Within our eyes, at every instant, a picture of the outer world is painted by the pencil of the Sun on the white curtain at the back of the eye; and when it has impressed us for a moment, the black curtain absorbs and blots out the picture, and the sun paints a new one, which in its turn is blotted out; and so the process proceeds all the day long. What a strange thing this is! We speak of seeing things held before our eyes, as if the things themselves pressed in upon us, and thrust themselves into the presence of our spirits. But it is not so: you no more, any one of you, see my face at this moment, than you ever saw your own. You have looked betimes into a mirror, and seen a something beautiful or otherwise, which you have regarded as your face: yet it was but the reflection from a piece of glass you saw; and whether the glass dealt fairly with you or not, you cannot tell, but this is certain—your own face you never beheld. And as little do you see mine: some hundred portraits of me, no two the same, are at this moment hanging, one on the back wall of each of your eye-chambers. It is these portraits you see, not me. And I see none of you, but only certain likenesses, two for each of you, a right-eye portrait and a left-eye portrait, both very hasty and withal inaccurate sketches. And so it is with the whole visible world. It is far off from us when it seems nearest. Darkness abolishes it altogether. The mid-day sun but interprets it; and we know it not in the original, but only in translation.

Face to face we shall never meet this visible world, or gaze eye to eye upon it. We know only its picture, and cannot tell whether that is faithful or not; but it cannot be altogether faithless, and we must accept it, as we do the transmitted portraits of relatives we have never seen, or the sculptured heads of men who died ages before us. On those we gaze, not distrusting them, yet not altogether confiding in them; and we must treat the outward world in the same way.

What a strange interest thus attaches to that little darkened chamber of the eye! Into it the sun and the stars, the earth and the ocean, the glory and the terror of the universe, enter upon the wings of light, and demand audience of the soul. And from its mysterious abiding-place the soul comes forth, and in twilight they commune together. No one but HE who made them can gaze upon the unveiled majesty of created things: we could not look upon them and live; and therefore it is that here we see all things "through (or rather in) a glass darkly," and are permitted only to gaze upon their shadows in one small, dimly-lighted chamber.....

The eye so triumphs over space, that it traverses in a moment the boundless ocean which stretches beyond our atmosphere, and takes home to itself stars which are millions of miles away; and so far is it from being fatigued by its flight, that, as the wise king said, "It is not satisfied with seeing." Our only physical conception of limitless infinity is derived from the longing of the eye to see further than the furthest star.

And its empire over time is scarcely less bounded. The future it cannot pierce; but our eyes are never lifted to the midnight heavens without being visited by light which left the stars from which it comes untold centuries ago; and suns which had burned out, æons before Adam was created, are shown to us as the blazing orbs which they were in those immeasurably distant ages, by beams which have survived their source through all that time.

How far we can thus glance backwards along a ray of light, and literally gaze into the deepest recesses of time, we do not know; and as little can we tell how many ages will elapse after our sun's torch is quenched, before he shall be numbered among lost stars by dwellers in the sun most distant from us; yet assuredly it is through the eye that we acquire our most vivid conception of what eternity in the sense of unbeginning and unending time may mean.

It is most natural, then, that the eye, which can thus triumph over space and time, should hold the place of honour among the senses. Of all the miracles of healing which our Saviour per-

formed, if we except the crowning one of resurrection from death, none seems to have made such an impression on the spectators as the restoration of sight to the blind. One of the blind whose sight was restored by Christ, triumphantly declared to the doubters of the marvellousness of the miracle, "Since the world began was it not heard that any one opened the eyes of one that was born blind." The perplexed though not unfaithful Jews inquired, "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" And the opening of the eyes of the blind would startle us as much, did we witness it now. To the end of time men will acknowledge that He who formed the eye justly declared of it, that "the light of the body is the eye;" and all tender hearts will feel a peculiar sympathy for those whom it has pleased God in his unsearchable wisdom to deprive of sight, and for whom in this life "Wisdom is at one entrance quite shut out."

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

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### THE CORN PLANTS.

CORN is the special gift of God to man. All the other plants we use as food are unfit for this purpose in their natural condition, and require to have their nutritious qualities developed, and their natures and forms to a certain extent changed, by a gradual process of cultivation. There is not a single useful plant grown in our gardens and fields but is utterly worthless for food in its normal or wild state; and man has been left to himself to find out, slowly and painfully, how to convert these crudities of nature into nutritious vegetables. But it is not so with corn. It was made expressly for man, and given directly into his hands. "Behold," says the Creator, "I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth,"—that is, all the cereal plants, such as corn, wheat, barley, rice, maize, &c., whose peculiar distinction and characteristic it is to produce seed; "and to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every creeping thing, I have given every green herb for meat,"—



that is, all the species of grass and succulent plants whose nutritious qualities reside solely in the stems and foliage. The word of God plainly tells us this, and nature affords a remarkable corroboration of it.

We cannot regard it as an accidental, but, on the contrary, as a striking providential circumstance, that the corn plants were utterly unknown throughout all the geological periods. Not the slightest trace or vestige of them occurs in any of the strata of the earth until we come to the most recent formations, contemporaneous with man. They are exclusively and characteristically plants of the human epoch; their remains are found only in deposits near the surface, which belong to the existing order of physical conditions. The testimony of geology, therefore, confirms unequivocally the testimony of revelation, and shows that corn was not only specially created for man's use, but was also got ready specially for the appointed hour of his appearance on earth. A table was spread for him in the wilderness by God's own hands, richly furnished with the finest of the wheat, and adorned with wreaths of roses and luscious fruits, and rendered fragrant with mint and spikenard and frankincense.

There is another proof that corn was created expressly for man's use, in the fact that it has never been found in a wild state. Much has been written, and many experiments have been tried, to determine the natural origin of these cereals, but every effort has hitherto proved in vain. Reports have again and again been circulated that corn and wheat have been found growing wild in some parts of Persia and the steppes of Tartary, apparently far from the influence of cultivation; but when tested by botanical data, these reports have turned out in every instance to be unfounded. Corn has never been known as anything else than a cultivated plant. The oldest records speak of it exclusively as such. Wheat grains have been found wrapped up in the cerements of Egyptian mummies, (which were old before history began,) identical in every respect with the same variety which the farmer sows at the present day. And to the wild and roving savage

in the uttermost parts of the earth corn continues still to be known only in a state of cultivation.

History and observation prove that it cannot grow spontaneously. It is never, like other plants, self-sown and self-diffused. Neglected of man, it speedily disappears and becomes extinct. It does not return, as do all other cultivated varieties of plants, to a natural condition, and so become worthless as food, but utterly perishes, being constitutionally unfitted to maintain the struggle for existence with the aboriginal vegetation of the soil. In the mythologies of all the ancient nations it was confidently affirmed to have had a supernatural origin. The Greeks and Romans believed it to be the gift of the goddess Ceres, who taught her son Triptolemus to cultivate and distribute it over the earth; and from her the whole class of plants received the name of Cereals, which they now bear. And we only express the same truth when we say to Him whom these pagans ignorantly worshipped,—“Thou hast prepared them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.”

Let me bring forward one more proof of special design, enabling us to recognize the hand of God in this mercy. Corn is universally diffused. It is the only species of plant which is capable of growing everywhere, in almost every soil, in almost any situation. In some form or other, adapted to the various modifications of climate and physical conditions which occur in different countries, it is spread over an area of the earth's surface as extensive as the occupancy of the human race. From the bleak inhospitable wastes of Lapland to the burning plains of Central India, from the muddy swamps of China to the billowy prairies of America, from the level of the sea-shore to the loftiest valleys and table lands of the Andes and Himalayas, it is successfully cultivated. The immigrant clears the primeval forest of Canada, or the fern-brakes of New Zealand, and there the corn seed sown will spring up as luxuriantly as on the old loved fields of home.

Rice is grown in tropical countries, where periodical rains and inundations followed by excessive heat occur, and furnishes the chief article of diet for the largest proportion of the human

race. Wheat will not thrive in hot climates, but flourishes all over the temperate zone, at various ranges of elevation, and is admirably adapted to the wants of highly civilized communities. Maize spreads over an immense geographical area in the New World, where it has been known from time immemorial, and formed a principal element of that Indian civilization which surprised the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru. Barley is cultivated in those parts of Europe and Asia where the soil and climate are not adapted for wheat; while oats and rye extend far into the bleak North, and disappear only from those desolate arctic regions where man cannot exist in his social capacity. By these striking adaptations of different varieties of grain, containing the same essential ingredients, to different soils and climates, Providence has furnished the indispensable food for the sustenance of the human race throughout the whole habitable globe; and all nations, and tribes, and tongues can rejoice together, as one great family, with the joy of harvest.

Corn, as the German botanist Von Meyer says, precedes all civilization: with it are connected rest, peace, and domestic happiness, of which the wandering savage knows nothing. In order to rear it, nations must take possession of certain lands; and when their existence is thus firmly established, improvements in manners and customs speedily follow. They are no longer inclined for bloody wars, but fight only to defend the fields from which they derive their support. Corn is the food most convenient and most suitable for man in a social state. It is only by the careful cultivation of it that a country becomes capable of permanently supporting a dense population. All other kinds of food are precarious, and cannot be stored up for any length of time: roots and fruits are soon exhausted; the produce of the chase is uncertain, and if hard pressed, ceases to yield a supply. In some countries the pith of the sago palm, the fruit of the breadfruit tree, the root of the esculent fern, or the lowly fungus, lichen, or sea-weed, supplied spontaneously by nature, serve to maintain a thinly scattered and easily satisfied population; but man in these rude circumstances is invariably found greatly depraved in body

and mind, and hopelessly incapable of bettering his condition. But the cultivation of corn, while it furnishes him with a supply of food for the greater part of the year, imposes upon him certain labours and restraints which have a most beneficial influence upon his character and habits.

The various species of wild grasses allied to corn grow spontaneously, without manure or culture, on the pampas of America, the steppes of the Kirghiz, and the high pasturages of the Alps. "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains," to feed those dumb helpless animals that can "neither sow nor reap." The wild grass is self-sustaining, self-diffusing. It is *perennial*, propagating itself year after year, and century after century, with unfailing certainty. Prevented from flowering and seeding by the close cropping of animals, nevertheless, by the wise compensation of buds or lateral shoots, it is perpetuated, and made more abundant and luxuriant. But it is not so with the corn. It is an *annual* plant. It cannot be propagated in any other way than by seed; and when it has yielded its harvest it dies down and rots in the ground. Self-sown, it will gradually dwindle away, and at last disappear altogether. "It can only be reared permanently by being sown by man's own hand, and in ground which man's own hand has tilled." God gave it to him, in truth, on the express stipulation that "in the sweat of his brow he should eat bread." And in having year after year to sow and reap his fields, and in thus having his daily bread measured out to him, and his daily bread only, he is taught in the most impressive way the solemn lesson of his entire dependence upon God. "Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing."

REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

## THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.

[From "Lallah Rookh," an oriental romance. The fabled *Peri* of the East closely corresponds to the *Fairy* of our legends.]

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;  
And as she listened to the springs  
Of life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,  
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!  
Though mine are the gardens of earth and  
sea,  
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them  
all!"

The glorious angel who was keeping  
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;  
And, as he nearer drew and listened,  
A tear within his eyelids glistened.—  
"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"  
Gently he said, "one hope is thine.  
'Tis written in the book of fate,  
*The Peri yet may be forgiven,  
Who brings to this eternal gate  
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!*  
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;  
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in!"

Rapidly as comets run  
To the embraces of the sun,  
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,  
And lighted earthward by a glance  
That just then broke from morning's eyes,  
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

Over the vale of Baalbec winging,  
The Peri sees a child at play,  
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,  
As rosy and as wild as they;  
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,  
The beautiful blue damsel-flies  
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,  
Like winged flowers or flying gems:  
And near the boy, who, tired with play,  
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
She saw a wearied man diamount  
From his hot steed, and on the brink  
Of a small temple's rustic fount  
Impatient fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turned  
To the fair child, who fearless sat—  
Though never yet hath day-beam burned  
Upon a brow more fierce than that—  
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,  
In which the Peri's eye could read  
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime  
(As if the balmy evening time  
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,  
Watching the rosy infant's play;  
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance  
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze.  
As torches that have burnt all night  
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,  
As slow the orb of daylight sets,  
Is rising sweetly on the air  
From Syria's thousand minarets!  
The boy has started from the bed  
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,  
And down upon the fragrant sod  
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,  
Lisp'ing th' eternal name of God  
From purty's own cherub mouth;  
And looking, while his hands and eyes  
Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
Like a stray babe of paradise,  
Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
And seeking for its home again!

And how felt he, the wretched man  
Reclining there—while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife  
That marked the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of  
grace?—

"There was a time," he said, in mild,  
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed  
child!

When young, and haply pure as thou,  
I looked and prayed like thee; but now—"  
He hung his head; each nobler aim  
And hope and feeling which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

And now! behold him kneeling there,  
By the child's side in humble prayer,  
While the same sunbeam shines upon  
The guilty and the guiltless one,  
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven  
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
While on their knees they lingered yet,  
There fell a light—more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star—

Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam;  
But well th' enraptured Peri knew  
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw  
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear—  
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy! joy!" she cried; "my task is done—  
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!"

MOORE.

### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love!—how sweet the name!

What is a Mother's Love?—  
A noble, pure, and tender flame,  
Enkindled from above,  
To bless a heart of earthly mould—  
The warmest love that *can* grow cold;—  
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,  
Then while it lies forlorn,  
To gaze upon that dearest sight,  
And feel herself new-born;  
In its existence lose her own,  
And live and breathe in it alone;—  
This is a Mother's Love.

In weakness in her arms to bear,  
To cherish on her breast,  
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,  
And lull it there to rest;  
Then while it slumbers watch its breath,  
As if to guard from instant death;—  
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,  
Its opening charms admire,  
Catch from its eye the earliest ray  
Of intellectual fire;  
To smile and listen while it talks,  
And lend a finger when it walks;—  
This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold—  
Can she forget her boy?  
His pleading innocence behold,  
Nor weep for grief—for joy?  
A mother may forget her child,  
While wolves devour it on the wild;—  
Is *this* a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer, "No!"

Ye clasp your babes and kiss;  
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;  
Yet, ah! remember this:—  
The infant reared alone for earth,  
May live, may die—to curse his birth;—  
Is *this* a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare:  
The child she loves so well,  
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,  
Down the smooth road to hell!  
Nourish its frame—destroy its mind;—  
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,  
Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught  
Early to seek the Lord,  
And poured upon his dawning thought  
The dayspring of the word;  
This was the lesson to her son,  
Time is Eternity begun;—  
Behold that Mother's Love! \*

Blest mother! who in Wisdom's path,  
By her own parent trod,  
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,  
And know the fear of God:  
Ah, youth! like him enjoy your prime,—  
Begin eternity in time,  
Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love!—how sweet the  
What was that Mother's Love? [name!]  
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,  
That kindles from above,  
Within a heart of earthly mould,  
As much of heaven as heart can hold,  
Nor through eternity grows old;—  
This was that Mother's Love.

## PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

THE nurse stood near, in whose embraces  
pressed,  
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,  
Whom each soft charm and early grace  
adorn,  
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the  
morn.

To this loved infant Hector gave the name  
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honoured  
stream;

Astyanax the Trojans called the boy,  
From his great father, the defence of Troy.  
Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased re-  
signed

To tender passions all his mighty mind:  
His beauteous princess cast a mournful  
look,

Hung on his hand, and then dejected  
spoke;

Her bosom laboured with a boding sigh,  
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou  
run?

Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!  
And think'st thou not how wretched we  
shall be—

A widow I, a helpless orphan he!  
For sure such courage length of life denies;  
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.  
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain:  
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be  
slain.

Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his  
doom,

All I can ask of Heaven—an early tomb!  
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,  
And end with sorrows, as they first begun.  
No parent now remains my griefs to share,  
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

\* \* \* \*

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I  
see

My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:  
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all  
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.  
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:  
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!  
That quarter most the skillful Greeks annoy,  
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of  
Troy;

Thou from this tower defend th' important  
post,

There Agamemnon points his dreadful  
host,

That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his  
train.

Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have  
given,

Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.  
Let others in the field their arms employ,  
But stay my Hector here, and guard his  
Troy.

The chief replied: That post shall be my  
care—

Not that alone, but all the works of war.  
How would the sons of Troy, in arms re-  
nowned,

And Troy's proud dames, whose garments  
sweep the ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,  
Should Hector basely quit the field of  
fame!

My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:  
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
And guard my father's glories, and my own.  
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates—  
(How my heart trembles while my tongue  
relates!)

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must  
bend,

And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.  
And yet no dire presage so wounds my  
mind,

My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,  
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,  
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,  
As thine, Andromache!—thy griefs I dread:  
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive  
led!

In Argive looms our battles to design,  
And woes, of which so large a part was  
thine!

To bear the victor's hard commands, or  
bring

The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
There, while you groan beneath the load of  
life,

They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!

Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears  
to see,  
Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
The thoughts of glory past, and present  
shame,  
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!  
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
Pressed with a load of monumental clay!  
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee  
weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief  
of Troy  
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely  
boy.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding  
crest.

With secret pleasure each fond parent  
smiled,

And Hector hastened to relieve his child;  
The glittering terrors from his brows un-  
bound,

And placed the beaming helmet on the  
ground,

Then kissed the child, and lifting high in air,  
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:

O thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal  
throne,

And all ye deathless powers! protect my  
son!

Grant him, like me, to purchase just re-  
nown,

To guard the Trojans, to defend the  
crown,

Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the Hector of the future age!

So when triumphant from successful toils  
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking

spoils,  
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved

acclaim,  
And say, This chief transcends his father's

fame:  
While pleased amidst the general shouts of

Troy,  
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with

joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her  
charms,

Restored the pleasing burden to her arms:  
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she  
laid,

Hushed to repose, and with a smile sur-  
veyed.

The troubled pleasure soon chastised by  
fear,

She mingled with the smile a tender tear.  
The softened chief with kind compassion  
viewed,

And dried the falling drops, and thus par-  
sued:

Andromache! my soul's far better part!  
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy  
heart?

No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
Till fate condemn me to the silent tomb.  
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth;  
And such the hard condition of our birth,  
No force can then resist, no flight can  
save—

All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.  
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home:  
There guide the spindle, and direct the  
loom:

Me glory summons to the martial scene—  
The field of combat is the sphere for men:  
Where heroes war, the foremost place I  
claim—

The first in danger, as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief re-  
sumes

His towery helmet, black with shading  
plumes.

His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,  
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,  
That streamed at every look; then, moving  
slow,

Sought her own palace, and indulged her  
woe.

There, while her tears deplored the godlike  
man,

Through all the train the soft infection ran:  
The pious maids their mingled sorrows  
shed,

And mourn the living Hector as the dead.  
Pope's "Homer."



## ADAM AND EVE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern  
clime  
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient  
pearl,  
When Adam waked, so custom'd . . .

. . . . He, with voice  
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Eve's hand soft touching, whispered thus :

"Awake,  
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new de-  
light !

Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh  
field

Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how  
spring

Our tended plants,—how blows the citron  
grove,—

What drops the myrrh, and what the  
balmy reed,—

How nature paints her colours,—how the  
bee

Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."   
Such whispering waked her, but with  
startled eye

On Adam; whom embracing, thus she spake :

## EVE RELATES HER DREAM.

"O sole in whom my thoughts find all  
repose,

My glory, my perfection ! glad I see  
Thy face, and morn returned; for I this  
night,

(Such night till this I never passed,) have  
dreamed,

(If dreamed,) not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day past, or morrow's next design;  
But of offence and trouble, which my  
mind

Knew never till this irksome night. Me-  
thought,

Close at mine ear, one called me forth to  
walk

With gentle voice; I thought it thine : it  
said,

'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the plea-  
sant time,

The cool, the silent, save where silence  
yields

To the night-warbling bird, that now awake

Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song;  
now reigns

Full-orbed the Moon, and with more pleas-  
ing light

Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
If none regard : Heaven wakes with all  
his eyes,

Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravish-  
ment

Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.'

I rose, as at thy call, but found thee not;

To find thee I directed then my walk;

And on, methought, alone I passed through  
ways

That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seemed,—

Much fairer to my fancy than by day :

And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood  
One shaped and winged like one of those  
from Heaven

By us oft seen; his dewy locks distilled

Ambrosia : on that tree he also gazed :  
And, 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit

surcharged !

Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste  
thy sweet,

Nor God, nor Man? is knowledge so de-  
spised ?

Or envy, or what reserve, forbids to taste?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me with-  
hold

Longer thy offered good; why else set here?  
This said, he paused not, but with ventur-  
ous arm

He plucked,—he tasted: me damp horror  
chilled

At such bold words vouched with a deed  
so bold;

But he thus, overjoyed : 'O fruit divine !  
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet

thus cropt !

Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
For gods, yet able to make gods of men :

And why not gods of men, since good, the  
more

Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The author not impaired, but honoured

more?

Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,  
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,

Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:

Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods,

Thyself a goddess; not to earth confined, But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see

What life the gods live there, and such live thou!

So saying he drew nigh, and to me held,— Even to my mouth,—of that same fruit held part

Which he had plucked: the pleasant savoury smell

So quickened appetite, that I, methought, Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds

With him I flew, and underneath beheld The earth outstretched immense,—a prospect wide

And various,—wondering at my flight and change

To this high exaltation: suddenly My guide was gone; and I, methought, sunk down,

And fell asleep: but, O how glad I waked To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night

Related, and thus Adam answered sad:

#### ADAM REPLIES.

"Best image of myself, and dearer half! The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep

Affects me equally; nor can I like This uncouth dream,—of evilsprung, I fear: Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,

Created pure. But know, that in the soul Are many lesser faculties, that serve Reason as chief; among these Fancy next Her office holds; of all external things, Which the five watchful senses represent, She forms imaginations, airy shapes, Which Reason joining, or disjoining, frames

All what we affirm, or what deny, and call

Our knowledge or opinion; then retires Into her private cell, when nature rests. Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes, Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,

Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.

Some such resemblances, methinks, I find Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,

But with addition strange; yet be not sad:

Evil into the mind of God or Man

May come and go, so unapproved; and leave No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope

That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,

Waking thou never wilt consent to do.

Be not disheartened then; nor cloud those looks,

That wont to be more cheerful and serene Than when fair Morning first smiles on the world:

And let us to our fresh employments rise, Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,

That open now their choicest bosomed smells,

Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."

So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was cheered;

But silently a gentle tear let fall

From either eye, and wiped them with her hair:

Two other precious drops, that ready stood, Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell

Kissed, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,

And pious awe, that feared to have offended.

So all was cleared, and to the field they haste.

But first, from under shady arborous roof Soon as they forth were come to open sight Of day-spring, and the Sun, who, scarce uprisen,

With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,

Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray, Discovering in wide landskip all the east

Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains, Lowly they bowed adoring; and began

Their orisons, each morning duly paid In various style: for neither various style

Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung,

Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerical verse;—

More tunable than needed lute or harp

To add more sweetness;—and they thus began:

HYMN TO THE CREATOR:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!

Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

"Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing:—ye in Heaven;  
On Earth join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end!

"Fairest of stars! last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,—  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling Morn  
With thy bright circle,—praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

"Thou Sun! of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise

In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

"Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fleest,  
With the fixed stars,—fixed in their orb that flies;

And ye five other wandering fires! that move

In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

"Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth  
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

"Ye mists and exhalations! that now rise

From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,

In honour to the world's great Author rise;  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,

Rising or falling still advance his praise.

"His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.

"Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

"Join voices, all ye living souls! Ye birds,  
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.

"Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk

The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep!  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

"Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still

To give us only good; and, if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!"

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts

Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.

On to their morning's rural work they haste,

Among sweet dews and flowers.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

## NATURE.

BEAUTIFUL are the heralds  
 That stand at Nature's door,  
 Crying, "O traveller, enter in,  
 And taste the Master's store!"  
 One or the other always crying—  
 In the voice of the summer hours,  
 In the thunder of the winter storm,  
 Or the song of the fresh spring flowers.

"Enter," they cry, "to a kingly feast,  
 Where all may venture near;  
 A million beauties for the eye,  
 And music for the ear:  
 Only, before thou enterest in,  
 Upon the threshold fall,  
 And pay the tribute of thy praise  
 'To Him who gives thee all.'"

So some kneel down and enter  
 With reverent step and slow;  
 And calm airs fraught with precious scent  
 Breathe round them as they go:  
 Gently they pass 'mid sight and sound  
 And the sunshine round them sleeping,  
 To where the angels, Faith and Love,  
 The inner gates are keeping.

Then backward rolls the wondrous screen  
 That hides the secret place,  
 Where the God of Nature veils himself  
 In the brighter realms of grace:  
 But they who have not bent the knee  
 Will smile at this my story;  
 For, though they enter the temple gates,  
 They know not the inner glory.

W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

## THE LLANOS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

IN South America the features of Nature are traced on a gigantic scale. Mountains, forests, rivers, plains, there appear in far more colossal dimensions than in our part of the world. Many a branch of the Amazon surpasses the Danube in size. In the boundless primitive forests of Guiana more than one Great Britain could find room. The Alps would seem but of moderate elevation if placed beside the towering Andes; and the plains of Northern Germany and Holland are utterly insignificant when compared with the Llanos of Venezuela and New Grenada, which cover a surface of more than 250,000 square miles.

Nothing can be more remarkable than the contrast which these immeasurable plains present at various seasons of the year—now parched by a long-continued drought, and now covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. When, day after day, the sun, rising and setting in a cloudless sky, pours his vertical rays upon the thirsty Llanos, the calcined grass-plains present the monotonous aspect of an interminable waste. Like the ocean, their limits melt in the hazy distance with those of the horizon; but here the resemblance ceases, for no refreshing breeze wafts coolness over the desert, and comforts the drooping spirits of the wanderer.

In the wintry solitudes of Siberia the skin of the reindeer affords protection to man against the extreme cold; but in these sultry plains there is no refuge from the burning sun above, and the heat reflected from the glowing soil, save where, at vast intervals, small clumps of the *Mauritia* palm afford a scanty shade. The water-pools which nourished this beneficent tree have long since disappeared; and the marks of the previous rainy season, still visible on the tall reeds that spring from the marshy ground, serve only to mock the thirst of the exhausted traveller. The long-legged jabiru and the scarlet ibis have forsaken the dried-up swamp, which no longer affords them any subsistence; and only here and there a solitary Caracara falcon lingers on the spot, as if meditating on the vicissitudes of the season. Yet even now the parched savannah has some refreshment to bestow, as Nature—which in the East Indian forests fills the pitcher-plant with a grateful liquid, and in the waterless Kalahari in South Africa, causes many juicy roots to thrive under the surface of the desert—here also displays her bounty; for the globular melon-cactus, which flourishes on the driest soil, and sometimes measures a foot in diameter, conceals a juicy pulp under its tough and prickly skin. Guided by an admirable instinct, the wary mule strikes off with his fore-feet the long, sharp thorns of this remarkable plant, the emblem of good nature under a rough exterior, and then cautiously approaches his lips to sip the refreshing juice. Yet, drinking from these living sources is not unattended with danger, and mules are often met with that have been lamed by the formidable prickles of the cactus. The wild horse and ox of the savannah, not gifted with the same sagacity, roam about a prey to hunger and burning thirst, the latter hoarsely bellowing, the former snuffing up the air with outstretched neck, to discover by its moisture the neighbourhood of some pool that may have resisted the general drought.

As in the arctic regions the intense cold during winter retards pulsation, or even suspends the operations of life, so in the Llanos the long continuance of drought causes a similar stagnation in animated nature. The thinly scattered trees and shrubs do not,

indeed, cast their foliage, but the grayish yellow of their leaves announces that vegetation is suspended. Buried in the clay of the dried-up pools, the alligator and the water-boia lie plunged in a deep summer sleep, like the bear of the North in his long winter slumber; and many animals which, at other times, are found roaming over the Llanos—such as the peccary, and the timid deer of the savannah—have left the parched plains and migrated to the forest or the river. The large maneless puma, and the spotted jaguar, following their prey to less arid regions, are now no longer seen in their former hunting-grounds; and the Indian has also disappeared with the stag he pursued with his poisoned arrows. In Siberia, the reindeer and the migratory birds are scared away by winter; here life is banished and suspended by an intolerable heat.

Sometimes the ravages of fire are added to complete the image of death on the parched savannah.

“We had not yet penetrated far into the plain,” says Sir Robert Schomburg, “when we saw to the south-east high columns of smoke ascending to the skies, the sure signs of a savannah fire, and at the same time the Indians anxiously pressed us to speed on, as the burning torrent would most likely roll in our direction. Although at first we were inclined to consider their fears exaggerated, yet the next half hour served to convince us of the extreme peril of our situation. In whatever direction we gazed, we nowhere saw a darker patch in the grass-plain announcing the refuge of a water-pool; we could already distinguish the flames of the advancing column, already hear the bursting and crackling of the reeds, when fortunately the sharp eye of the Indians discovered some small eminences before us, only sparingly covered with a low vegetation, and to these we now careered as if Death himself was behind us. Half a minute later and I should never have lived to relate our adventures. With beating hearts we saw the sea of fire rolling its devouring billows towards us: the suffocating smoke, striking in our faces, forced us to turn our backs upon the advancing conflagration, and to await the dreadful decision with the resignation of helpless despair.

"And now we were in the midst of the blaze. Two arms of fire encircled the base of the little hillock on which we stood, and united before us in a waving mass, which, rolling onwards, receded further and further from our gaze. The flames had devoured the short grass of the hillock, but had not found sufficient nourishment for our destruction. Whole swarms of voracious vultures followed in circling flight the fiery column, like so many hungry jackals, and pounced upon the snakes and lizards which the blaze had stifled and half-calcined in its murderous embrace. When, with the rapidity of lightning, they darted upon their prey and disappeared in the clouds of smoke, it almost seemed as if they were voluntarily devoting themselves to a fiery death. Soon the deafening noise of the conflagration ceased, and the dense black clouds in the distance were the only signs that the fire was still proceeding on its devastating path over the wide wastes of the savannah."

At length, after a long drought, when all nature seems about to expire under the want of moisture, various signs announce the approach of the rainy season. The sky, instead of its brilliant blue, assumes a leaden tint, from the vapours which are beginning to condense. The black spot of the "Southern Cross," that most beautiful of constellations, in which, as the Indians poetically fancy, the Spirit of the savannah resides, becomes more indistinct as the transparency of the atmosphere diminishes. The fixed stars, which shine with a quiet planetary light, now twinkle even in the zenith. Like distant mountain-chains, banks of clouds begin to rise over the horizon, and, forming in masses of increasing density, to ascend higher and higher, until at length the sudden lightnings flash from their dark bosom, and with the loud crash of thunder, the first rains burst in torrents over the thirsty land. Scarcely have the showers had time to moisten the earth, when the dormant powers of vegetation begin to awaken with an almost miraculous rapidity. The dull, tawny surface of the parched savannah changes, as if by magic, into a carpet of the most lively green, enamelled with thousands of flowers of every colour. Stimulated by the light of early day, the mimosas expand their

delicate foliage, and the fronds of the beautiful mauritias sprout forth with all the luxuriance of youthful energy.

And now, also, the animal life of the savannah awakens to the full enjoyment of existence. The horse and ox rejoice in the grasses, under whose covert the jaguar frequently lurks to pounce upon them with his fatal spring. On the border of the swamps, the moist clay, slowly heaving, bursts asunder, and from the tomb in which he lay imbedded rises a gigantic water-snake or huge crocodile. The new-formed pools and lakes swarm with life, and a host of water-fowl,—ibises, cranes, flamingoes,—make their appearance to regale on the abundant banquet. A new creation of insects and other unbidden guests now seek the wretched hovels of the Indians, which are sparingly scattered over the higher parts of the savannah. Countless multitudes of ants, sand-flies, and mosquitoes; rattlesnakes, expelled by the cold and moisture from the lower grounds; nauseous toads, which, concealing themselves by day in the dark corners of the huts, crawl forth in the evening in quest of prey; lizards, scorpions, centipedes; in a word, worms and vermin of all names and forms—emerge from the inundated plains, for the tropical rains have gradually converted the savannah, which erewhile exhibited a waste as dreary as that of the Sahara, into a boundless lake. The swollen rivers of the steppe pour in mighty streams over the plains, and boats are now able to sail for miles across the land, from one river bed into another.

On the same spot where, but a short time ago, the thirsty horse anxiously snuffed the air to discover by its moisture the presence of some pool, the animal is now obliged to lead an amphibious life. The mares retreat with their foals to the higher banks, which rise like islands above the waters; and as from day to day the land contracts within narrower limits, the want of forage obliges them to swim about in quest of the grasses that raise their heads above the fermenting waters. Many foals are drowned; many are surprised by the crocodiles, that strike them down with their jagged tails, and then crush them between their jaws.

HARTWIG & SCHOMBURGH.



## THE EQUATOR.

MIDWAY between the North and South Poles is a ridge of high land running east and west right round the Earth. Unlike the Alps and the Himalayas, it is not seen lifting to the clouds giant heads covered with snow, or stretching down to lower grounds arm-like rivers of snow and ice. But not the less is it of great height; far higher, indeed, than the loftiest mountains in the world. A traveller setting out from the North Pole, and sailing southward, begins to climb this high hill at the very outset of his journey. The seas over which he is sailing, or the lands through which he is passing, may seem to him perfectly flat. If he were told that the winds, which waft his good ship onward, were blowing it up-hill, he would, perhaps, beguile the weariness of the voyage by many a laugh at the folly of his fellow-passenger. Or if told that the marches which he makes day by day over wide stretches of level prairie were but a tiresome climbing up the side of a lofty mountain, he would rather trust what his own eye-sight tells him, and believe that he is journeying over a perfect level. But whether he credits it or not, the traveller who journeys southward from the North Pole is climbing slowly but surely a very lofty height. It is highest midway between the poles of the Earth, lifting its mighty head thirteen miles above them. In some parts the top of the ridge is land, with cities, fields, woods, and rivers in richest abundance; in other parts it is sea and ocean, along which ships are carrying the news and the commerce of the world. The length of this great mountain girdle running east and west round the Earth is nearly 25,000 miles. The ridge or highest part passes across the Atlantic Ocean from the mouth of the River Amazon to the coast of Africa. Stretching across the whole breadth of that continent, in regions which the foot of civilized man has seldom or never trod, it then crosses the Indian and Pacific Oceans, passing through Sumatra, Borneo, and various groups of islands. Where it strikes the west coast of America, we

find perched on it, as it were, the city of Quito. Between that town and the mouth of the River Amazon, on the eastern side of the continent, streams without number, some very large, and some but small, cross and recross, flow beside it or flow along it, presenting the curious sight, seen nowhere else, of rivers flowing up one side and down the other of a lofty mountain, or coursing along its very top.

The ridge of this lofty mountain girdling the Earth is called the Equator,—a name that comes from a Latin word meaning *equal* (*aequus*). At every point throughout its length, the North Pole is 6000 miles off, and the South Pole equally far. From this equal division of the globe into two, the ridge is called the Equator, or equal divider. It also happens that along this line the day is always of the same length as the night throughout the year. Twelve hours of light followed by twelve hours of darkness make up the twenty-four from one year's end to another. After sunset, there is little of that pleasant close to the day which we call twilight or gloaming. Scarcely has the chariot of the sun sunk in the west, before darkness is stealing swiftly upward from the east. Light and darkness thus divide the twenty-four hours almost equally. The ridge of high ground midway between the poles is also called by sailors the *Line*. In former times it was counted a great honour among them to have crossed the Line; but, in these days of steam and of running to and fro, many sailors cross it oftener in a year than most of the greatest voyagers used to do in a lifetime.

#### RATE OF EARTH'S MOTION AT THE EQUATOR.

As the Earth is nearly 25,000 miles round at the Equator, and as it takes twenty-four hours to turn from west to east on its axis, it is easy to see that every point of the Equator is careering eastward at the rate of more than 1000 miles an hour. To understand this fully, fix your thoughts on a city such as Quito, built on the high ridge midway between the Poles. Men, houses, spires, trees, everything in it, are whirling round with such swift-

ness that they sweep over nearly seventeen miles in a minute. Between every two successive beats of the seconds' pendulum, the city has been carried eastward more than a quarter of a mile. The fastest railway train, from which we start back in alarm as it thunders past, creeps along, compared with this speed, at the snail-like pace of only an eighteenth of the rate. Everything on the great thick girdle of the Earth is whirled round equally quick. Ships at sea with the waters far and near on which they are floating, the angry tossing waves as well as the light spray dashed from them, the birds that cut their way through the air, the clouds that seem to hang motionless in the blue sky overhead, and the light vapours that rise from the steaming earth, are also hurried onward towards the east with the same amazing speed. There is no danger of any of them being whisked off, as water is whisked off a mop when swiftly turned round. They are, as it were, firmly tied on to the Earth by an unseen, unfelt chain, which we call the force of gravity. Pulling all things towards the Earth's centre, it allows nothing to fall off or to fly off. So long as the day remains of twenty-four hours in length, there is no cause for fear. If, however, the day were shortened to a seventeenth part of its present length, this unseen chain, this force of gravity, could no longer tie things on to the Earth. Men, animals, all things, would soon lose their hold. We might be whisked into space, like water from a mop, or might fall off and be left behind, as the Earth hurried forward on its journey round the Sun. But this is a danger which need not cause any one the slightest alarm; for, since the days when the ancient Babylonians watched the risings and settings of the heavenly bodies from the top of the Temple of Baal in the days of Merodach-Baladan or Nebuchadnezzar down to the present time, the length of the day has not changed by so much as a second.

Although everything at the Equator is whirled round at the rate of more than 1000 miles an hour, the rate is not the same in other parts of the Earth. Midway between the Equator and either Pole it is only 740 miles an hour, or about 12 miles a minute. At the nearest point to the North Pole which man has yet reached,

hills, icebergs, plains, and seas, are all travelling eastward only about as fast as an express railway train.

#### SUN-SHINE AND SUN-SHADOW AT THE EQUATOR.

At the Equator the sun is seldom far from overhead. For several months, indeed, the eye can scarcely detect whether he is overhead or not, and for the remainder of the year he approaches so near that position that the inhabitants of equatorial countries are said to live under a vertical sun. It is different in Britain. At mid-summer we can easily see that the noonday sun, though high in the heavens, is far from being right overhead. At mid-winter he is so low that he shines right in our faces, and can sometimes barely hold his own against mists and fogs, which blot him out from the sky altogether, or allow only a round of dull red light to intimate to men where he is. But though the Equator has the sun almost overhead for nearly the whole year, it seldom gets a glimpse of the Pole Star. At times, travellers from the far north have caught sight of their familiar friend, shining, not overhead, but, as it were, along the ground, at the further end, it may be, of some long valley, in which no mists gather to obscure the heavens.

In Britain the sun is always in the south quarter of the heavens at mid-day. He rises in the east, passes round to the south, and moving further round, at last sets in the west. We never see him in the north. The noonday shadows which he throws behind men, trees, hills, and all things, will therefore lie towards the north. But those that dwell on the Equator are more favoured. On the 22d of March, and for some time before and after, they see that he is neither north nor south at noon. He then rises due east in the morning; he sets due west in the evening. After six hours' climbing of the eastern sky, he gains the highest point, looks right down on the earth girdle of mountain, and then for six hours more slides down in the west. When he rises at six o'clock in the morning, the shadows of men, and trees, and spires, and hills are thrown away due west in long dark lines. As he climbs upward, the shadows shorten, until at mid-day, when he is overhead, they are entirely gone. For an instant the world along

that part of the ridge of the Equator is shadowless. But soon the shadows re-appear on the east or opposite side to where they were in the forenoon, but so foreshortened as to be grotesque. As the sun sinks lower, they lengthen out, till at his setting they stretch eastward in lines as long as stretched westward in the morning.

Between the end of March and the end of June the sun moves slowly towards the north quarter of the heavens. He ceases to rise exactly in the east, to set exactly in the west, and to look down on the Equator exactly from overhead at noon. The mid-day shadows of things creep out from being nothing about the end of March to three-fifths of their natural size about the end of June. A palm tree 100 feet in height casts no shadow at mid-day in March, and one nearly 44 feet long in June. A man, though shadowless in spring, will be followed in summer by a dwarf image of himself at least two feet in length. In Britain the shadows are much longer at noon. Near the centre of it (say in latitude  $56^{\circ}$ ) a tree 100 feet in height casts a mid-day shadow of about 64 feet at mid-summer, and one of 540 feet at mid-winter. At mid-summer, a man of average height casts a shadow of 3 or 4 feet, and at mid-winter of 30 feet.

From June to September the mid-day shadows at the Equator gradually shorten, for the sun in returning from the north is getting nearer and nearer overhead. By the end of September everything is in the broad glare of a vertical sun, from whose beams there is no escape out of doors. No shady side of the street, no friendly cliff, or hill, or mountain, no far-stretching ground picture of tree, or bush, or hedge, offers wearied men and panting beasts a hiding-place from the heat and glare. Nothing but a screen overhead, such as the roof of a house or the thick foliage of great trees, can ward off the sun's beams. No wonder, then, that in countries where mid-day is altogether or almost shadowless, business is stopped for a time, men enjoy their siesta or noontide slumbers, and all nature yields to the heat, till a sinking sun and shadows lengthening eastward again rouse the world to life and action. From September to December the sun moves away from overhead at the Equator to the southern quarter

of the heavens. Mid-day shadows creep out, as it were, from hiding, slowly stealing northward as he goes south. By the end of the year they attain their greatest length on the north, precisely as, six months before, they were at their greatest on the south.

The changes of position gone through by noontide sun and noontide shadow during the year at the Equator may now be thus summed up:—In the beginning of January the sun is somewhat to the south of the Equator, and shadows of things, three-fifths of the natural size, stretch northward along the ground. In the end of March the sun is overhead at noon, and the world is then shadowless. By the beginning of July he is as far north as he was south in January; and, on the other hand, the shadows of all things stretch as far to the south as they then did to the north. In September he is again overhead, and nature is again shadowless at noon.

J. S.

### SINKING OF THE NORTH POLE STAR.

OBSERVED ON A VOYAGE TO THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

A STAR has left the kindling sky—

A lovely northern light;  
How many planets are on high,  
But that has left the night!

I miss its bright familiar face;  
It was a friend to me,  
Associate with my native place,  
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,  
Shone o'er our English land,  
And brought back many a loving eye,  
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought;  
It called the past to mind,  
And with its welcome presence brought  
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends  
Soon on a foreign shore;  
How can I but recall the friends  
That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—  
How could I bear the pain?  
Yet strong the omen in my heart  
That says, We meet again;

Met with a deeper, dearer love:  
For absence shows the worth  
Of all from whom we then remove,—  
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes  
Still turned the first on thee,  
Till I have felt a sad surprise  
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,  
Thy radiant place unknown;  
I seem to stand beside a grave,  
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given  
A power upon thy light!  
What words upon our English heaven  
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope  
Upon thy rays should be:  
Thy shining orbit should have scope  
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,  
And little needed too!  
My friends—I need not look beyond  
My heart to look for you.

L. E. LONDON.

## THE AMAZON.

THIS giant among the rivers of the earth takes its rise among the glaciers of the Cordilleras. The first European who sailed down its mighty waters (in 1541) was Orellana, a Portuguese. He reported that he had met with a nation of female warriors on its banks; and hence, though this was a fable, arose the name Amazona.

After emerging from the Andes, swelled by tributary streams, it winds through the vast savannahs of South America, till it has run a course of nearly four thousand miles. Before reaching the Atlantic, the vast flood is fifty miles wide, and in mid-channel the opposite coasts are not visible. It seems more like a fresh-water sea than a river. At its mouth a vehement struggle takes place between the river flowing down and the tide running up. Twice every day they dispute the pre-eminence; and in the meeting of the enormous masses of water a ridge of surf and foam is raised to a height of one hundred and eighty feet.

At a distance of five hundred miles out at sea the waters of the Amazon are still perceptible. For the last four hundred and fifty miles of its course it is never less than four miles wide, while the depth is so great that large vessels may go up the channel for two thousand miles and still be in forty fathoms of water. Flowing, however, through a region very scantily peopled, there are fewer vessels upon its surface throughout the year than are seen every hour of the day on the bosom of the Mississippi.

The researches of travellers, from the days of Pinzon and Orellana to those of Humboldt and the present time, have shown that the vegetable and animal productions of the basin of the Amazon outnumber in species and varieties nearly all the products of the same kingdoms in Europe and North America taken together;—and yet many tributaries of this mighty stream, flow-

ing from the vast unknown interior to the north and south, have been only partially explored. What a noble field for enterprise, when even the fibres and nuts of a few species of palm afford valuable objects of trade!

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It is remarkable, that while Brazil abounds with rivers, on the other side of the continent rain never falls, and the country is dry and comparatively barren. "I have seen," says a traveller, "the western and eastern coasts of South America within thirty days of each other, and the former seemed a desert compared with the latter."

The reason of this is thus stated by Lieutenant Maury:—"The south-east trade-winds in the Atlantic Ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Travelling to the north-west, they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are heavily laden with vapour, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go, and supplying with it the sources of the Rio de la Plata, and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally, they reach the snow-capped Andes, and here is wrung from them the last particle of moisture that that very low temperature can extract. Reaching the summit of that range, they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slopes beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface, and with no temperature *colder* than that to which they were subjected on the mountain-tops, they reach the ocean before they become charged with fresh vapour, and before, therefore, they have any which the Peruvian climate can extract. Thus we see how the top of the Andes becomes the reservoir from which are supplied the rivers of Chili and Peru."



## EARTH, AIR, AND SEA.

"He measured the waters in the hollow of his hand . . . and weighed the mountains in scales."

THE mean annual fall of rain on the entire surface of the earth is estimated at about five feet. To evaporate water enough annually from the ocean to cover the earth, on the average, five feet deep with rain ; to transport it from one zone to another ; and to precipitate it in the right places, at suitable times, and in the proportions due, is one of the offices of the grand atmospherical machine. All this evaporation, however, does not take place from the sea, for the water that falls on the land is re-evaporated from the land again and again. But in the first instance it is evaporated principally from the torrid zone. Supposing it all to be evaporated thence, we shall have, encircling the earth, a belt of ocean three thousand miles in breadth, from which this atmosphere hoists up a layer of water annually sixteen feet in depth. And to hoist up as high as the clouds, and lower down again all the water in a lake sixteen feet deep, and three thousand miles broad, and twenty-four thousand long, is the yearly business of this invisible machinery. What a powerful engine is the atmosphere ! and how nicely adjusted must be all the cogs, and wheels, and springs, and *compensations* of this exquisite piece of machinery, that it never wears out nor breaks down, nor fails to do its work at the right time and in the right way ! . . .

We now begin to perceive why it is that the proportions between the land and water were made as we find them in nature. If there had been more water and less land, we should have had more rain, and *vice versa* ; and then climates would have been different from what they are now, and the inhabitants would not have been as they are, neither animal nor vegetable. And as they are, that wise Being who, in his kind providence, so watches over and regards the things of this world that he takes note of the sparrow's fall, and numbers the very hairs of our head, doubt-

less designed them to be. The mind is delighted, and the imagination charmed, by contemplating the physical arrangements of the earth from such points of view as this is which we now have before us. From it the sea, and the air, and the land, appear each as a part of that grand machinery upon which the well-being of all the inhabitants of earth, sea, and air depends ; and which, in the beautiful adaptations that we are endeavouring to point out, affords new and striking evidence that they all have their origin in ONE omniscient idea, just as the different parts of a watch may be considered to have been constructed and arranged according to one human design.

In some parts of the earth the precipitation is greater than the evaporation : thus the amount of water borne down by every river that runs into the sea may be considered as the excess of the precipitation over the evaporation that takes place in the valley drained by that river. In other parts of the earth the evaporation and precipitation are exactly equal, as in those inland basins such as that in which the city of Mexico, Lake Titicaca, the Caspian Sea, &c., &c., are situated ; which basins have no ocean drainage. If more rain fell in the valley of the Caspian Sea than is evaporated from it, that sea would finally get full and overflow the whole of that great basin. If less fell than is evaporated from it again, then that sea, in the course of time, would dry up, and plants and animals there would all perish for the want of water. In the sheets of water which we find distributed over that and every other inhabitable inland basin, we see reservoirs or evaporating surfaces just sufficient for the supply of that degree of moisture which is best adapted to the well-being of the plants and animals that people such basins. In other parts of the earth still, we find places, as the Desert of Sahara, in which neither evaporation nor precipitation takes place, and in which we find neither plant nor animal to fit the land for man's use.

In contemplating the system of terrestrial adaptations, these researches teach one to regard the mountain ranges and the great deserts of the earth as the astronomer does the counterpoises to his telescope ;—though they be mere dead weights, they are, never-

theless, necessary to make the balance complete, the adjustment of his machine perfect. These counterpoises give ease to the motions, stability to the performance, and accuracy to the workings of the instrument. They are "*compensations*." Whenever I turn to contemplate the works of nature, I am struck with the admirable system of compensation—with the beauty and nicety with which every department is adjusted, adapted, and regulated according to the others. Things and principles are meted out in directions apparently the most opposite, but in proportions so exactly balanced, that results the most harmonious are produced.

It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven ; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted, that, at the end of a thousand years, the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in the firmament, is found to come and twinkle in its proper place at the proper moment! Nay, philosophy teaches us that when the little snowdrop, which in our garden walks we see raising its head at "the singing of birds," to remind us that "the winter is past and gone," was created, the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to its tiny fibres! Botanists tell us that the constitution of this plant is such as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb may produce seed after its kind ; and that, after this fecundation, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different : in that case, the strength of fibre in the snowdrop, as it is, would have been too much, or too little ;—the plant could not have bowed or raised its head at the right time ; fecundation could not have taken place ; and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been "in itself,"

and therefore could not have reproduced itself ; and its creation would have been a failure.

Now, if we see such a perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment, in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world ! . . . . Therefore, in considering the general laws which govern the physical agents of the universe, and which regulate them in the due performance of their offices, I have felt myself constrained to set out with the assumption, that if the atmosphere had had a greater or less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different—if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise—the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state. But God, for reasons which man may never know, chose to make those kingdoms what they are. For this purpose it was necessary, in his judgment, to establish the proportions between the land and the water, and the desert, just as they are ; and to make the capacity of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is, and to have it to do all its work in obedience to law and in subservience to order.

If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture, and to feed the plants with nourishment ? or why was the property given to the sea, by which its waters may become first vapour, and then fruitful showers or gentle dews ? If the proportions and properties of land, sea, and air were not adjusted according to the reciprocal capacities of all to perform the functions required of each, why should we be told that HE "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance ?" Why did he span the heavens, but that he might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was

necessary for it to have, in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which he designed it ?

Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law and subject to order in all their movements. When we consult them in the performance of their manifold and marvellous offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, the greatness, and the wisdom, and the goodness of the Creator, which make us wiser and better men. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven and the waves of the sea are second to none, for the good which they do and for the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky ; but does not the right-minded mariner, who looks aloft as he ponders over these things, hear His voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel His presence in every breeze that blows ?

MAURY.

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## LAND AND SEA BREEZES.

THE inhabitants of the sea-shore in tropical countries wait every morning with impatience for the coming of the sea breeze. It usually sets in about ten o'clock. Then the sultry heat of the oppressive morning is dissipated, and there is a delightful freshness in the air, which seems to give new life to all for their daily labours. About sunset there is again another calm. The sea breeze is now done, and in a short time the land breeze sets in. This alternation of the land and sea breeze—a wind from the sea by day and from the land by night—is so regular in inter-tropical countries, that it is looked for by the people with as much confidence as the rising and setting of the sun.

In extra-tropical countries, especially those on the polar side of the trade-winds, this phenomenon is presented only in summer and autumn, when the heat of the sun is sufficiently intense to produce the requisite degree of atmospherical rarefaction over the land.

This depends in a measure, also, upon the character of the land upon which the sea breeze blows ; for when the surface is arid and the soil barren, the heating power of the sun is exerted with most effect. In such cases the sea breeze amounts to a gale of wind. In the summer of the southern hemisphere the sea breeze is more powerfully developed at Valparaiso than at any other place to which my services afloat have led me. Here regularly in the afternoon, at this season, the sea breeze blows furiously : pebbles are torn up from the walks and whirled about the streets ; people seek shelter ; the Almendral is deserted, business interrupted, and all communication from the shipping to the shore is cut off. Suddenly the winds and the sea, as if they had again heard the voice of rebuke, are hushed, and there is a great calm.

The lull that follows is delightful. The sky is without a cloud ; the atmosphere is transparency itself ; the Andes seem to draw near ; the climate, always mild and soft, becomes now doubly sweet by the contrast. The evening invites abroad, and the population sally forth—the ladies in ball costume, for now there is not wind enough to disarrange the lightest curl. In the southern summer this change takes place day after day with the utmost regularity ; and yet the calm always seems to surprise, and to come before one has had time to realize that the furious sea wind could so soon be hushed. Presently the stars begin to peep out, timidly at first, as if to see whether the elements here below have ceased their strife, and whether the scene on earth be such as they, from their bright spheres aloft, may shed their sweet influences upon. Sirius, or that blazing world Argus, may be the first watcher to send down a feeble ray ; then follows another, and another, all smiling meekly ; but presently, in the short twilight of the latitude, the bright leaders of the starry host blaze forth in all their glory, and the sky is decked and spangled with superb brilliants ! In the twinkling of an eye, and faster than the admiring gazer can tell, the stars seem to leap out from their hiding-places. By invisible hands, and in quick succession, the constellations are hung out ; but first of all, and with dazzling glory, in the azure depths of space appears the Great Southern Cross. That shining symbol

lends a holy grandeur to the scene, making it still more impressive.

Alone in the night-watch, after the sea breeze had sunk to rest, I have stood on the deck under those beautiful skies gazing, admiring, rapt. I have seen there, above the horizon at once, and shining with a splendour unknown to northern latitudes, every star of the first magnitude—save only six—that is contained in the catalogue of the one hundred principal fixed stars of astronomers. There lies the city on the sea-shore, wrapped in sleep. The sky looks solid, like a vault of steel set with diamonds! The stillness below is in harmony with the silence above, and one almost fears to speak, lest the harsh sound of the human voice, reverberating through those vaulted “chambers of the south,” should wake up echo, and drown the music that fills the soul.

On looking aloft, the first emotion gives birth to a homeward thought: bright and lovely as they are, those, to northern sons, are not the stars nor the skies of fatherland. Lyræ, with his pure white light, has gone from the zenith, and only appears for one short hour above the top of the northern hills. Polaris and the Great Bear have ceased to watch from their posts; they are away down below the horizon. But, glancing the eye above and around, you are dazzled with the splendours of the firmament. The moon and the planets stand out from it; they do not seem to touch the blue vault in which the stars are set. The Southern Cross is just about to culminate. Climbing up in the east are the Centaurs, Spica, Boötes, and Antares, with his lovely little companion, which only the best telescopes have power to unveil. These are all bright particular stars, differing from one another in colour as they do in glory. At the same time, the western sky is glorious with its brilliants too. Orion is there, just about to march down into the sea; but Canopus and Sirius, with Castor and his twin-brother, and Procyon, Argus, and Regulus—these are high up in their course—they look down with great splendour, smiling peacefully as they precede the Southern Cross on its western way. And yonder, further still, away to the south, float the Magellanic clouds, and the “Coal Sacks”—those mysterious, dark spots in

the sky, which seem as though it had been rent, and these were holes in the "azure robe of night," looking out in the starless, empty, black abyss beyond. One who has never watched the southern sky in the stillness of the night, after the sea breeze with its turmoil is done, can have no idea of its grandeur, beauty, and loveliness.

Within the tropics, however, the land and sea breezes are more gentle; and though the night scenes there are not so suggestive as those just described, yet they are exceedingly delightful, and altogether lovely. The oppressive heat of the sun is mitigated, and the climate of the sea-shore is made both refreshing and healthful, by the alternation of those winds, which invariably come from the coolest place—the sea, which is the cooler by day, and the land, which is the cooler by night. About ten in the morning the heat of the sun has played upon the land with sufficient intensity to raise its temperature above that of the water. A portion of this heat being imparted to the superincumbent air, causes it to rise; when the air, first from the beach, then from the sea, to the distance of several miles, begins to flow in with a most delightful and invigorating freshness.

When a fire is kindled on the hearth, we may, if we will observe the moats floating in the room, see that those nearest to the chimney are the first to feel the draught and to obey it—they are drawn into the blaze. The circle of inflowing air is gradually enlarged, until it is scarcely perceived in the remote parts of the room. Now the land is the hearth, the rays of the sun the fire, and the sea, with its cool and calm air, the room; and thus we have at our firesides the sea breeze in miniature. When the sun goes down the fire ceases; then the dry land commences to give off its surplus heat by radiation, so that by dew-fall it and the air above it are cooled below the sea temperature. The atmosphere on the land thus becomes heavier than on the sea, and, consequently, there is a wind sea-ward, which we call the land breeze.

MAURY.



## WEATHERING CAPE HORN.

THE first introduction of my reader to the good ship *Wales*, whereby we pass to the Pacific, is as she is lying at the islands called Foul Weather Group, or the Falkland Islands. Cape Horn weather here begins, and the ship and her company put on their Cape Horn suit. This group of islands is so near the gate of the Pacific, though belonging to the Atlantic side, that an account of a ramble over the moss-covered rocks and penguin roosts of the uninhabited land off which we now lie, is no inappropriate introduction to the island world we are just entering.

Selecting a small indentation or bight in the cliff as a landing-place, what was our surprise to find what we had thought a facing of white stones to be innumerable penguins, standing erect, in the rank and file of battle array, upon the declivity of the rocks, and occupying at least two acres, in dense columns, away back to the moss and grass! It was no easy task to clamber up the steep precipice; but the height once gained, the verdant knolls, hillocks of moss, and various wild flowers that met the eye, more than repaid the toil of ascent. There were tufts of grass and wild daisies in every cleft where mould could form; and higher up, when the summit was fairly gained, there was a large area of many acres thickly covered with mosses and flowers, in a loose black soil of two feet depth. There were wild honeysuckles and geraniums, a kind of dwarf cranberry, numerous flowers of sweet perfume with leaves like the globe-flower, and several kinds of white and yellow heath-flowers and liverworts, of which we now have a graceful bouquet on the cabin table.

After a visit to the penguin quarters, we re-assembled at the boat with much spoil, and reached the ship safely.

To those who have never seen a picture of the penguin, it would be impossible to convey an idea by description of this odd amphibious creature. It has the head, bill, and two web-feet of a bird, and stands erect on land, sometimes two and a half or three

feet in height. Penguins have no wings, nor proper feathers, but a covering intermediate between fin and feather, and two fins or flippers like the seal. Their motion on land is by successive hops, in the most awkward manner conceivable. When going down a declivity, the centre of gravity is often thrown too far forward, and away they tumble and scramble and roll till they get to the sea, in which they dive and swim with great celerity. They are often seen singly, or two or three together, far out at sea. Their cry or bark is like the inarticulate human voice; and when it is clear and calm, and no object can be seen all around the horizon, their cry will sometimes startle and appal one, sounding as it does, from the surface of the ocean, like the cry of a man in distress. Near the penguin quarter of this island were thousands of ducks sitting upon their eggs, which sailors and passengers destroyed with remorseless cruelty, shooting and knocking down the birds by hundreds in barbarous sport. . . . .

A month from the Falkland Islands, and this is the first day of smooth sea and warm sun we have enjoyed during all that time. Long and cold have been the days we have spent battling with the rough winds and mountainous seas off Cape Horn. Between south-west and south-east gales on the one side of the Cape, and north-west on the other, our course has been zig-zag and slow. Happily we have escaped injury, except the loss of a jib-boom, and our ship remains tight in spite of all the straining.

We congratulate ourselves on having weathered the Cape in less time than it often takes, though it be more than is sometimes the fortune of the Cape Horn navigator. One of our seamen had twice before tried the passage, but without success; and after fifty-four days of most fatiguing warfare with contrary winds, his brig opened at the bow, and the crew were compelled to put about and run for Rio Janeiro, where the damaged vessel and cargo were sold for the benefit of the underwriters, and the voyage abandoned. A frigate was once fifty days off the Cape; and it is not uncommon for vessels to make the Cape once, and after four or five weeks' sailing, to make it again. Hope is predominant that our tempestuous weather is over, and that a fortnight at the utmost will bring

us to port. While the inmates of the cabin, like birds after a storm, are sunning themselves on deck, let those of my readers who purpose traversing with me the ISLAND WORLD take a leisurely survey of our first fortnight in the Pacific.

We little thought that doubling Cape Horn in summer would be so full of difficulty. Now we doubt whether it would be worse in mid-winter. It would seem as if the genii of storms ruled the realm. The ancients, had they known it, would have located the cave of Æolus at the end of Tierra del Fuego, in the side of one of those burning mountains. Auster and Eurus, and Boreas and Euroclydon, and all the intermediate winds of the thirty-two points of the compass, seem to have arranged their forces so as most advantageously to dispute every inch of the way with the bold navigator.

Four other ships, which we caught sight of at different times, were contesting the passage in like manner with ourselves, through cold, and sleet, and opposing seas. All of us, we argued, cannot be baffled, and our own chance is as good as any. Patience held out with most. At every abatement of the gale, and interval of sunshine, the sailors would cheerfully hang up their sea-soaked clothes, joke over the perils of the storm, and equip themselves anew for reefing and tacking.

It was truly pitiable, sometimes, at the hours for changing watches, to see the top of a sea break over the bow or quarter, and wet them all while pulling at the ropes, so that the watch just called must stay wet during their four hours of duty, and the watch going below must turn in dripping. A landsman could hardly help trembling for their safety, when they were ordered aloft to furl, while the ship was rolling so violently, and the wind blowing in such gusts of fury, that it seemed almost impossible for the topmasts and yards to sustain the shocks.

For several days we were reduced to close-reefed fore and main-topsails, the ship meantime rolling so tremendously, that a man incurred no small risk of broken bones who should attempt to cross the deck, or stand for a moment anywhere without being firmly braced, or having a rope to hold on by.

We did not get sight of the redoubtable Cape, but were driven off to the parallel of 60°, near the South Shetlands, and afterward made the land of Cape Desolation, on the western side of Tierra del Fuego. Discoverers have rightly named it, for we thought land never seemed so bleak and desolate, snow lying between the hills and in the hollows of the mountains in this July of the South.

#### THE ALBATROSS.

While off the coast of Patagonia, when the weather permitted, some of the passengers, and the watch on duty, occupied themselves in fishing for albatrosses. They are caught by baiting a hook with pork or blubber, fastening a piece of wood near the bait so that it may be kept floating, and letting it tow astern. The noble birds would wheel and hover over it, and at length alight on the water like a swan, and often succeed in getting all the bait without being hooked. But six or seven times they were taken and hauled aboard, the unsuspected hook catching within their long bills. They measure nine or ten feet across the wings. The first one was killed and stuffed, to be carried home for some museum. The rest were sacrificed for their long bills, wings, and large web-feet.

This bird is uncommonly beautiful and majestic. Its motion through space is the easiest and most graceful conceivable. In storm or calm, once raised upon its broad pinions, you never see them flutter, but away it sails, self-propelled, as naturally as we breathe; a motion of the head, or a slight curl of a wing serving to turn it, as the course of a rapid skater is ruled at pleasure by an almost imperceptible inclination to right or left.

A poor Peruvian, who was working his passage home, ascribed all our bad weather and high winds afterwards to having killed the albatrosses! and he and the superstitious cook, in the height of the gale, prevailed upon a young passenger who had taken one the day previous, and was keeping it alive in the long-boat, to let the

noble bird go free. Like the mariners in Coleridge's rime, they said,—

"We had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work us woe:  
Stout they averred we had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow!  
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!'"

This glorious bird, the albatross, is the most beautiful and lovable object of the animate world which the adventurer meets with in all the South Pacific. When on the wing it is the very beautiful of beauty and grace. Seamen ought to love and prize it dearly, for the drear monotony of life at sea is often relieved by its always welcome appearance, and by watching with admiration, almost envy, its glorious curves and swoops in the elastic ocean of air—a free race-ground where it has no competitor.

A writer, who must have seen the bird in its native seas, says that it flies against, as well as before, the wind, and hovers around a ship at sea, never outstripped by its speed. "It enjoys the calm, and sports in the sunbeams on the glassy wave; but it revels in the storm, and darts its arrowy way before the fury of the gale. It seems to be then in its element. Mocking the surges of the mighty sea, and breasting the tempest's blast, its flight has not less sublimity, perhaps, than that of the eagle darting upward to the skies. It is a beautiful sight to behold this noble bird sailing in the air in light and graceful movements. After the first muscular exertion which gives impulse to its flight, its wings are always expanded, like the sails of a ship, and show no motion—as if it were wafted on by some invisible power. It is from this cause that it sustains untired its long and distant flight across the sea."

REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER.

- It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide  
And I am next of kin :  
The guests are met, the feast is set :  
May'st hear the merry din. . . .

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years' child :  
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone—  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man ,  
The bright-eyed Mariner :

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he !  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon"—  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Bride hath paced into the hall ;  
Red as a rose is she :  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner :

"And now the storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong ;  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,

And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold :  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen :  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around :  
It cracked and growled, and roared and  
howled,  
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came :  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew :  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine ;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke  
white  
Glimmered the white moonshine."—

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,  
From the fiends that plague thee thus !  
Why look'st thou so ?"—"With my cross-  
bow  
I shot the Albatross. . . .

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe ;  
For all averred I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow !  
'Ah wretch !' said they, 'the bird to slay,  
That made the wind to blow !'

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist;  
Then all averred I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist. ....

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt  
down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea. ....

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink. ....

About, about, in reel and rout,  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white. ....

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root:  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When, looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it neared and neared:  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged, and tacked, and veered. ....

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
Hither to work us weal;  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,  
The day was well-nigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad, bright Sun:  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
As if through a dungeon grate he peered  
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those her sails glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a Death? and are there two?  
Is Death that Woman's mate? ....

The naked hull alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice;—  
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'—  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips—the stars rush out—  
At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark. ....

The stars were dim and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed  
From the sails the dew did drip— [white;  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip. ....

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whiz of my cross-bow! ....

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust. ....

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide:  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside. ....

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind Saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea. ....

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere. ....

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;—  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,  
Yet never a breeze up blew;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
We were a ghastly crew." ....

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"—  
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain  
Which to their corpses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest. ....

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own country? ....

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
My agony returns:  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uprour bursts from that  
door!

The wedding-guests are there;  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are:  
And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer! ....

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest—  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all." ....

COLERIDGE.



## THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

WHEN the astonishing sagacity and enterprise of the Genoese had discovered the confines of a new world across the trackless Atlantic, it was without hesitation concluded, not only by himself, but by all Europe, that the new land formed the extreme eastern shore of Asia; and hence the name of Indies, by this mistake, was given to these islands, which has been perpetuated even to the present time. Aware of the round form of the earth, the geographers of that age could well conceive the possibility of reaching India by a westerly course; but, ignorant of the magnitude of the globe, they had formed a very inadequate idea of its existence, being totally unaware of the vast continent, and still vaster ocean, which separated Asia from the Atlantic. But as, impelled by an insatiable thirst for gold, the unprincipled Spaniards pushed their career of robbery and murder further and further into the continent, they began to hear tidings of a boundless sea, which stretched away to the south and west, beyond the horizon of the setting sun.

Balboa, one of the reckless spirits who sought fortune and fame at all hazards in the newly-found regions, boldly determined to seek the sea of which the Indians spake. At the head of a little band of men, guided by a Mexican, he succeeded, after severe privations and imminent dangers, in crossing the isthmus that connects the northern and southern portions of the continent. They had arrived at the foot of a hill, from the top of which the Indian assured him he would obtain a sight of the wished-for sea, when, in the enthusiasm of the moment, leaving his companions behind, the Spanish chief ran to the summit, and beheld a limitless ocean sleeping in its immensity at his feet! With the spurious piety common to the times—a piety that could consist with the grossest injustice, the blackest perjury, and the most barbarous cruelty—he knelt down and gave thanks aloud to God for such a termination of his toils; then, having descended the cliffs to the shore of the ocean, he bathed in its mighty waters, taking possession

of it, by the name of the Great South Sea, on behalf of the King of Spain.

This was in the year 1513, but it was not till seven years afterwards that its surface was ruffled by a European keel. Then Magalhaens, or Magellan, a Portuguese navigator of great ability, in the service of Spain, having run down the coast of South America, discovered the straits which have since borne his name, through which he sailed, and emerging from them on the 28th November 1520, first launched out upon the broad bosom of the South Sea. For three months and twenty days he sailed across it, during which long period its surface was never ruffled by a storm ; and from this circumstance he gave to the ocean the appellation of the Pacific, which it still retains. The immediate vicinity of the straits, however, has been considered peculiarly subject to tempests ; while the almost continual prevalence of westerly winds, joined to the severity of the climate, has always given a character of difficulty and hazard to the passage from the one ocean to the other.

A remarkable feature in the Pacific Ocean, and one that distinguishes it from every other sea, is the immense assemblage of small islands with which it is crowded, particularly in the portion situated between the tropics. For about three thousand miles from the coast of South America, the sea is almost entirely free from islands ; but thence to the great isles of India, an immense belt of ocean, nearly five thousand miles in length, and fifteen hundred in breadth, is so studded with them as almost to be one continuous archipelago. The term Polynesia, by which this division of the globe is now distinguished, is compounded of two Greek words, signifying *many islands*. Very few of these gems of the ocean are more than a few miles in extent, though Tahiti, and some in the more western groups, are of rather larger dimensions ; while Hawaii, the largest island in Polynesia, is about the size of Yorkshire.

The isles, which in such vast numbers thus stud the bosom of the Pacific, are of three distinct forms—the coral, the crystal, and the volcanic. Of these, the first formation greatly predominates ;

but the largest islands are of the last description: of the crystal formation but few specimens are known.

Imagine a belt of land in the wide ocean, not more than half a mile in breadth, but extending, in an irregular curve, to the length of ten or twenty miles or more; the height above the water not more than a yard or two at most, but clothed with a mass of the richest and most verdant vegetation. Here and there, above the general bed of luxuriant foliage, rises a grove of cocoa-nut trees, waving their feathery plumes high in the air, and gracefully bending their tall and slender stems to the breathing of the pleasant trade-wind. The grove is bordered by a narrow beach on each side, of the most glittering whiteness, contrasting with the beautiful azure waters by which it is environed. From end to end of the curved isle stretches, in a straight line, forming, as it were, the cord of the bow, a narrow beach, of the same snowy whiteness, almost level with the sea at the lowest tide, enclosing a semi-circular space of water between it and the island, called the lagoon.

Over this line of beach, which occupies the leeward side, the curve being to windward, the sea is breaking with sublime majesty; the long unbroken swell of the ocean, hitherto unbridled through a course of thousands of miles, is met by this rampart, when the huge billows, rearing themselves upwards many yards above its level, and bending their foaming crests, "form a graceful liquid arch, glittering in the rays of a tropical sun as if studded with brilliants. But, before the eyes of the spectator can follow the splendid aqueous gallery which they appear to have reared, with loud and hollow roar they fall, in magnificent desolation, and spread the gigantic fabric in froth and spray upon the horizontal and gently broken surface."

Contrasting strongly with the tumult and confusion of the hoary billows without, the water within the lagoon exhibits the serene placidity of a mill-pond. Extending downwards to a depth varying from a few feet to fifty fathoms, the waters possess the lively green hue common to soundings on a white or yellow ground; while the surface, unruffled by a wave, reflects with accurate distinctness the mast of the canoe that sleeps upon its bosom, and the tufts of the cocoa-nut plumes that rise from the beach above it.

Such is a coral island; and if its appearance is one of singular loveliness, as all who have seen it testify, its structure, on examination, is found to be no less interesting and wonderful. The beach of white sand, which opposes the whole force of the ocean, is found to be the summit of a rock which rises abruptly from an unknown depth, like a perpendicular wall. The whole of this rampart, as far as our senses can take cognizance of it, is composed of living coral! and the same substance forms the foundation of the curved and more elevated side which is smiling in the luxuriance and beauty of tropical vegetation. The elevation of the coral to the surface is not always abruptly perpendicular; sometimes reefs of varying depths extend to a considerable distance, in the form of successive platforms or terraces.

In these regions may be seen islands in every stage of their formation: "some presenting little more than a point or summit of a branching coralline pyramid, at a depth scarcely discernible through the transparent waters; others spreading, like submarine gardens or shrubberies, beneath the surface, or presenting here and there a little bank of broken coral and sand, over which the rolling wave occasionally breaks;" while others exist in the more advanced state that I have just described, the main bank sufficiently elevated to be permanently protected from the waves, and already clothed with verdure, and the lagoon enclosed by the narrow bulwark of the coral reef.

Though the rampart thus reared is sufficient to preserve the inner waters in a peaceful and mirror-like calmness, it must not be supposed that all access to them from the sea is excluded. It almost invariably happens that in the line of reef one or more openings occur, which, though sometimes narrow and intricate, so as scarcely to allow the passage of a native canoe, are not unfrequently of sufficient width and depth to permit the free ingress of large ships.

The advantage to man of these openings is very great. Without them the islands might smile invitingly, but in vain,—no access could be obtained to them by shipping, through the tremendous surf by which their shores are lashed; but by these entrances the lovely lagoons are converted into the most quiet, safe, and com-

modious havens imaginable, where ships may lie and wood and water and refresh their crews in security, though the tempest howl without. It is a scarcely less beneficent provision, that the position of the openings is in most cases indicated so as to be visible at a great distance. Had there been merely an opening in the coral rock, it could not have been detected from the sea, except by the diminution of the foaming surf just at that spot—a circumstance that could scarcely be visible unless the observer were opposite the aperture; but, in general, there is on each side of the passage a little islet, raised on the points of the reef, which, being commonly tufted with cocoa-nut trees, is perceptible as far off as the island itself, and forms a most convenient landmark.

Notwithstanding that the highest point of these narrow islets is rarely more than a yard above the tide, it is a remarkable fact that fresh water is frequently found in them. It is probable that the coral rock acts as a filter, allowing the sea-water to percolate through its porous substance, but excluding all its saline particles held in solution.

A stranger is forcibly struck with the remarkable fearlessness which the natives of these islands have of the sea. They appear almost as amphibious as seals, sporting about in the deep sea for many hours, sometimes for nearly a whole day together. No sooner does a ship approach a large island than the inhabitants swim off to welcome her; and long before she begins to take in sail she is surrounded by human beings of both sexes, apparently as much at home in the ocean as the fishes themselves. The children are taken to the water when but a day or two old, and many are able to swim as soon as they are able to walk. In coasting along the shore, it is a rare thing to pass a group of cottages, at any hour of the day, without seeing one or more bands of children joyously playing in the sea.

They have several distinct games which are played in the water, and which are followed with exceeding avidity, not only by children, but by the adult population.

One of these is the fastening of a long board on a sort of stage, where the rocks are abrupt, in such a manner that it shall project

far over the water : then they chase one another along the board, each in turn leaping from the end into the sea. They are also fond of diving from the yard-arm or bowsprit of a ship.

But the most favourite pastime of all, and one in which all classes and ages, and both sexes, engage with peculiar delight, is swimming in the surf. Mr. Ellis has seen some of the highest chiefs, between fifty and sixty years of age, large and corpulent men, engage in this game with as much interest as children.

A board six feet long, and a foot wide, slightly thinner at the edges than at the middle, is prepared for this amusement, stained and polished, and preserved with great care by being constantly oiled and hung up in their dwellings. With this in his hand, which he calls the wave-sliding board, each native repairs to the reef, particularly when the sea is running high and the surf is dashing in with more than ordinary violence, as on such occasions the pleasure is the greater. They choose a place where the rocks are twenty or thirty feet under water, and shelve for a quarter of a mile or more out to sea. The waves break at this distance, and the whole space between it and the shore is one mass of boiling foam. Each person now swims out to sea, pushing his board before him, diving under the waves as they curl and break, until he is arrived outside the rocks. He now lays himself flat on his breast along his board, and waits the approach of a huge billow. When it comes, he adroitly balances himself on its summit, and, paddling with his hands, is borne on the crest of the advancing wave, amidst the foam and spray, until within a yard or two of the shore or rocks. Then, when a stranger expects to see him the next moment dashed to death, he slides off his board, and, catching it by the middle, dives seaward under the wave, and comes up behind, laughing and whooping, again to swim out as before. The utmost skill is required, in coming in, to keep the position on the top of the wave ; for if the board get too far forward the swimmer will be overturned and thrown upon the beach, and if it fall behind he will be buried beneath the succeeding wave : yet some of the natives are so expert as to sit, and even to stand upright, upon their board, while it is thus riding in the foam !

P. H. GOSSE.

## TAHITI.

At daylight Tahiti, an island which must for ever remain classical to the voyager in the South Sea, was in view. At a distance the appearance was not attractive. The luxuriant vegetation of the lower part could not yet be seen; and as the clouds rolled past, the wildest and most precipitous peaks showed themselves towards the centre of the island. As soon as we anchored in Matavai Bay we were surrounded by canoes. After dinner we landed, to enjoy all the delights produced by the first impressions of a new country, and that country the charming Tahiti. A crowd of men, women, and children was collected on the memorable Point Venus, ready to receive us with laughing, merry faces. They marshalled us towards the house of Mr. Wilson, the missionary of the district, who met us on the road, and gave us a very friendly reception. After sitting a short time in his house, we separated to walk about, and returned there in the evening.

The land capable of cultivation is scarcely in any part more than a fringe of low alluvial soil, accumulated round the base of the mountains, and protected from the waves of the sea by a coral reef, which encircles the entire line of coast. Within the reef there is an expanse of smooth water, like that of a lake, where the canoes of the natives can ply with safety, and where ships anchor. The low land, which comes down to the beach of coral sand, is covered by the most beautiful productions of the intertropical regions. In the midst of bananas, orange, cocoa-nut, and bread-fruit trees, spots are cleared where yams, sweet potatoes, the sugar-cane, and pine-apples are cultivated. Even the brush-wood is an imported fruit-tree, namely, the guava, which, from its abundance, has become as noxious as a weed. In Brazil I have often admired the varied beauty of the bananas, palms, and orange-trees contrasted together; and here we also have the bread-fruit, conspicuous from its large, glossy, and deeply digitated leaf. It is admirable to behold groves of a tree, sending forth its branches

with the vigour of an English oak, loaded with large and most nutritious fruit.

However seldom the usefulness of an object can account for the pleasure of beholding it, in the case of these beautiful woods, the knowledge of their high productiveness, no doubt, enters largely into the feeling of admiration. The little winding paths, cool from the surrounding shade, led to the scattered houses, the owners of which everywhere gave us a cheerful and most hospitable reception.

I was pleased with nothing so much as with the inhabitants. There is a mildness in the expression of their countenances which at once banishes the idea of a savage, and an intelligence which shows that they are advancing in civilization. The common people, when working, keep the upper part of their bodies quite naked; and it is then that the Tahitians are seen to advantage. They are very tall, broad-shouldered, athletic, and well proportioned. It has been remarked that it requires little habit to make a dark skin more pleasing and natural to the eye of a European than his own colour. A white man bathing by the side of a Tahitian was like a plant bleached by the gardener's art compared with a fine dark-green one growing vigorously in the field. Most of the men are tattooed, and the ornaments follow the curvature of the body so gracefully that they have a very elegant effect. One common pattern, varying in its details, is somewhat like the crown of a palm-tree. It springs from the central line of the back, and gracefully curls round both sides. The simile may be a fanciful one, but I thought the body of a man thus ornamented was like the trunk of a noble tree embraced by a delicate creeper.

Many of the elder people had their feet covered with small figures, so placed as to resemble a sock. This fashion, however, is partly gone by, and has been succeeded by others. Here, although fashion is far from immutable, every one must abide by that prevailing in his youth. An old man has thus his age forever stamped on his body, and he cannot assume the airs of a young dandy. The women are tattooed in the same manner as the men, and very commonly on their fingers.



In returning to the boat we stopped to witness a very pretty scene. Numbers of children were playing on the beach, and had lighted bonfires, which illuminated the placid sea and surrounding trees; others, in circles, were singing Tahitian verses. We seated ourselves on the sand, and joined their party. The songs were *impromptu*, and I believe related to our arrival. One little girl sang a line, which the rest took up in parts, forming a very pretty chorus. The whole scene made us unequivocally aware that we were seated on the shore of an island in the far-famed South Sea.

DARWIN.

### THE CORAL INSECT.

TOLL on! toll on! ye ephemeral train,  
Who build in the tossing and treacherous  
main!

Toll on! for the wisdom of man ye mock  
With your sand-based structures and domes  
of rock:

Your columns the fathomless fountains  
lave;

And your arches spring up to the crested  
wave;—

Ye're a puny race, thus boldly to rear  
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone;  
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;  
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement  
spring,

Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;  
The turf looks green where the breakers  
rolled;

O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;  
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
And mountains exult where the wave hath  
been.

But why do ye plant, 'neath the billows  
dark,

The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?  
There are snares enough on the tented  
field—

'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys  
yield;

There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers  
are up;

There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup;  
There are foes that watch for his cradle  
breath,—

And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are  
white,

From the ice-clad pole to the tropics  
bright;—

The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold  
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of  
gold;

And the gods of ocean have frowned to see  
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee;  
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must  
spread

The boundless sea for the thronging dead?

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in,—  
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured  
in their sin:

From the land of promise ye fade and die,  
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary  
eye;—

As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,  
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,  
Ye slumber unmarked, 'mid the desolate  
main,

While the wonder and pride of your works  
remain.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

### THE STORY OF THE "BOUNTY."

ON the 27th April 1789, the crew of His Majesty's ship *Bounty*, then cruising in the neighbourhood of the Friendly Islands, broke out into open mutiny. In the dead of night a number of the sailors entered the cabin of the captain, Bligh, bound his hands behind his back, and, carrying him on deck, compelled him, with eighteen others who would not join the conspiracy, to descend into one of the ship's boats. A small quantity of bread and pork, and two or three bottles of wine and spirits, were thrown after them; and, thus supplied, the little craft set forth on its perilous voyage over the broad waters.

Driven by the hostility of the natives from one of the Friendly Islands, where they sought to land, the unhappy victims spent forty-eight days and nights on the ocean, exposed to the rigour of the elements, reduced during the latter part of their voyage to a quarter of a pint of cocoa-nut milk, as much bread as would weigh down a pistol bullet, an ounce of pork once a day, and a tea-spoonful of water every eight hours. At the end of that period of suffering they reached the Dutch station at Coupang, whence they procured a passage home.

When the news of this atrocious outrage reached England, the frigate *Pandora* was at once despatched to capture the mutineers. Fourteen of them were seized at Tabiti, where the graves of two or three others were pointed out. Of the remaining nine no trace whatever could be discovered, and the *Pandora* sailed away under the belief that they had perished at sea or under the clubs of the savages. The frigate was wrecked on its homeward voyage. Four of the prisoners were drowned; the remaining ten were conveyed to England, where four were acquitted, three pardoned, and three hung at the yard-arm.

Twenty-five years rolled by, and the occurrence had almost faded from the recollection of men. In 1814, two English men-of-war anchored off a pleasant island in the Pacific, about

twelve hundred miles from Tahiti. Situated just beyond the tropics, having a rich and luxuriant vegetation, without the unhealthiness of a too luxuriant fertility, this green little speck on the bosom of the ocean tempted the sailors, weary of hard biscuits and salt pork, to visit it in search of fresh fruits and vegetables. Their surprise may be imagined, when, on approaching the shore, they beheld huts peeping forth among the groves. Two of the islanders were observed to run down to the beach with canoes on their backs, which they launched and quickly paddled towards the big ships. The sailors could hardly believe their ears when they heard one of the canoe-men call out, in good English, "Come, look alive there, and throw us a rope!"

When the visitors appeared on deck, they were seen to be two strapping, well-made young fellows, with handsome features of an English cast, but somewhat darker in complexion than the ordinary Anglo-Saxon tint. A strip of cotton round their middle, and a broad-brimmed straw hat adorned with black feathers, composed their entire costume, so that their muscular frames and imposing proportions (each being about six feet in height) were displayed to full advantage. Sir Thomas Staines, the captain, invited them to his table, and was much touched to observe, that before a morsel passed their lips, they clasped their hands, bent their heads, and reverently said grace.

The wonder of the English crews reached its climax when, on landing, they were greeted by an Englishman of venerable appearance, who disclosed himself as the sole survivor of the nine mutineers of the *Bounty* who had evaded the search of the *Pandora*, and were supposed to have died. His story was listened to with breathless interest:—

Twice repulsed by the natives from Tahiti, the mutineers, at the instigation of Fletcher Christian, their leader, steered for Pitcairn Island, of which he had read an account in a volume of voyages which he picked up in the captain's cabin. Scarcely five miles in circumference, it looked like a great rock rising from the waves. Lofty, precipitous cliffs, rose from the sea on every side save one, where there was a narrow fringe of beach

leading to a steep ascent, shaded with cocoa, bread-fruit, and banana trees.

Twenty-eight persons disembarked from the *Bounty*. There were nine mutineers, each with a woman of Tahiti, whom he had taken to wife; and six natives of the same island, of whom three were married, and one had an infant. Grotesque representations of the sun, moon, and other objects of idolatry, graven on the rocks, several spear-heads made of flint, and a few ghastly skulls which were strewed about, proved that the island had been inhabited before they arrived; but they found no trace of any living being. One of their first acts was to destroy the *Bounty*. Thus they cut off from themselves all means of escape from their island prison.

Dissolute and passionate men, destitute of moral principle and self-control, they soon showed that they had not got rid of one authority in order to subject themselves to another. Christian tried to maintain some sort of order amongst them, and for a short time succeeded. Soon, however, the Englishmen and the Tahitians came to blows, and blood was shed on both sides. The blacks conspired to murder the whites; but the wives of the latter discovered the plot on the eve of its execution. The result of such feuds it is not difficult to conceive. In less than a year Christian and four of his companions were massacred by the Tahitians; who, in turn, all died violent deaths before the same year closed.

One of the Englishmen, with perverse ingenuity, converted an old copper kettle, which he had brought from the ship, into an alembic, and distilled an intoxicating liquor from the root of a plant which grew on the island. This introduced a new element of misery among the unhappy settlers. The man who had invented the liquor, in a fit of *delirium tremens* flung himself from a high cliff into the sea. The desperate Englishmen, having no Indians to abuse, quarrelled with each other, and several fatal conflicts ensued. Up to the time when the English ships discovered the colony, only one of the mutineers had died a natural death, and John Adams was the sole survivor.

Although only fifty years of age, the terrible scenes in which he

had taken part, and the anxiety and remorse which they had caused, had wrinkled his brow and blanched his hair, so that he seemed quite an old man. By the widows and children of his old companions he was looked up to as a patriarch. He had rescued from the *Bounty* a Bible and a book of prayers, in the perusal of which he found sweet consolation in the midst of his misery. He had devoted himself zealously to the education of the young: he read to them daily portions of Holy Writ, and taught their tongues to lisp a prayer. He also maintained order in the island, and was always resorted to for advice in difficulties or as an umpire in disputes. Notwithstanding his reformed life, it was a long time before Adams ceased to be disturbed by a dread of retribution for his share in the mutiny. Once or twice a vessel had approached the island, and he and the other Englishmen had hid themselves in caves, until their sails no longer specked the waters. When Sir Thomas Staines arrived, however, Adams conquered his first impulse to conceal himself, and came down to the beach to welcome his countrymen.

Once introduced to the knowledge of Europeans, the Pitcairn islanders received frequent visits from passing ships. Their primitive ideas as to dress and other matters were enlarged; and they began to exchange the produce of their little farms for articles of comfort and luxury. The young men might be seen strutting about, one in a black swallow-tailed coat, another in a shirt and trousers. Shoes and stockings were gradually introduced, and a battered beaver was occasionally donned on festivals. The sale of spirits was strictly prohibited; but tea, coffee, sugar, flour, &c., were gladly received.

In the course of years this little colony multiplied to such a degree that it outgrew its agricultural resources. As the island could no longer afford sustenance to its inhabitants, they sought a home elsewhere. In 1857 they were removed, at their own request, but at the expense of the British Government, to Norfolk Island. Here in former days was located a penal settlement, of which many a tale of horror is told. Where once stood the grim barrack into which the wretched convicts used to be driven at dusk,

to prey upon each other till morning,—and before the grated windows of which stalked sentries who had orders to fire into any room where they heard a tumult, if at their bidding it did not at once cease—now stand the little chapel and the schools of the new colonists.

Norfolk Island is one thousand miles from Sydney. Girdled by a coral reef, it is very difficult of approach ; but when reached, is found to be a place of great beauty and fertility. It consists of a series of hills, crowned with magnificent groves of gigantic pine, graceful palmetto, guava, lemon, and fern trees. Yellow corn-fields wave by the side of gardens in which grow the delicate cinnamon tree, the tea and coffee shrubs, the sugarcane, the banana, and luxuriant vines. It cannot be doubted that the good islanders have been fortunate in exchanging Pitcairn for Norfolk Island ; and it is gratifying to know that their life, if not so primitive, is as peaceful and happy as in their old home. The patriarch Adams died in 1829, in his sixty-fifth year ; and Mrs. Young, the last survivor of those who arrived at Pitcairn Island in the *Bounty*, died in 1850. It remains to be seen what effect more extended intercourse with the rest of the world will have on this singular community.

J. H. FYFE.

#### THE UNKNOWN ISLES.

OH ! many are the beauteous isles

Unknown to human eye,

That, sleeping 'mid the ocean smiles,

In happy silence lie!

The ship may pass them in the night,

Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight

Is resting on the main;

Some wandering ship that hath lost her

And never, or by night or day, [way,

Shall pass these isles again.

There, groves that bloom in endless spring,  
Are rustling to the radiant wing

Of birds in various plumage bright;

Soft-falling showers of blossoms, fair

As rainbow hues or dawning light,

Float ever on the fragrant air,

Like showers of vernal snow ;

And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,

The richly ripened clusters fall

Off as sea breezes blow!

The sun and clouds alone possess

The joy of all that loveliness ;

And sweetly to each other smile,

The live-long day, sun, cloud, and

isle.

Now silent lies each scattered bay!

No other visitors have they

To their shores of silvery sand,

Than the waves that, murmuring in their  
glee,

All hurrying in a joyful band,

Come dancing from the sea.

WILSON.

## THE ISLES OF THE SEA FAIRIES.

Among the isles of the golden mist  
I lived for many a year;  
And all that chanced unto me there,  
'Tis well that ye should hear.

I dwelt in a hall of silvery pearl,  
With rainbow light inlaid;  
I sate on a throne, as old as the sea,  
Of the ruby coral made.

The old carbuncle lit the dome  
Where I was sworn a king;  
And my crown was wrought of the pale sea-  
gold,  
And so was my fairy ring.

And she who was set on my right hand,  
As the morning star was fair;  
She was clothed in a robe of shadowy light,  
And veiled by her golden hair.

They made me king of the Fairy Isles  
That lie in the golden mist,  
Where the coral rocks and the silvery sand  
By singing waves are kissed.

Far off, in the ocean solitudes,  
They lie—a glorious seven!  
Like a beautiful group of sister stars  
In the untraced heights of heaven.

For the mariner sails them round about,  
But he comes not them anigh;—  
They are hid far off in a secret place  
Of the sea's immensity.

Oh, beautiful isles! where there comes no  
death,  
Where no winter enters in;  
And their fairy race, like the lily flowers,  
Do neither toll nor spin!

Oh, beautiful isles! where the coral rocks  
Like an ancient temple stand,—  
Like a temple of wondrous workmanship  
For a lofty worship planned!

The heights of heaven do roof it in,  
O'erspanned like an azure bow;  
And its floor is the living waves of light,  
That cover the depths below—

The unsunned depths of the ancient sea,  
Where the emerald caverns lie,

Where an earlier race of the fairy kings  
Made their great treasury.

Oh, beautiful isles! when the waning moon  
Sinks down from the vales of earth,  
She rises upon those fairy seas,  
And gives to their daylight birth.

There comes no cloud to dim her rays,  
She shines forth pure and bright;  
The silver moon she shines by day,  
And the golden mist by night!

Oh, beautiful isles! and a fairy race,  
As the dream of a poet fair,  
Now hold the place by a charmed spell,  
That has power o'er sea and air.

Their boats are made of the large pearl-  
shell

That the waters cast to land;  
With carved prows more richly wrought  
Than the work of mortal hand.

They skim along the silver waves  
Without or sail or oar;—  
Wherever the fairy voyager would,  
The pearl ship comes to shore.

They taught me the song which is their  
speech—

A tone of love divine;  
They set me down at their banquet board,  
And poured me out fairy wine;—

The wine of the old sea vintage red,  
That was made long years ago;  
More rich than the blood in kingly veins,  
Yet pure and cool as snow!

I loved that idle life for a time;  
But when that time was by,  
I pined again for another change,  
And for human sympathy.

They brought me then a glorious form,  
And gave her for my bride;—  
I looked on her, and I straight forgot  
That I was to earth allied.

I snatched the crown they offered me;  
I forgot what I had been—  
I snatched the crown, to be a king,  
That she might be a queen.

For many a year and more, I dwelt  
In those isles of soft delight,  
Where all was kind and beautiful,  
With neither death nor night.

We danced on the sands when the silver  
moon  
Through the coral arches gleamed,  
And pathways broad of glittering light  
O'er the azure waters streamed.

Then shot forth many a pearly boat,  
Like stars across the sea;  
And songs were sung, and shells were blown,  
That set wild music free.

For many a year and more, I dwelt  
With neither thought nor care,  
Till I forgot almost my speech—  
Forgot both creed and prayer.

At length it chanced that, as my boat  
Went on its charmed way,  
I came unto the veil of mist  
Which round the Seven Isles lay.

Even then it was a Sabbath morn,  
And a ship was passing by,  
And I heard a hundred voices raise  
A sound of psalmody.

A mighty love came o'er my heart,  
A yearning toward my kind,  
And unwittingly I spoke aloud  
The impulse of my mind.

"Oh, take me hence, ye Christian men!"  
I cried, in spiritual want;  
And anon the golden mist gave way,  
That had been like adamant.

The little boat wherein I sat  
Seemed all to melt away;  
And I was left upon the sea,  
Like Peter, in dismay!

Those Christian mariners, amazed,  
Looked on me in affright:  
Some cried I was an evil ghost,  
And some a water-sprite!

But the chaplain seized the vessel's boat,  
With mercy prompt and boon,  
And took me up into the ship,  
As I fell into a swoon.

As one that, in delirious dreams,  
Strange things doth hear and see,

So passed before my mind the shapes  
Of this bright heresy.

In vain I told the mariners—  
No man to me would list:  
They jested at the Fairy Isles,  
And at the golden mist.

They swore I was a shipwrecked man,  
Tossed on the dreary main;  
And pitied me because my fate  
Had crazed my 'wildered brain.

At length, when I perceived how dull  
The minds of men had grown,  
I locked these things within my soul,  
For my own thought alone.

And soon a wondrous thing I saw:  
I now was old and gray—  
A man of three-score years and ten,  
A weak man in decay.

And yesterday, and I was young!  
Time did not leave a trace  
Upon my form, while I abode  
Within the charmed place.

I trembled at the fearful work  
Of three-score years and ten;  
I asked for love—but I had grown  
An alien among men.

I passed among the busy crowds,  
I marked their care and pain,  
And how they waste their manhood's  
strength,  
To make but little gain.

I saw besotted men mistake  
For gold, unworthy clay;  
And many more, who sell their souls  
For the pleasures of a day.

I saw how years on years roll on,  
As a tale that has been told;  
And then at last they start, like me,  
To find that they are old.

Said I, "These men laugh me to scorn,  
My wisdom they resist;  
But they themselves abide, like me,  
Within a golden mist!"

Oh, up, and save yourselves! even now  
The ship goes hurrying by,  
And I hear the hymn of the souls redeemed,  
Who are bound for Eternity!

MARY HOWITT.



**POETRY AND SCIENCE.**

IF you will believe some, whose zeal is not according to knowledge, science is antagonistic to poetry. The diamond is for the chemist no better than lamp black;—the sapphire and the ruby only crystallized clay. The Medicean Venus, and the Apollo Belvidere, “the statue that enchants the world,” “the god of the unerring bow,” are interesting to him only as grand stalactites, curious solely because each of them contains twenty-two parts of carbonic acid, and twenty-eight of lime. A thunder storm has for him neither terror, nor beauty, nor sublimity;—it is only the union of so much positive and negative electricity. If you go with him to his laboratory, he will show you it all with his glass machine or his voltaic battery. It is true it will be on a somewhat smaller scale. “The fire and cracks of sulphurous roaring” will be rather dim and faint; and the “thunder, that deep and dreadful organ pipe,” will be somewhat shrill. But you can set off against this, that you may sit comfortably at the fireside, and see and hear it all, without risk of danger from the lightning, or any fear of wetting from the thunder-plump.

That sea, which in other men’s minds gives birth to so many deep and unspeakable emotions;—that sea which recalls to all others Miriam’s rejoicing song when Pharaoh and his host “sank as lead in the mighty waters;”—that sea which the ten thousand Greeks welcomed with so glad and exulting a shout, when, foot-sore and weary, they beheld it again;—that sea which wrecked a Spanish Armada, and saved us from becoming the prey of the spoiler;—that sea whereon the fleets of the nations have careered; which carried the ship of Columbus to a new hemisphere, and wafted Vasco de Gama round the Cape of Storms; which bore the little Mayflower and the Puritan Fathers to the unshackled freedom of the New World, and has floated so many other vessels, from Noah’s Ark down to the Queen’s Fairy steamer;—that sea, with its Archimedes-screw steamboats and its missionary barques, its

goodly merchant ships and gallant men-of-war ;—with its battles of the Nile and its battles of the Baltic, its glories of Camperdown and mournful triumph of Trafalgar ;—Shakspeare's "wild and wasteful ocean," Coleridge's "silent sea," Shelley's "sunny sea," Wordsworth's "everlasting sea," Byron's "deep sea" with "music in its roar," Campbell's sea where "our flag has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze;" the Bride of Venice, whom poetry, and painting, and sculpture, and music have never grown weary of adorning ;—What is this "great sea" to the chemist ? Why, only a great pool or puddle, filled with a solution of table salt and Epsom salts !

To these declarations, that the "looks and thoughts" of the chemist, like those of Milton's Mammon before he fell from his first estate, are "always downward bent, admiring more the riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, than aught divine or holy," what can I answer ? I would reply, "I am a chemist. Hath not a chemist eyes ? Hath not a chemist hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as the poet is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, will we not revenge ?" The revenge we take is, to affirm that between the true poet and the true philosopher there never has been, or can be, cause of feud. It has been the poetaster on the one hand, the dabbler in science on the other, who have involved the lovers of truth and of beauty in a most needless and foolish dispute.

All things in nature are like Janus, two-faced, and have a double aspect for us. In the one, they are plain facts calmly apprehended by the cool intellect ; in the other, they are truths which set heart and brain on fire.

A halleluiah chorus, considered in the one aspect, is the result of certain ærial pulses, set in motion by the vibration of tubes of wood and of metal ; is the sum of certain effects produced by a stream of wind modulated by levers, and wires, and stops, and valves, and keys, and pedals, moved by the fingers and feet of the

performer, and accompanied by the voices of singing men and singing women. Considered in the other light, it is a glorious combination of sounds the most melodious and harmonic, which stir our souls from their inmost depths, and fill our hearts with awe and wonder. In like manner, the sea is in one sense only so much water saturated with salts; in another, it is the mirror and image of the Eternal, and we cannot find words adequate even to so much as the naming of the indescribable feelings which it kindles within us.

Poetry and science, then, stand in direct contrast, but not in opposition to each other. The aim of science is truth. The desire of poetry is beauty; and in a glorious sense all truth is beautiful, and all beauty is true. It is not necessary to destroy the truth, before we can discern the beauty,—to bid farewell to the beauty, before we can discover the truth. Poetry no more requires that science shall be annihilated before it can flourish, than music asks that painting shall be abolished in order that it may come into being.

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

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### MANUFACTURES AND COMMERCE, CONTRASTED WITH CHIVALRY.

IN the middle ages, the Levant and the Netherlands were indisputably the two great marts of natural and created riches; and whether the spices came from Bruges, or the cloths from Damascus, was a matter of sovereign indifference to the baron of those times, provided always that they passed within reachable distance for him either to seize or ransom. I have often wondered how commerce could continue to exist while so little security was afforded to the merchant. But it would seem that there was a general feeling, even in those rude times, that it would not do to annihilate traffic altogether; from which sprang, I doubt not, that system of ransom which the trader placed to his general account, if not of outlay, at least of risk, and advanced the price of his goods accordingly.

The Flemish towns of the middle ages gave rise and dignity, among the Transalpines, to the commercial spirit. The northern

parts of Europe owe to them, even surrounded as they were by all the rapine and ignorance of the feudal barons, the existence of the useful arts, and the cultivation of a free spirit. Bruges, and Ghent, and Brussels, and other towns of the Low Countries, were the most advanced of any portion of Europe north of the Alps.

While England and France were spreading and enjoying the advantages of "those monstrous mummeries of the middle ages," chivalry and the feudal system, the trading towns of the Low Countries and of Italy were advancing in all the arts of cultivated life—of intellectual superiority—of physical comfort. Had it not been for them, we might still have been wrapped in our own untanned skins, with rushes and filth struggling for predominance on our floors, and the diseases incident upon dirt and rude living paying us a visit almost every year. Let it never be forgotten that to the burghers of these towns we owe the art of printing; the revival of painting; the discovery of the mariner's compass, with all its attendant train of benefits—a New World, and the passage by sea to the East. These we owe to the traders of Flanders and of the Italian cities.

For what are we to thank the feudal barons of France and England? Ignorance, craft, cruelty, and superstition, were all the seed they sowed; and the crop was proportionably barren. They produced, however, a great number of very respectable "robbers and pyllers,"—fellows whose merit consisted in the bullying bravery of highwaymen, combined with something less than the honesty of a modern pickpocket. Ignorant and barbarous themselves, they seized "routes of mules," laden with the produce of other people's skill and industry;—and these are the sort of men whom we are told to admire, duly despising the race who did no more for humanity than to confer on it all that we at this day consider as giving to it value, and refinement, and beauty! It is not too much to say that we owe all these to the merchants of Bruges and Venice, of Ghent and of Genoa, of Brussels and of Florence. As for the knights and barons, they could neither read nor write; they could only give and receive dry blows and foul language.

ST. LEGER.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

THERE were two fathers in this ghastly crew,  
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one  
 Was more robust and hardy to the view;  
 But he died early: and when he was gone,  
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw  
 One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!  
 I can do nothing;" and he saw him thrown  
 Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,  
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;  
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild  
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate:  
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,  
 As if to win a part from off the weight  
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
 With the deep, deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised  
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam  
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed:  
 And when the wished-for shower at length was come,  
 And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,  
 Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,  
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain  
 Into his dying child's mouth; but in vain!

The boy expired: the father held the clay,  
 And looked upon it long; and when at last  
 Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay  
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,  
 He watched it wistfully until away

'TWAS borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;  
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,  
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

'TWAS twilight, and the sunless day went down  
 Over the waste of waters; like a veil,  
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown  
 Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.  
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,  
 And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,  
 And the dim, desolate deep: twelve days had Fear  
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—  
 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—  
 Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,  
 As eager to anticipate their grave;  
 And the sea yawned around her, like a hell,  
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,  
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,  
 Louder than the loud ocean—like a crash  
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,  
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash  
 Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,  
 Accompanied by a convulsive splash,  
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

BYRON.

### LEARNING BY HEART.

TILL he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence ; precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks in merely reading. Learn one true poem by heart, and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrase, or happy music, or noble suggestion, otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of Nature's wonders through a microscope. Again : how much in such a poem that you really did feel admirable and lovely on a first reading, passes away, if you do not give it a further and much better reading !—passes away utterly, like a sweet sound, or an image on the lake, which the first breath of wind dispels. If you could only fix that image, as the photographers do theirs, so beautifully, so perfectly ! And you can do so ! Learn it by heart, and it is yours for ever !

I have said, a true poem ; for naturally men will choose to learn poetry—from the beginning of time they have done so. To immortal verse the memory gives a willing, a joyous, and a lasting home. However, some prose is poetical, is poetry, and altogether worthy to be learned by heart ; and the learning is not so very difficult. It is not difficult or toilsome to learn that which pleases us ; and the labour, once given, is forgotten, while the result remains.

Poems and noble extracts, whether of verse or prose, once so reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us a daily pleasure ;—better far than a whole library unused. They may come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers ; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle-building, self-congratulations, and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the work-shop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside ; sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hill-sides, or by sounding shores ;—noble friends and companions—our own ! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call !

Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson,—the words of such men do not stale upon us, they do not grow old or cold. . . . Further: though you are young now, some day you will be old. Some day you may reach that time when a man lives in greater part for memory and by memory. I can imagine a chance renewal, chance visitation of the words long remembered, long garnered in the heart, and I think I see a gleam of rare joy in the eyes of the old man.

For those, in particular, whose leisure time is short, and precious as scant rations to beleaguered men, I believe there could not be a better expenditure of time than deliberately giving an occasional hour—it requires no more—to committing to memory chosen passages from great authors. If the mind were thus daily nourished with a few choice words of the best English poets and writers; if the habit of learning by heart were to become so general, that, as a matter of course, any person presuming to be educated amongst us might be expected to be equipped with a few good pieces,—I believe it would lead, far more than the mere sound of it suggests, to the diffusion of the best kind of literature, and the right appreciation of it, and men would not long rest satisfied with knowing a few stock pieces. . . .

The only objection I can conceive to what I have been saying is, that it may be said that a relish for higher literature belongs only to the few; that it is the result of cultivation; and that there is no use in trying to create what must be in general only a fictitious interest. But I do not admit that literature, even the higher literature, must belong to the few. Poetry is, in the main, essentially catholic—addressed to all men; and though some poetry requires particular knowledge and superior culture, much, and that the noblest, needs only natural feeling and the light of common experience. Such poetry, taken in moderation, followed with genuine good-will, shared in common, will be intelligible and delightful to most men who will take the trouble to be students at all, and ever more and more so.

Perhaps, also, there may be a fragment of truth in what Charles Lamb has said,—that any *spouting* “withers and blows upon a

fine passage;" that there is no enjoying it after it has been "pawed about by declamatory boys and men." But surely there is a reasonable habit of recitation as well as an unreasonable one; there is no need of declamatory pawing. To abandon all recitation, is to give up a custom which has given delight and instruction to all the races of articulately speaking men. If our faces are set against vain display, and set towards rational enjoyment of one another, each freely giving his best, and freely receiving what his neighbour offers, we need not fear that our social evenings will be marred by an occasional recitation, or that the fine passages will wither. And, moreover, it is not for reciting's sake that I chiefly recommend this most faithful form of reading—learning by heart.

I come back, therefore, to this, that learning by heart is a good thing, and is neglected amongst us. Why is it neglected? Partly because of our indolence, but partly, I take it, because we do not sufficiently consider that it is a good thing, and needs to be taken in hand. We need to be reminded of it: I here remind you. Like a town-crier, ringing my bell, I would say to you, "Oyez, oyez! Lost, stolen, or strayed, a good ancient practice—the good ancient practice of learning by heart. Every finder should be handsomely rewarded." . . . .

If any ask, "What shall I learn?" the answer is, Do as you do with tunes—begin with what you sincerely like best, what you would most wish to remember, what you would most enjoy saying to yourself or repeating to another. You will soon find the list inexhaustible. Then "keeping up" is easy. Every one has spare ten minutes; one of the problems of life is how to employ them usefully. You may well spend some in looking after and securing this good property you have won.

VERNON LUSHINGTON.



## SOLILOQUY OF HENRY IV.

O SLEEP, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened  
thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids  
down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky  
cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy  
slumber,  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the  
great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the  
vile,  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly  
couch

A watch-case or a common Tarum bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his  
brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hang-  
ing them  
With deafening clamours in the slippery  
shrouds,  
That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and the stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then happy, lowly  
clown!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.  
SHAKESPEARE.

## THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the  
infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;  
And then, the whining school-boy, with  
his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like  
snail  
Unwillingly to school: And then, the  
lover;  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a  
soldier;  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the  
pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in  
quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth: And then,  
the justice;  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws, and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part: The sixth age  
shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon;  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on  
side;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too  
wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly  
voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound: Last scene  
of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-  
thing.  
SHAKESPEARE.

## THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall a while repair,  
And dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

7 C M COLLINA

## EXTRACTS FROM SHAKSPEARE'S PLAY OF KING JOHN.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.

HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate.*ARTHUR, *son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne,*  
*the elder brother of King John.*CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*

EARL OF SALISBURY.

SIR ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.

BIOOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

PRINCE HENRY, *son of King John, afterwards*  
*Henry III.*

## PART I.

[King John invades France, to chastise Philip for espousing the cause of Prince Arthur, the rightful heir to the English throne. In a battle before Angiers, Arthur is taken prisoner—Hubert, chamberlain to King John, is appointed Arthur's keeper, with instructions to find some means of depriving the young Prince of life.]

SCENE.—*King John's tent before Angiers.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,  
We owe thee much; . . .

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better time.  
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause  
to say so yet;

But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er  
so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.  
I had a thing to say,—But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud  
day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,

To give me audience:—If the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;  
If this same were a churchyard where we  
stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy,  
thick;

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the  
veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's  
eyes

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purposes;)

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of  
words;—

Then, in despite of brooded, watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;  
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me  
well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me  
undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my  
act,

By heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?  
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine  
eye

On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my  
friend,

He is a very serpent in my way;  
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth  
tread,

He lies before me: Dost thou understand  
me?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee.  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
Remember. . . .

[Constance, mother to Prince Arthur, is overwhelmed  
with grief at the capture of her son.]

SCENE.—*The French King's tent.*

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not  
sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy, to belie me so;  
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:

I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad....  
If I were mad, I should forget my son:  
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Ph.* Bind up those tresses,  
Sticking together in calamity:

Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will; And wherefore  
will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried  
aloud,

"O that these hands could so redeem my  
son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty!"  
But now I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—  
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in  
heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male  
child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;  
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of  
heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of  
grief.

*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a  
son.

*K. Ph.* You are as fond of grief as of your  
child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent  
child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his  
form;

Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do.  
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress*

When there is such disorder in my wit.  
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[*Exit.*

*K. Ph.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow  
her.

[*Exit.*

[*Arthur, having been sent to England, is imprisoned  
in Northampton Castle. (Historically, this is not  
true. Arthur was first sent to Falaise, then to  
Rouen; but Shakspeare's arrangement of the play  
requires the scene to be laid in England.)*]

SCENE.—*A Room in Northampton Castle.*

*Enter HUBERT, and two Attendants.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and, look  
thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy, which you shall find  
with me,

Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and  
watch.

*1st Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear  
out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you:  
look to't. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with  
you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a  
title

To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!  
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him:  
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me,  
Hubert.

*Hub.* [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his  
innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look  
pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with  
you:

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub. [Aside.]* His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. *[Showing a paper.]*

*[Aside.]* How now, foolish rheum!

Turning spiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it for me),

And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;  
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning: Do, an if you will:  
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,

Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence:  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believed no tongue, but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth. *[Stamps.]*

*Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*1st Attend.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed. *[Exeunt Attendants.]*

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend!

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:  
Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes;

Though to no use but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me!

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be used  
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit  
out,

And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it,  
boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make  
it blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings,  
Hubert:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things, that you should use to do me  
wrong,

Deny their office: only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron ex-  
tends,

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch  
thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all  
this while

You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and  
secure,

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go closely in with  
me.

Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

## PART II.

[King John, alarmed at the disaffection of his nobles  
and people, repents of his conduct towards Prince  
Arthur, and accuses Hubert with tempting him to  
accede to the murder.]

SCENE.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*K. John.* A fearful eye thou hast;  
Where is that blood  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
Pour down thy weather: How goes all in  
France?

*Mess.* From France to England.—Never  
such a power

For any foreign preparation  
Was levied in the body of a land!  
The copy of your speed is learned by them;  
For when you should be told they do pre-  
pare,

The tidings come that they are all arrived.  
*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence  
been drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's  
care,

That such an army could be drawn in  
France,

And she not hear of it?

*Mess.*

My liege, her ear  
Is stopped with dust; the first of April died  
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,  
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died.

Three days before: but this from rumour's  
tongue

I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful  
occasion!

O, make a league with me, till I have pleased  
My discontented peers! [*Exit Messenger.*]  
My mother dead!

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say five moons were  
seen to-night;

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wondrous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons?

*Hub.* Old men and beldams, in the streets,  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their  
mouths:

And when they talk of him, they shake  
their heads,

And whisper one another in the ear;

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's  
wrist;

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with  
rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's  
news;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)

Told of a many thousand warlike French  
That were embattailed and ranked in Kent:

Another lean unwashed artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murdered him: I had mighty cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings, to be attended

By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life;

And, on the winking of authority,

To understand a law; to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns

More upon humour than advised respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature marked,  
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind:

But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,

Apt, liable to be employed in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head,  
or made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;

Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,

And bid me tell my tale in express words;

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin;

Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

And consequently thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!  
My nobles leave me; and my state is

braved,

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

Hostility and civic tumult reigns

Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,

I'll make a peace betwixt your soul and you.  
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.

Within this bosom never entered yet

The dreadful notion of a murderous thought;

And you have slandered Nature in my form,  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,

Is yet the cover of a fairer mind

Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience!

Forgive the comment that my passion made

Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
O, answer not, but to my closet bring

The angry lords, with all expedient haste.  
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Arthur, disguised as a sailor boy, tries to escape—He leaps from the castle wall and is killed—His body is discovered by several of the nobles.]

SCENE.—*The Castle walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,

This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[Leaps down.

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[Dies.

\* \* \* \*

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:

Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. [Pointing to the body.] O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[Drawing his sword.

Faul. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;

Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces!

Faul. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Faul. If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who killed this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

I honoured him, I loved him; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;

For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[Exeunt Lords.

Faul. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damned, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Faul. Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art stained as black—nay, nothing is so black

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Faul. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on: or wouldst thou  
drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. I left him well.

Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
I am amazed, methinks; and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—

How easy dost thou take all England up!  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right and truth of all this realm

Is fled to heaven: and England now is left  
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth

The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.

Now, for the bare-picked bone of majesty,

Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :  
Now powers from home, and discontents at  
home,

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits  
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,)  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture  
can

Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that  
child,

And follow me with speed; I'll to the king :  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itself doth frown upon the  
land. [Exeunt.

[The Dauphin, aided by the disaffected nobles of Eng-  
land, gives battle to John at St. Edmund's Bury—  
The King's troops are repulsed, and John is con-  
veyed to Swinstead Abbey sick of a fever—Death of  
King John.]

SCENE.—Swinstead Abbey.

*Enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring  
in KING JOHN in a chair.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath  
elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at  
doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*P. Henry.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poisoned,—ill fare;—dead, for-  
sook, cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their  
course

Through my burned bosom, nor entreat the  
north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched  
lips,

And comfort me with cold. I do not ask  
you much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,  
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Henry.* O that there were some virtue  
in my tears,

That might relieve you !

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannise  
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.*

*Paul.* O, I am scalded with my violent  
motion,

And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set  
mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is cracked and  
burned;

And all the shrouds, wherewith my life  
should sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair :  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,

Which holds but till thy news be uttered;  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,

And module of confounded ryalty.

*Paul.* The dauphin is preparing hither-  
ward;

Where Heaven he knows how we shall an-  
swer him :

For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,

Were in the Washes all unwarly  
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The KING dies.*

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as  
dead an ear.

My liege ! my lord ! but now a king, now  
thus !

*P. Henry.* Even so must I run on, and  
even so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what  
stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay ?



## DESCRIPTION OF CANTON.

THE recently arrived stranger naturally manifests surprise and incredulity on being told that the estimated population of Canton exceeds a million. As soon, however, as he visits the close streets, with their dense population and busy wayfarers, huddled together into lanes from five to nine feet wide, where Europeans could scarcely inhale the breath of life, the greatness of the number no longer appears incredible. After the first feelings of novelty have passed away, disappointment, rather than admiration, occupies the mind. After leaving the open space before the factories, we behold an endless succession of narrow avenues, scarcely deserving the name of streets.

As the visitor pursues his course, narrow lanes still continue to succeed each other, and the conviction is gradually impressed on the mind that such is the general character of the streets of the city. Along these, busy traders, mechanics, barbers, venders, and porters, make their way; while occasionally the noisy abrupt tones of vociferating coolies remind the traveller that some materials of bulky dimensions are on their transit, and suggest the expediency of keeping at a distance, to avoid collision.

Now and then the monotony of the scene is relieved by some portly mandarin, or merchant of the higher class, borne in a sedan-chair on the shoulders of two, or sometimes four men. Yet, with all this hurry and din, there seldom occurs any accident or interruption of good nature.

On the river the same order and regularity prevail. Though there are probably not fewer than 200,000 denizens of the river, whose hereditary domains are the watery element that supports their little dwelling, yet harmony and good feeling are conspicuous in the accommodating manner with which they make way for each other. These aquatic tribes of the human species show a most philosophic spirit of equanimity, and contrive, in this way, to strip daily life of many of its little troubles; while the fortitude

and patience with which the occasional injury or destruction of their boat is borne is remarkable.

To return from the wide expanse of the river-population to the streets in the suburbs, the same spirit of contented adaptation to external things is everywhere observable; and it is difficult which to regard with most surprise—the narrow abodes of the one, or the little boats which serve as family residences to the other. There is something of romance in the effect of Chinese streets. On either side are shops, decked out with native wares, furniture and manufactures of various kinds. These are adorned by pillar sign-boards, rising perpendicularly, and inscribed from top to bottom with the various kinds of saleable articles which may be had within. Native artists seem to have lavished their ingenuity on several of these inscriptions, in order to give, by their calligraphy, some idea of the superiority of the commodities for sale. Many of these sign-boards contain some fictitious emblem, adopted as the name of the shop—similar to the practice prevalent in London two centuries ago.

On entering, the proprietor, with his assistants or partners, welcomes a foreigner with sundry salutations; sometimes advancing to shake hands, and endeavouring to make the most of his scanty knowledge of English. They will show their goods with the utmost patience, and evince nothing of disappointment if, after gratifying his curiosity, he depart without purchasing. At a distance from the factories, where the sight of a foreigner is a rarity, crowds of idlers, from fifty to a hundred, rapidly gather round the shop, and frequent embarrassment ensues from an imperfect knowledge of the colloquial medium. In these parts the shopkeepers know nothing but their own language, are more moderate in their politeness, and, as a compensation, put a less price on their wares. To write one's name in Chinese characters is a sure method of enhancing their good favour.

Sometimes no fewer than eight or ten blind beggars find their way into a shop, and there they remain, singing a melancholy, dirge-like strain, and most perseveringly beating together two pieces of wood, till the weary shopman at length takes compas-

sion on them, and provides for the quiet of his shop by giving a copper *cash* to each ; on receiving which they depart, and repeat the same experiment elsewhere. The streets abound with these blind beggars, who are seldom treated with indignity. A kindly indulgence is extended to them, and they enjoy a prescriptive right of levying a copper *cash* from every shop or house they enter. It is said that this furnishes a liberal means of livelihood to an immense number of blind persons, who, in many instances, are banded together in companies or societies, subject to a code of rules, on breach of which the transgressor is expelled the community, and loses his guild.

In every little open space there are crowds of travelling doctors, haranguing the multitude on the wonderful powers and healing virtues of the medicines which they expose for sale. Close by, some cunning fortune-teller may be seen, with crafty look, explaining to some awe-stricken simpleton his future destiny in life, from a number of books arranged before him, and consulted with due solemnity. In another part, some tame birds are exhibiting their clever feats, in singling out, from amongst a hundred others, a piece of paper enclosing a coin, and then receiving a grain of millet as a reward of their cleverness.

At a little distance are some fruit-stalls, at which old and young are making purchases, casting lots for the quantity they are to receive. Near these, again, are noisy gangs of people, pursuing a less equivocal course of gambling, and evincing, by their excited looks and clamours, the intensity of their interest in the issue. In another part may be seen disposed the apparatus of some Chinese tonsor, who is performing his skilful vocation on the crown of some fellow-countryman unable to command the attendance of the artist at a house of his own.

ALBERT SMITH.

### AN ELEPHANT CORRAL IN CEYLON.

IN constructing the corral care is taken to avoid disturbing the trees or the brushwood within the included space, and especially on the side by which the elephants are to approach, where it is essential to conceal the stockade as much as possible by the density of the foliage. The trees used in the structure are from ten to twelve inches in diameter, and are sunk about three feet in the earth, so as to leave a length of from twelve to fifteen feet above ground, with spaces between each post sufficiently wide to permit a man to glide through.

The space thus enclosed on the occasion I am now attempting to describe was about five hundred feet in length by half that in width. At one end an entrance was left open, fitted with sliding bars, so prepared as to be capable of being instantly shut; and from each angle of the end by which the elephants were to approach, two lines of the same strong fencing were continued on either side, and cautiously concealed by the trees, so that, if instead of entering by the open passage, the herd were to swerve to the right or left, they would find themselves suddenly stopped and forced to retrace their course to the gate.

The corral being thus prepared, the beaters address themselves to drive in the elephants. For this purpose it is often necessary to fetch a circuit of many miles in order to surround a sufficient number; and the caution to be observed involves patience and delay, as it is essential to avoid alarming the elephants, which might otherwise rush in the wrong direction. Their disposition being essentially peaceful, and their only impulse to browse in solitude and security, they withdraw instinctively before the slightest intrusion; and advantage is taken of this timidity and love of retirement to cause only just such an amount of disturbance as will induce them to move slowly onward in the direction which it is desired they should take. Several herds are by this means concentrated within such an area as will admit of their

being completely encircled by the watchers ; and day after day, by slow degrees, they are moved gradually onward to the immediate confines of the corral. When their suspicions become awakened and they exhibit restlessness and alarm, bolder measures are resorted to, for preventing their escape. Fires are kept burning at ten paces apart, night and day, along the circumference of the area within which they are detained ; a corps of from two to three thousand beaters is completed, and pathways are carefully cleared through the jungle so as to open a communication along the entire line. The headmen keep up a constant patrol, to see that their followers are alert at their posts, since neglect at any one spot might permit the escape of the herd, and undo in a moment the vigilance of weeks. By this means any attempt of the elephants to break away is immediately checked, and on any point threatened a sufficient force can be instantly assembled to drive them back.

At last the elephants are forced onward so close to the enclosure that the investing cordon is united at either end with the wings of the corral, the whole forming a circle of about two miles, within the area of which the herd is detained to await the signal for the final drive.

Two months had been spent in these preparations, and they had been thus far completed on the day when we arrived and took our places on the stage erected for us, overlooking the entrance to the corral. Close beneath us a group of tame elephants, sent by the temples and the chiefs to assist in securing the wild ones, were picketed in the shade, and lazily fanning themselves with leaves. Three distinct herds, whose united numbers were variously represented at from forty to fifty elephants, were enclosed, and were at that moment concealed in the jungle within a short distance of the stockade.

After sunset the scene exhibited was of extraordinary interest. The low fires, which had apparently only smouldered in the sunlight, assumed their ruddy glow amidst the darkness, and threw their tinge over the groups collected round them, while the smoke rose in eddies through the rich foliage of the trees. The crowds

of spectators maintained profound silence, and not a sound was perceptible beyond the hum of an insect. On a sudden the stillness was broken by the roll of a drum, followed by a discharge of musketry. This was the signal for the renewed assault, and the hunters entered the circle with shouts and clamour. Dry leaves and sticks were flung upon the watch-fires till they blazed aloft, and formed a line of flame on every side except in the direction of the corral, which was studiously kept dark; and thither the terrified elephants betook themselves, followed by the yells and racket of their pursuers.

They approached at a rapid pace, trampling down the brushwood and crushing the dry branches: the leader emerged in front of the corral, paused for an instant, stared wildly round, and then rushed headlong through the open gate followed by the rest of the herd.

As if by magic, the entire circuit of the corral, which till this moment had been kept in profound darkness, now blazed with a thousand lights, every hunter, on the instant that the elephants entered, rushing forward to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest watch-fire.

The elephants first dashed to the very extremity of the enclosure, and being brought up by the powerful fence, started back to regain the gate, but found it closed. Their terror was sublime. They hurried round the corral at a rapid pace, but saw it now girt by fire on every side; they attempted to force the stockade, but were driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on whichever side they approached, they were repulsed with shouts and discharges of musketry. Collecting into one group, they would pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off in another direction, as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but again repulsed, they slowly returned to their forlorn resting-place in the centre of the corral.

TENNANT.

## THE HIMALAYAH.

NORTHWARD of the great plain of India, and along its whole extent, towers the sublime mountain region of the Himalayah, ascending gradually till it terminates in a long range of summits wrapped in perpetual snow. There may be traced, for the space of 1000 miles, a continuous line 20,000 feet above the sea; from which, as a base, detached peaks ascend to the additional height of 8000 or 9000 feet. The inhabitant of the burning plains contemplates, not without wonder, this long array of white pinnacles, forming the boundary of the distant horizon. In this progressive ascent Nature assumes a continually changing aspect; and hence it will be necessary to view in succession the different stages through which she passes.

The Himalayah range, where it touches on the champaign country, is almost everywhere girt with a peculiar belt or border, called the Tarrai. This term is applied to a plain about twenty miles broad, upon which the waters from the higher regions are poured down in such profusion that the river-beds are unable to contain them. They accordingly overflow, and convert the ground into a species of swamp; which, acted on by the burning rays of a tropical sun, throws up an excessively rank vegetation, whereby the earth is choked, rather than covered. The soil is concealed beneath a mass of dark and dismal foliage, while long grass and prickly shrubs shoot up so densely and so close as to form an almost impenetrable barrier. It is still more awfully guarded by the pestilential vapours exhaling from those dark recesses, which make it, at certain seasons, a region of death. Beneath these melancholy shades, too, the elephant, the tiger, and other wild animals, prowl unmolested; while the few human beings who occupy the vicinity present a meagre, dwarfish, and most sickly aspect.

In emerging from this dark and deadly plain, and beginning to ascend the lower mountain-stages, the visitor enjoys a much more

pleasing scene. He passes now through smiling and fruitful valleys, overhung by the most romantic steeps, and covered to a great extent with the noblest forests. Amid trees similar to those which spread their majestic foliage on the banks of the Ganges, various species of the more hardy oak and the pine begin to appear. The prospects obtained from commanding points in these regions, consisting in a foreground of smiling and cultured vales, hills behind crowned with natural plantations, steeper and loftier ranges beyond, and in the distance the snow-clad tops of the highest mountain-chain, form a combination of the most sublime and enchanting scenery.

The Himalayah, as it ascends above the picturesque slopes which diversify its lower border, assumes a much bolder and severer aspect. The lofty ridge, the deep valley, the dashing torrent, produce a resemblance to the most elevated portions of the Highlands of Scotland; and Scottish officers, accordingly, who happened to serve in that remote province, have fancied themselves wandering amid the romantic glens of their native country. Generally speaking, the character of this mountain chain is rugged and stern; its ridges rise behind each other in awful array, but they enclose no rural scenes, nor present any gentle undulations. Their steep sides, sometimes wooded, sometimes presenting vast faces of naked rock, dip down abruptly, forming dark chasms and ravines, at the bottom of which there is only room for the torrent to force its way through rude fragments fallen from the cliffs above.

In consequence of this peculiar structure, these loftier regions of the Himalayah do not present that tranquil grandeur, and those picturesque views, which render the mountain scenery of Europe so enchanting. They are rugged, gloomy, and monotonous. The mighty summits overhang no soft, pastoral valleys, nor wave with varied foliage, nor are reflected in the bosom of still and transparent lakes. The traveller, hemmed in between their steep precipices, sees only the dark grandeur of the chasm through which he winds. Sometimes, however, on reaching a clear point, he finds himself in possession of a prospect bearing a character of



the most awful sublimity. A spot, raised almost to an immeasurable height above the plain beneath, proves only the base whence seven or eight successive ranges rise towards heaven, and terminate at length in a line of snowy pinnacles.

Mr. Royle, in his work on the botany of the Himalayah, divides that region, in respect to vegetation, into three zones or belts. The first he considers as rising to the height of 5000 feet. The general temperature is here lowered, as usual, in proportion to the elevation, yet without the disappearance, to the extent that might be expected, of tropical plants. The southern exposure, the intense force of the sun's rays during the hot season, and the tropical rains falling in undiminished abundance, enable these to be brought to almost equal maturity with those in the upper part of the central plain. In Nepaul, and other favourable situations, rice as a summer, and wheat as a winter crop, form the regular course of cultivation. But some of the more delicate plants are unable to resist exposure to the keen atmosphere and the nightly breezes; among which are the choicest of fruits, the mango and the pineapple. At the same time, in the colder season, on elevated peaks, the plants of Europe and other temperate climates are seen springing contiguously to those of the tropic. Snow is scarcely ever observed on this lower stage of the mountain territory.

The second belt is considered as reaching to the height of 9000 feet. Snow here falls constantly in winter, often to a great depth, but melts in early spring. Although the vegetation becomes more and more that of the temperate zone, yet the causes already stated enable tropical plants to climb beyond their natural height, and to mingle with those of a very different clime. In sheltered, well-watered valleys, crops of rice are still successfully raised, while wheat grows on the heights above. But though the herbaceous plants are able to mount thus high, it is otherwise with trees, exposed to every vicissitude of the seasons. The palms and other Indian species are seen no longer, and the foliage appears exclusively European.

The third and most elevated belt reaches from the border of the latter to the summit of the Himalayah. The climate here is

that of the more northern part of Europe and America, terminating in the perpetual snows of the arctic world. These, even in the lower districts, do not melt till May or June, when the extreme cold of winter is suddenly succeeded by the most intense heat. The rays of the sun, indeed, beat fiercely and painfully, even when the atmosphere is so little affected by them that the thermometer stands many degrees below the freezing point; and hence the traveller is scorched amidst almost unbearable cold,—extremes which always prove distressing, and sometimes fatal. The territory called Bhotan, constituting the most elevated portion, has the severity of the climate aggravated by its rocky surface, so that not above a sixteenth part of it is fit for cultivation; yet, even here, under circumstances not at all favourable, vegetation displays a luxuriance which could little be expected at so great a height. Buckwheat and barley are generally raised with success. At 12,000 feet, Captain Webb saw the finest grain; and at 11,680, he observed forests of oak, and beds of strawberries and currants in full blossom. The pasturage, in consequence probably of copious moisture, combined with the power of the sun's rays, grows with a luxuriance almost unequalled. A productive field, however, is occasionally ruined by the descent of glaciers, or beds of snow, which do not melt for several years.

Notwithstanding the shattered and rocky aspect of those precipices, they are covered with vast masses of hanging wood. Amidst the wilds, tall and majestic forests of pine, larch, spruce, and silver fir, sometimes even of cypress and cedar, grow, flourish, and decay; for there are no means of conveying the timber to any spot where it might be subservient to human use or ornament. With these trees are intermingled numerous bushes loaded with the fruits which form the luxury of the northern regions of Europe; gooseberry, raspberry, strawberry—all unknown to the plains below. In sheltered spots, the wild rose, the lily of the valley, cowslip, dandelion, and various other flowers, are seen bursting through the green carpet. The trees and rocks in the higher districts are richly clothed with moss and lichen, the vegetation of the countries bordering on the arctic circle.

## THE HIMALAYAH.

*(Continued.)*

The animal world in this higher region undergoes a change equally striking with the vegetable. The elephant and tiger, kings of the forests beneath, disappear, or are very seldom seen. Depredations are chiefly committed by the wild cat, the bear, and the hog. The chamois bounds from rock to rock, and the forests are filled with deer of various species; of which the most rare and precious is that producing the musk. It is found only in the loftiest heights, amid rocks which the human foot scarcely dares to tread. The most intense cold is so essential to its life, that the young, on being brought down to a warm situation, usually perish in a few days. The forests, at all the more moderate elevations, are filled with flocks of such fowls as are elsewhere domesticated, here running about wild, tempting the pursuit of the sportsman; but, as they very seldom take wing, they are with difficulty reached by the gun. The peacock displays his glittering plumage only on the lower hills. The sovereign eagle is seldom descried amid the cliffs, which are inhabited by kites, hawks, and others of the minor predatory birds. Partridges and pheasants are numerous, and of various species; the latter are even seen flying amid the snows at a great elevation.

The domestic animals, fed by the natives on their rich pastures, are the common black cattle of India, combined with the yak of Thibet. Sheep and goats are also reared in large numbers, not only for the ordinary purposes of food and clothing, but for the conveyance of merchandise, which they alone are fitted to transport over the steep mountain passes. Besides the common sheep, there is another breed, powerful, and long-legged, and able to bear more than double the burden of the other.

The most elevated part of this stupendous range is that to the north of Bengal, along the heads of the Gogra, the Ganges, and the Jumna, and westward as far as the Sutledge. Above fifty

peaks rise about 20,000; and Kinchinjunga, 28,180 feet; Karakoram, 28,278 feet; and Everest, 29,000 feet, are the highest known points of the globe. This sublime formation is supposed to be 1000 miles in length, and 80 in breadth.

Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of these mountain scenes, there are a few places in which they open out into smiling plains of considerable extent. The valleys of Nepaul, indeed, besides being very narrow, belong rather to the region of the lower hills. Considerably higher is found the Rama Serai, or the Happy Valley, where little eminences, villages, and richly cultivated fields, combine to form a delightful scene. The most extensive opening, however, takes place at its western extremity, where these great ridges enclose the little kingdom of Cashmere, which, beyond any other spot on earth, seems to merit the appellation of a terrestrial paradise.

The passes which extend across this tremendous ridge into Thibet are of extreme and peculiar difficulty. From the structure of the mountains, the roads must generally be carried nearly over their summits, rising sometimes as high as 20,000 feet. They are, in most cases, formed by a precarious track along the alpine torrent, which dashes in an unbroken sheet of foam, through dark ravines bordered by precipitous mountain walls ascending above the clouds. Down the perpendicular faces of these stupendous avenues descend almost continual showers of stony fragments, broken off from the cliffs above. Occasionally, large portions of rock are detached, and roll down in heaps, effacing every path which has been formed beneath, filling the beds of the rivers, and converting them into cataracts. The whole side of a mountain has been seen thus parted, and spread in fragments at its base. Trees torn up and precipitated into the abyss, lie stretched with their branches on the earth, and their roots turned up to the sky. Yet through these tremendous passes, and across all these mighty obstructions, the daring industry of man has contrived to form tracks, narrow, indeed, as well as fearful and perilous, but by means of which Thibet and India find it possible to exchange their respective commodities.

In proceeding along these stupendous heights, the traveller occasionally experiences a distressing sensation. The atmosphere, rarified to excess, becomes nearly unfit for supporting respiration—the action of the lungs being impeded, the slightest fatigue overpowers him—he stops at every three or four steps, gasping for breath—the skin is painful, and blood bursts from the lips—sometimes he is affected by giddiness in the head and a tendency to vertigo. The natives, who are also seized with these symptoms, without being able to divine the physical cause, ascribe them to *bis*, or *bish*, meaning air poisoned, as they imagine, by the deleterious odour of certain flowers. A little observation would have shown them that the flowers in these regions have scarcely any scent; while it is in the most elevated tracts, where all vegetation has ceased, that the feelings in question become the most severe and oppressive.

Amid these awful scenes there are two spots peculiarly sacred and sublime; those, namely, where the Jumna and the Ganges, the two rivers which give grandeur and fertility to the plain of Hindostan, burst from beneath the eternal snows. No mortal foot has yet ascended to their highest springs, situated in the most elevated recesses of the mountains. There they issue forth as torrents, amid broken masses of granite, to force their way through the deep glens of the middle Himalayah. HUGH MURRAY.

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 HAVELOCK.

He is gone. Heaven's will is best:  
 Indian turf o'erlies his breast.  
 Ghoul in black, nor fool in gold  
 Laid him in yon hallowed mould.  
 Guarded to a soldier's grave  
 By the bravest of the brave,  
 He hath gained a nobler tomb  
 Than in old cathedral gloom;  
 Nobler mourners paid the rite  
 Than the crowd that craves a sight;  
 England's banners o'er him waved—  
 Dead, he keeps the realm he saved.

Strew not on the hero's hearse  
 Garlands of a herald's verse;  
 Let us hear no words of Fame  
 Sounding loud a deathless name;  
 Tell us of no vauntful Glory  
 Shouting forth her haughty story;—  
 All life long his homage rose  
 To far other shrines than those.  
 "In hoc Signo," pale nor dim,  
 Lit the battle-field for him;  
 And the prize he sought and won,  
 Was the crown for duty done.

Punch.

**THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.**

SEPTEMBER 1857.

At length, on the 23rd, a letter was received from General Outram, stating that the relieving army had crossed the Ganges, and in a few days would be in Lucknow.

The glad news ran from mouth to mouth, and from house to house—but still they had been told this before, only to be struck back from the sunlight of hope into the abyss of despair. During that afternoon heavy distant cannonading was heard in the direction of Cawnpore. Are they coming? was asked in whispered accents, and the most intense excitement prevailed in the garrison. There was that wavering between doubt and hope which ever fills the bosom with the most painful anxiety. Eager inquiries were made of the officers if they thought that cannonading proceeded from their friends. Many shook their heads, saying they could not have advanced so far, on account of the heavy rains. At five o'clock, however, the deep booming of cannon again broke over the intrenchments, sounding nearer than before, and throwing the garrison into an excitement that was painful to contemplate. It lasted for half an hour, then ceased; but there was little sleep in the garrison that night. The rain came down in torrents, yet through the rushing floods the ear was strained to catch once more the sound of those guns. Before daylight they were again heard, and in the morning look-outs from the top of the Residency reported that the army was only about four miles distant, and the smoke of cannon could be plainly seen.

Doubt was now changed into certainty, and as the explosions, rising louder and nearer, proclaimed the advance, the excitement among a portion of the garrison amounted almost to delirium. They ran from one to another, exclaiming, "They are coming! they are coming!" As the deep reverberations rolled over the plain, hysterical sobs would burst forth, and tears fall in

showers. Never before did the thunder of artillery sound so musical to mortal ears. Those dumb cannon seemed all at once to become conscious beings, dear friends, and to be talking to them in the distance, saying in stern, yet kind language, "We are coming!" No lute or harp ever thrilled the heart with such wild ecstasy as did the accents that broke from those bronze lips.

Ay, they *were* coming—that serried host of braves. They had ploughed their way through the waves of rebellion; and now, over frowning batteries, through clouds of foes, over the dead and dying, were sweeping on like the avenging angel, and soon their battle-shout would ring louder than a thousand bugle blasts over those battered intrenchments. Ah! who can describe the sensations of those within the garrison? Eyes that had long looked unmoved on death now moistened with tears; lips that seemed made of iron during this long and terrible conflict quivered with emotion; and hearts that had beat serenely amid the storm of shot and shell heaved convulsively. God had not abandoned them. His bow of promise spanned the heavens, and his voice of mercy was heard in the incessant and deafening crash of cannon.

The brave Inglis and the garrison of Lucknow will remain for ever as monuments of human skill, courage, and endurance.

Outram was worthy of the high position to which he had been assigned, for in addition to his great ability as a commander, he was thoroughly acquainted with the region about Cawnpore and Lucknow. His knowledge of the country enabled him fully to appreciate the Herculean efforts Havelock had put forth to save Lucknow; and being the soul of honour and chivalry himself, he felt nothing but pride and a true soldier's admiration for his heroic deeds. Instead, therefore, of assuming the command, he immediately, on his arrival, issued orders respecting the arrangement of the different brigades and engineer's department, and then adds:—

"The important duty of first relieving the garrison of Lucknow has been intrusted to Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B.; and

Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished.

"The Major-General, therefore, in gratitude for, and admiration of, the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oude, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer."

Never before was so remarkable an order issued to an army by its commander—the days of chivalry can furnish no parallel to it. There is a grandeur in the very simplicity and frankness with which this self-sacrifice is made, while the act itself reveals a nobleness of character, a true greatness of soul, that wins our unbounded admiration. To waive his rank and move on with the column as a spectator would have shown great self-denial, and elicited the applause of the world; but, not satisfied with this, he joined the volunteer cavalry, and, though covered with well-earned laurels, stood ready to win his epaulettes over again. All his illustrious deeds in the field that have rendered his name immortal grow dim before the glory of this one act. When they shall be forgotten it shall remain, the best eulogium that could be pronounced on his name. No wonder that Sir Colin Campbell, in afterwards confirming this arrangement, said: "Seldom, perhaps never, has it occurred to a commander-in-chief to publish and confirm such an order as the following one, proceeding from Major-General Sir James Outram. With such a reputation as Major-General Sir James Outram has won for himself, he can afford to share glory and honour with others. But that does not lessen the value of the sacrifice he has made with such disinterested generosity in favour of Brigadier-General Havelock, commanding the field force in Oude." . . . .



Havelock, in his order, thus speaks of Outram's noble and disinterested conduct :—

“CAWNPORE, Sept. 16th.

“Brigadier-General Havelock, in making known to the column the kind and generous determination of General Sir James Outram, to leave to him the task of relieving Lucknow, and rescuing its gallant and enduring garrison, has only to express his hope that the troops will strive, by their exemplary and gallant conduct in the field, to justify the confidence thus reposed in them.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Havelock had determined when he started in the morning to relieve the anxiously-waiting garrison that night, or not survive the attempt; and the soldiers, who at first were glad to obtain a moment's rest, became impatient at delay. They had fought their way for nearly a hundred miles to rescue their beleaguered comrades with their wives and children, and they could not rest till they thundered at the gates of their prison.

The garrison in the meantime were anxiously listening for their arrival. They had heard the heavy firing in the morning, and noticed that there was a great sensation in the city. Towards noon they could see the smoke of battle as it rolled upwards over the houses, and, a little later, people hurrying out of the city, carrying bundles of clothes on their heads, followed by large bodies of cavalry and men. Although the enemy kept up a steady fire upon them, they were too excited to pay much heed to it, but listened with beating hearts to the heavy cannonading as it wound hither and thither through the streets. By four o'clock some officers on the look-out reported that they saw, far away, near a palace, a regiment of Europeans and a bullock battery. Soon after, the rattle of musketry was heard in the streets. While they stood listening, a minnie ball went whistling over their heads, and never before was the sound of a bullet so sweet to the ear. It was a voice from their friends, and whispered of deliverance. Five minutes later and the Highlanders were seen storming through one of the principal streets; and although they dropped rapidly,

under the fire from the roofs, windows, and doors, there was no faltering. Then the long restrained excitement burst forth in cheer upon cheer—"from every fort, trench, and battery—from behind sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer." The thrilling shouts penetrated even to the hospital, and the wounded crawled out into the sun, a ghastly throng, and sent up their feeble voices to swell the glad shout of welcome!

The conversation between Outram and Havelock was long and earnest. The former was at first firm in his opinion that they should remain in the palace-court and other sheltered places till morning, and Havelock as thoroughly determined to push on. He said the garrison might even then be exposed to the final assault, and if it were not, the enemy could concentrate such a force around them before morning that it would be almost impossible to advance. At length it was agreed to leave behind the wounded, the heavy guns, and a portion of the army, and with only two regiments, the 78th Highlanders and the Sikhs, attempt to reach the Residency.

Outram had been wounded by a musket-ball in the arm early in the morning, but though faint with loss of blood, he refused to leave the saddle, and even now would not dismount. Enduring as he was bold and chivalric, he resolved to accompany Havelock, and share with him the danger, and, if need be, death, in this last perilous advance to the relief of the garrison.

Everything being ready, these two gallant commanders put themselves at the head of the slender column, and moved out of the place of shelter. As soon as they entered the street, the houses on either side gaped and shot forth flame; while, to prevent the rapid advance of the troops, and hold them longer under the muzzles of their muskets, the enemy had cut deep trenches across the street, and piled up barricades. Passing under an archway that streamed with fire, the gallant Neill fell from his horse dead. His enraged followers halted a moment to avenge his death, but the stern order of Havelock, "Forward!" arrested their useless attempt, and the column moved on. Each street as they entered

it became an avenue of flame, through which it seemed impossible for anything living to pass. Every door and window was ablaze, while an incessant sheet of fire ran along the margin of the flat roofs, which were black with men. At each angle batteries were placed, and as soon as the head of the column appeared in view the iron storm came drifting down the street, piling it with the dead. The clattering of grape-shot and musket-balls against the walls and on the pavement was like the pattering of hail on the roof of a house! From out those deep avenues the smoke arose as from the mouth of a volcano, while shouts and yells rending the air on every side made still more appalling the night, which had now set in. Between these walls of fire, through this blinding rain of death, Havelock walked his horse composedly as if on parade, his calm, peculiar voice, now and then rising over the clangour of battle. That he escaped unhurt seems a miracle, for in the past eleven hours he had lost nearly one-third of his entire force, while of the two other generals one was dead, the other wounded.

At length the gate of the Residency at the Baillie guard was reached. A little time was spent in removing the barricades, during which the bleeding column rested, while the moon looked coldly down on the ruins with which they were surrounded. When the passage was cleared, the soldiers, forgetting their weariness, gave three loud cheers, and rushed forward. Cheers without and cheers within, cheers on every side, betokened the joy and excitement that prevailed, while over all arose the shrill pipes of the Highlanders. The "column of relief" and the garrison rushed into each other's arms, and then the officers passed from house to house to greet the women and children. The stern Highlanders snatched up the children and kissed them, with tears streaming down their faces, thanking God they were in time to save them.

HEADLEY.

## JESSIE OF LUCKNOW.

[The incident on which this spirited piece is founded is said to have occurred while our countrymen were besieged in Lucknow, during the late Indian mutiny, and when despair was at its height. Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal, had all through the siege been in a state of high excitement, and was labouring under a constant fever. "At last," says the lady correspondent of a French newspaper, "she lay down on the ground and fell into a profound slumber, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream, close to my ear: my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance: she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin': it is the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! we're saved!'"—It is to be regretted that subsequent information threw discredit on this romantic story.]

In her veins the red river is fast running  
high,  
The bale-fire of fever is lit in her eye,  
And by Reason unmastered her truant  
thoughts roam—  
Roam o'er the ocean-wave back to her home.  
There, where the gowan-gem spangles the  
lea;  
There, where the laughing burn flits to the  
sea,—  
There is she waiting the set of the sun,  
For the ploughman's return when the  
ploughing is done!  
"Wake me," she said, "when the plough-  
ing is done,  
And my father returns at the set of the sun."

Wrapped in her Highland plaid, sunk on  
the sod,  
She's asleep—she is still—Is her spirit  
with God?  
Breathless and motionless, there doth she  
lie,  
While the boom of the battle-field hurtles  
on high;  
And still as she lies, round the walls of the  
dwelling  
All wildly a host of black demons is yelling.  
Why springs she from earth as the hind  
from her lair?  
What meaneth that scream as an eagle's  
in air?—  
"Dinna ye hear it? What! dinna ye hear?  
O God! we are saved! for the clansmen  
are near."

Was it only an echo borne down on the air?  
Was it only the hope that is born of despair?  
Was it only the dream that delirium may  
bring,  
When the wild brood of fancy is all on the  
wing?  
Was it only—"Tis false! She's awake!  
she is sane!  
"What! dinna ye hear it! I hear it again!  
"Tis the pibroch Diarmid played ages ago—  
"Tis the slogan Clan Alpine still hurls on  
the foe!  
The Campbells are coming!—M'Gregor is  
near!  
Oh! dinna ye hear it yet? dinna ye hear?"  
They are come, the avengers! Their bay-  
onets gleam!  
It was not delirium, it was not a dream.  
They are come! they are come! Of that  
Highland array  
Is it maid, is it matron, that pointeth the  
way?  
Shamed—outraged—maimed—murdered  
—their Phantoms arise,  
But shrink in their shame from their  
countrymen's eyes!  
By each warrior's side a child-cherub hath  
stood,  
And it pointeth—"its bright hair" all  
"dabbled with blood;"  
And the bayonet gleams, and with yell of  
despair,  
At each thrust a swart demon flies back to  
his lair!

THOMAS E. WEBB.

**DEATH OF HAVELOCK.**

THE last few days of toil and excitement had proved too much for the exhausted frame of Havelock, and now that the final deliverance of the women and children was secured, the unbending will that had kept him up seemed no longer to sustain him. He was taken seriously ill the night after they reached Dil Khoosa. He had complained of indigestion before, but at midnight of the 20th October he was taken with dysentery. The next forenoon he was better, but his removal at midnight to Dil Khoosa doubtless aggravated his disease.

From this time he continued to grow rapidly worse till the 23rd, when it became evident that he was fast sinking. He himself was perfectly aware of his approaching end, yet he met his fate with the same composure with which he had faced death so often on the battle-field. He thought of his wife and children far away on the Rhine, whom he should never see more, and felt it would be a relief to die in their midst; but in this, as in everything else, he cheerfully submitted to the will of God. He lay on a litter in a common soldier's tent, and would allow no attendance but that of his wounded, gallant boy. On this, the last day of his life, Outram came to see him. The two friends had often faced death together, and passed through trying scenes side by side, and a warm affection had sprung up between them.

Outram approached the side of the dying warrior, and inquired how he was. Havelock replied that he never should be any better; "but," he added, "for more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. I am not in the least afraid," said he;—"to die is gain! I die happy and contented."

Havelock, finding himself rapidly sinking, left his last messages for his wife and children, then told his son to come and see how a Christian could die. He continued to fail through the night, saying but little, but now and then low murmurs would reach the

ear, revealing the peace that reigned within, and showing what bright anticipations cheered the passing spirit. The next morning, the 24th, it was evident that before another sun went down Havelock would be no more. But while this strangely serene and peaceful scene was passing within that humble tent, without all was bustle and commotion. Though feeling deeply for his dying companion-in-arms, Campbell had no time to lose if he would remove those women and children, and sick and wounded, to a place of safety, and he ordered an immediate march to Alumbagh. The shrill blast of the bugle, and strains of martial music, and the muffled tread of marching thousands filled all the air, but they fell on a dull and listless ear in that soldier's tent. What to him were now the pomp and panoply of war? Fainter and fainter grew the light around him; brighter and brighter broke the dawn of heaven on his spirit, and peacefully, calmly, he sunk to rest.

The news of his death soon spread through the army, and many a moist eye was seen among those grim Highlanders on whom he had so nobly relied in his march of fire. The body was carried with the retreating army to Alumbagh, and once more, and for the last time, Havelock moved with his brave columns; but the eye that was wont to scan their ranks so keenly was now lustreless and dead, and the calm voice that had so often roused them to deeds of daring hushed for ever, for the warrior had gone to that still land where the tread of armies is never heard, and the sound of battle never comes.

They made him a grave in the beautiful ground of the Alumbagh, and next day he was followed to his last resting-place by the commander-in-chief and the staff, and his companions-in-arms. He sleeps on the field of his fame, and his lonely tomb beneath the tropical grove is hung round with unfading laurels; and never will the Christian traveller or soldier pass it without dropping one tear to him who sleeps beneath. His greatness and goodness will always be kept fresh in the memory of man, and the time will never come when the English mother, as she clasps her babe to her bosom and thinks of Lucknow, will not murmur blessings on his name.

HEADLEY.

## THE PORTUGUESE IN THE EAST, AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE SEA ROUTE TO INDIA.

THE map of the world, until the end of the fifteenth century, exhibited only one hemisphere, and even that not completely. The general outlines of Europe and Asia were correctly laid down; with the exception of the north-east corner of the latter, which was still a blank. The shores of Africa which are washed by the Mediterranean and Red Sea were well known, as was also the Atlantic coast as far down as Cape Non. The remainder of the continent was a blank, which the geographers filled in at pleasure with dragons, serpents, and all manner of strange monsters. It was not without an indefinable terror that European mariners spoke of the mysterious regions to the south which lay beyond their ken. "He who would pass Cape Non," said a current proverb, "will either return or not;" implying that if he had not the good sense to turn before he reached the cape, he would never have the chance of doing so afterwards. And so for long years the dreaded promontory stretched out into the waves, and all ships were careful to keep well to the north of it.

It was reserved for Portugal to tear aside the veil which hung over the greater part of Africa. Confined to a narrow strip of coast, isolated from the Mediterranean by its position outside of the Straits of Gibraltar, it was natural that this little kingdom should turn its attention to the navigation of the Atlantic. Thanks to the wise provisions of various sovereigns, and to its admirable situation at the mouth of the greatest river in the Peninsula, Lisbon had, before the end of the fourteenth century, become an important seat of commerce, much frequented by Italian, and especially by Genoese vessels. As the native navy became more expert and enterprising, it monopolized both imports and exports, and all foreign flags were rigorously banished from the coast. The Portuguese visited England and the Netherlands, and also some parts of Africa. A strong desire, however, possessed them to

find a new route to India. The Moors had familiarized them with the luxuries of the East; but when a religious crusade was declared against the dusky heathens, that source of supply was cut off. At the same time that this want was felt, great improvements were being made in the art of navigation.

The phenomenon of the magnet had long been known, but it was only about this period that it became more than a scientific toy, and was rendered useful for practical purposes in the shape of the mariner's compass. Armed with this simple little instrument, the seaman could now steer his course even when the stars, which had hitherto been his only guides, were hidden—he ceased to be afraid of venturing out of sight of land. The impulse which this invention gave to navigation was sudden and direct. “The compass twinkling on its card,” it has been said, “was a beam from heaven. . That tiny magnet was given as a seniore of earth and sky. Like a new revelation, the mysteries of an unknown world were unveiled; like a new illapse, the bold and noble were inspired to lead the way. Diaz doubles the Cape of Storms; de Gama finds his course to the East Indies; Columbus treads the Bahamas; and twelve years do not separate these discoveries.”

Don Henry, “the Navigator,” as he is usually called, the fifth son of King John of Portugal, enthusiastically promoted the exploration of Africa. Impressed with a strong conviction that the continent did not end at Cape Non, as represented on the maps, he organized repeated voyages of discovery, and taking up his abode on the promontory of Sagres, in the south of Portugal, he watched the white specks of sails sink below and rise above the horizon, as they went and came on their adventurous mission.

The first expeditions were despatched about 1415. It took twelve years to discover the Island of Madeira and explore the African coast as far as Cape Bojador. In 1441 Nuno Tristan reached Cape Blanco, and shortly afterwards the Isle of Arguin, whence he brought back gold dust, and the first negroes who were ever seen at Lisbon. In 1446 Denis Fernandez discovered Cape Verd and the adjoining group of islands; and this was the furthest point explored when Prince Henry died,



in 1463. For no less than fifty-two years that enlightened man had devoted almost the whole of his time, thoughts, and revenues to this work; and yet the only fruit within his lifetime was the discovery of about fifteen hundred miles of coast. None of his captains got within six or eight degrees of the Equator. He had, however, given an impulse to maritime discovery in that direction, which some years later led to great results.

Gradually creeping on from headland to headland along the coast, the Portuguese, under Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, seeking the land of Prester John, unconsciously doubled the southern extremity of Africa, and did not learn their success until they were returning disheartened, under the belief that their voyage had been a failure. Landing in Table Bay, Diaz planted the banner of St. Philip. In order that future explorers might not be deterred by the name of Cape of Storms, which Diaz had conferred on the promontory, King Emanuel changed it to Cape of Good Hope.

The circumnavigation of the continent and the direct voyage to India were not accomplished till ten years later. Vasco de Gama, sailing from Lisbon with six ships on 8th July 1497, on the 20th May of the following year arrived at Calicut, on the coast of Malabar.

The problem of a new route to the East was now solved, and the Portuguese for a time entered on a brilliant career of conquest and commercial prosperity. In the short space of fifteen years they established their authority in India over the whole coast from Ormuz to Ceylon, from Cape Comorin to the Moluccas, and the entire commerce of the East was almost exclusively in their hands.

The foreign empire of Portugal was brilliant but brief. A single century saw its rise, culmination, and decline. Internal factions and revolts; the want of discipline; neglect of defences; a shameful system of rapine, by which individuals were enriched at the expense of the State; pride, selfishness, and avarice; religious intolerance and persecutions, were among the chief causes of its decay.

J. H. FIFE.

## DEATH OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

MAY 5, 1821.

As if to mark a closing point of resemblance betwixt Cromwell and Napoleon, a dreadful tempest arose on the 4th of May, which preceded the day that was to close the mortal existence of this extraordinary man. A willow, which had been the exile's favourite, and under which he often enjoyed the fresh breeze, was torn up by the hurricane; and almost all the trees about Longwood shared the same fate. The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around. The words "tête d'armée," the last which escaped his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon, after a struggle which indicated the original strength of his constitution, breathed his last.

SCOTT'S *Life of Napoleon*.

## THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

WILD was the night, yet a wilder night  
Hung round the soldier's pillow;  
In his bosom there raged a fiercer fight  
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,—  
The few that his stern heart cherished;  
They knew, by his glared and unearthy eye,  
That life had nearly perished.

They knew, by his awful and kingly look,  
By the order hastily spoken,  
That he dreamed of days when the nations  
shook,  
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchmen's sword  
still slew,  
And triumph'd the Frenchmen's "eagle,"  
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,  
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,  
The Prussian's camp was routed;

And again on the hills of haughty Spain  
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,  
At the pyramids, at the mountain,  
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,  
And by the Italian fountain;

On the snowy cliffs where mountain  
streams  
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,  
He led again, in his dying dreams,  
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,  
And Jena's bloody battle;  
Again the world was over-run,  
Made pale at his cannon's rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome  
day—

A day that shall live in story:  
In the rocky land they placed his clay,  
"And left him alone with his glory."

M'LELLAN.

## BRING BACK THE CHAIN.

It was an aged man, who stood  
Beside the blue Atlantic Sea;  
They cast his fetters by the flood,  
And hailed the time-worn captive free!  
From his indignant eye there flashed  
A gleam his better nature gave,  
And while his tyrants stood abashed,  
Thus spake the spirit-stricken slave:—

“Bring back the chain, whose weight so long  
These tortured limbs have vainly borne;  
The word of freedom from *your* tongue  
My weary ear rejects with scorn!  
’Tis true, there was—there was a time,  
I sighed, I panted to be free;  
And pining for my sunny clime,  
Bowed down my stubborn knee.

Then have I stretched my yearning arms,  
And shook in wrath my bitter chain;  
Then, when the magic word had charms,  
I groaned for liberty in vain!  
That freedom ye at length bestow,  
And bid me bless my envied fate:  
Ye tell me I am free to go—  
Where? I am desolate!

The boundless hope, the spring of joy,  
Felt that the spirit’s strength is young,  
Which slavery only can alloy,  
The mockeries to which I clung,

The eyes whose fond and sunny ray  
Made life’s dull lamp less dimly burn,  
The tones I pined for day by day—  
Can ye bid them return?

Bring back the chain! Its clanking sound  
Hath then a power beyond your own;  
It brings young visions smiling round,  
Too fondly loved, too early flown!  
It brings me days when these dim eyes  
Gazed o’er the wild and swelling sea,  
Counting how many suns must rise  
Ere one might hail me free!

Bring back the chain! that I may think  
’Tis *that* which weighs my spirit so;  
And gazing on each galling link,  
Dream, as I dreamt, of bitter woe!  
My days are gone: of hope, of youth,  
These traces now alone remain  
(Hoarded with sorrow’s sacred truth)—  
Tears, and my iron chain!

Freedom! though doomed in pain to live,  
The freedom of the soul *is* mine;  
But all of slavery you could give  
Around my steps must ever twine.  
Raise up the head which age hath bent;  
Renew the hopes which childhood gave;  
Bid all return kind Heaven once lent;—  
Till then I am a slave!”

HON. MRS. NORRIS.

## THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

CHAINED in the market-place he stood,  
A man of giant frame,  
Amid the gathering multitude  
That shrunk to hear his name;  
All stern of look and strong of limb,  
His dark eye on the ground,  
And silently they gazed on him,  
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought—  
He was a captive now;  
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,  
Was written on his brow.  
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,  
Showed warrior true and brave;  
A prince among his tribe before,  
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake:—

“My brother is a king;  
Undo this necklace from my neck,  
And take this bracelet ring,  
And send me where my brother reigns,  
And I will fill thy hands  
With store of ivory from the plains,  
And gold-dust from the sands.”—

“Not for thy ivory, nor thy gold,  
Will I unbind thy chain;  
That bloody hand shall never hold  
The battle-spear again.  
A price thy nation never gave  
Shall yet be paid for thee;  
For thou shalt be the Christian’s slave,  
In lands beyond the sea.”

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade  
 To shred his locks away;  
 And, one by one, each heavy braid  
 Before the victor lay.  
 Thick were the plaited locks, and long,  
 And, deftly hidden, there  
 Shone many a wedge of gold among  
 The dark and crisped hair.

"Look! feast thy greedy eyes with gold,  
 Long kept for sorest need;  
 Take it—thou askest sums untold—  
 And say that I am freed.  
 Take it; my wife the long, long day,  
 Weeps by the cocoa tree;  
 And my young children leave their play  
 And ask in vain for me."—

"I take thy gold; but I have made  
 Thy fetters fast and strong,  
 And ween that by the cocoa shade  
 Thy wife will wait thee long."—  
 Strong was the agony that shook  
 The captive's frame to hear,  
 And the proud meaning of his look  
 Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain;  
 At once his eye grew wild—  
 He struggled fiercely with his chain,  
 Whispered, and wept, and smiled:  
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands;  
 And once, at shut of day,  
 They drew him forth upon the sands—  
 The foul hyena's prey!

W. C. BRYANT.

## THE SAHARA.

THE Sahara may be likened to a vast ocean separating the negro kingdoms of equatorial Africa from the more civilized states of the north; and the numerous oases with which it is studded are like so many islands, or archipelagoes of islands, in the midst of the desert waste. This waste, however, though destitute of everything helpful to human life and comfort, does not always consist of barren sands. There is a vast extent of dry, stunted herbage, on which the camel can pasture; and thus a passage across the desert is rendered practicable by routes which would be hermetically sealed were the Sahara what it is often represented as being—one wide sandy plain.

In the desert a route through the sand is always chosen in preference to any other; because in the sandy tracts the springs are most likely to be found, and because the sand presents a soft dry bed on which the traveller can repose after the fatigues of the day. It is this preference of the natives which has led Europeans to suppose that the whole of the Sahara is a sandy waste. The character of the desert is very much the reverse of this, there being hundreds of miles of hard, firm soil, and hundreds more a mixture of stony fragments and pebbles.

Travelling on sand, there is of course no visible road, as the

fierce winds that frequently recur soon obliterate all trace of foot-steps. The guides, therefore, find their way by landmarks, which they carefully renew when necessary. These are often the most trifling objects, such as a tuft of herbage, a single plant, or the summit of a swell in the soil. In places where the plain is one void and arid flat, even such objects are wanting, and their place is supplied by heaps of stones or cairns piled at great distances. Sometimes the route will extend for ten or twelve days over a plain affording not a single drop of moisture.

#### OASES.

Along nearly the whole length of the northern shores of the continent there extends a fertile belt of land, called by the natives the Tell, the cultivation of which yields the means of life to the populations of the coast. In the neighbourhood of this fertile belt there are numerous oases extending into the interior; while others, fortunately for the purposes of commerce and civilization, exist within practicable distances across the whole desert.

Further eastward, near the limits of the Sahara, a line of oases extends from its northern to its southern boundary. Of these, the Great Oasis of Thebes is a hundred and twenty miles in length.

The oases invariably lie in the lowest levels of the soil, and doubtless owe their existence to the moisture which naturally gravitates towards such localities. Most of these isolated spots, even though hundreds of miles apart, enjoy a constant supply of water, and are favourable to the cultivation of the date palm and other fruit-trees, as well as of various kinds of vegetables.

The date palm supplies a large proportion of the food of the dwellers in the desert. The tree is thirty-three years in coming to maturity, after which it will bear fruit for seventy years more, the annual crop of each tree averaging from three to four hundred pounds weight. Not only man, but all the animals of the desert can feed on the date. The fruit is easily preserved by packing it closely in woollen bags; and when thus compressed into solid masses it will keep for several years. Sometimes a tree is tapped

for the sake of its sap, which is much relished as a beverage, and when allowed to ferment forms a drink resembling cider. A single tree will yield fourteen or fifteen quarts a day for two years, but will die if the drain be continued longer.

Every part of the date palm is turned to profitable account. The wood is used for building and every species of carpenter-work; the fibre is twisted into ropes; baskets are made of the branches; and sheep are fattened with the pounded stones of the fruit.

The population of the desert is necessarily sparse and scanty in comparison with its enormous area. It consists of various tribes of two distinct nations;—the Berbers, made up of descendants of the ancient Libyans, the Romans, and the Vandals; and the Arabs, originally invaders, and who yet retain, in no small degree, their original characteristics.

The Berbers are the settled inhabitants of the oases, where the men cultivate the ground, and the women manage the manufactures. They maintain amicable relations with their nomadic brethren, to whom they are in the habit of confiding the care of such cattle as they possess, and of whose property they undertake the custody during the wanderings of the owners. The oasis generally contains a village (Ksar), built of stone, and, together with the gardens, walled in. Nothing is grown but what will produce food of some kind or other, and the utmost use is made of every foot of land and drop of water. At the same time provision is made for defence, and sentinels are kept continually on the watch for an enemy. Outside the walls are the marabets, or sepulchres of the dead, upon which are lavished far more expense and taste than on the abodes of the living. Near each tomb rises a little sepulchral chapel, executed in a finished style of architecture by the most skilful artisans that can be procured. These buildings are universally held sacred; and even the foe who would slaughter the living and make a prey of their property, will leave the resting-places of the dead inviolate.

## THE ARABS.

The life of the desert nomads, even when free from war and brigandage, is one of perpetual variety and excitement. They spend the winter and spring in the wilderness, where, at these seasons, there is both water and pasture; but they remain in one spot only for a few days, striking their tents and migrating to another as soon as the pasture is consumed. As summer approaches they resort to the oases where their property is kept; here they load their camels with merchandise, and journey northward. They arrive in the Tell just at harvest-time, when the price of corn is low: the land being reaped, their flocks and herds are allowed to browse on it freely, and manure it by their droppings. Here the inhabitants of the desert pass the summer in barterings and commerce, exchanging their woollen goods and dates for raw wool, sheep, &c. At the close of the summer they are again off southward, arriving at the oases in October, just as the dates are ripe. Their assistance is now valuable in gathering in the crops, at which they occupy themselves for a month, and another month is spent in bartering their raw wool and other late purchases for a portion of the dates which they have helped to gather, and the manufactured garments made by the women. These they deposit in their magazines, and then withdraw again to the desert, with their flocks and herds, until the return of summer summons them back to the oases.

## CARAVANS.

There are two classes of caravans, either of which a traveller may join if he choose. The first, and most expeditious, is the *gafala*, or merchants' caravans, which start with some degree of regularity from certain depôts in the northern oases, and whose departures are always made known beforehand. The camel-drivers regulate the speed of the journey, generally travelling from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, save in regions infested by robbers, where they will occasionally double that rate of speed. In case of attack every one defends himself and his property as he best

can, and the timid are seen rushing towards the centre to escape being cut off as stragglers.

The second species of caravan is the *neja*, which consists of a whole tribe in migration, and which travels much more slowly. They carry with them, not their merchandise merely, but all their cattle, tents, and household stuff, together with their women, children, domestic animals, and poultry. They jog along at an easy rate, and the journey is pleasant enough so long as no enemy appears; but should they meet the bands of a hostile tribe while thus encumbered, it may chance to go hard with them. The battle which ensues is one in which quarter is neither asked nor given—the Arabs being much more bitter in their warfare against each other than in their encounters with Europeans. Sunset is the signal for the cessation of the strife, and the defeated party is allowed to make off in the night. In these conflicts prisoners are never made, the conquerors preferring the heads of their victims to any ransom that could be offered.

From Morocco six caravans traverse the Sahara every year, when from two to three thousand camels are loaded with European produce, and start for the distant countries of the interior. Some of these caravans penetrate as far into Soudan as Timbuctu, Kanou, and Noufi. They bring thence gold dust, gooroo nuts, buffalo skins, ivory, senna, alkali, rhinoceros-horns, indigo, diamonds, perfumes, gums, &c., &c. On reaching the banks of the Niger, the Moors deposit their merchandise on a hill: they then retire, and the negroes advance and criticise the goods; after an examination of three days they generally come to terms, and the business is done.



**ANCIENT CARTHAGE.**

At the bottom of the large bay now known as the Gulf of Tunis, is a peninsula which was formerly united to the mainland by an isthmus about three miles broad. Carthage stood on this peninsula, about half way between Utica and Tunis, both of which were visible from its walls. A slender neck of land projecting westward into the Mediterranean formed a double harbour, for the vessels of commerce and of war. A single wall constituted the defence on the side of the sea ; but on the isthmus, the citadel Byrsa, cresting an eminence, and a three-fold wall, afforded protection against invaders. Behind stretched the city, a vast mass of tall houses, built of all sorts of materials, stone, wood, pebbles, reeds, shells, and mud, intersected by innumerable streets, with splendid temples rising here and there from the midst of groves of palm, citron, or cypress, and displaying their polished copper cupolas, glistening in the sun like red gold, their cones of white marble, their twisted columns and richly sculptured cornices.

The Phœnician founders of Carthage came to Africa not as conquerors, but as peaceful sojourners, and purchased the land on which they settled by a yearly tribute. An industrious, energetic, enterprising race, skilled in the arts and manufactures of their parent state, the Carthaginians were able to turn to the best account the natural resources of their new homes. Situated in the midst of rude nomad tribes, who were incessantly fighting with each other, and often appealed to for succour by the combatants, it was easy for a civilized people to impress these barbarians with a sense of its superiority ; and surrounded by regions without a master, it was impossible for Carthage to resist the appetite for conquest. She imposed a light yoke on her subjects, and taught them how to raise abundant harvests ; in exchange for which they procured wine and oil. All she claimed in return was occasional military service.

But although her rule was far from harsh, the Africans were never reconciled to it. They were, however, willing to

assist the commerce of Carthage, by procuring supplies from the interior or the western coast of the continent. The island of Cerve was one of the chief stations at which the Carthaginians transacted business with the natives; and here we have an instance of the mute bargaining mentioned by travellers as customary among some of the Indians and Arabians: "The Carthaginians state," says Herodotus, "that they are wont to sail to a nation beyond the Pillars of Hercules, on the Libyan coast. When they come there, they transport their wares on shore, where they leave them, and after kindling a fire, go back to their ships. Upon this signal the natives come down to the sea, and placing gold against the wares, again retire. The Carthaginians again approach, and see whether what has been left is sufficient. If it is, they take it and depart; should it, however, not be enough for their wares, they again go back to their ships and wait; and the other party brings more gold, until the strangers are satisfied. But neither party deals unfairly by the other; for the one touches not the gold till the value of the wares be brought, nor the other the wares until the gold be taken away." Modern travellers have described this practice as prevalent among some of the tribes of the Soudan.

Slaves, salt, and dates, were three of the chief articles in the internal trade of Africa. From the earliest times the negro seems to have been the favourite victim of the kidnapper and the slave-dealer; and hosts of these wretched creatures were bought by the Carthaginians from nomad tribes, for exportation to Greece, Italy, and elsewhere. The desert yielded at least one article which was indispensable to the people of the fertile coast—salt. Vast quantities of it are found in the interior, either in the beds of dried-up lakes or in great layers extending sometimes for many miles. Grain the Carthaginians obtained in great abundance from the adjacent fields of the Numidians. But there was another article of food of much importance to them, which a kindly Providence has assigned to those habitable regions where the soil is too barren for corn. In Africa the date harvest is regarded with only less interest than the crops of grain, for it is the bread of great bodies of the population; and moreover, by exchange, procures them wheat.

Gold, ivory, furs, and hides, were also articles of commerce between the natives of the interior and the merchants of Carthage.

In addition to the settlements which she herself established on the north coast of Africa, most of the Greek and Phœnician colonies there were obliged to acknowledge the supremacy of Carthage; and she soon began to acquire possessions within the bounds of Europe. Islands, as being convenient halting-places for their ships, and especially as more secure from attack, at a time when they were invincible at sea, were generally preferred by the Carthaginians to the mainland. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca, and Malta were not secured and maintained without a hard struggle, but were of the utmost value to Carthaginian commerce, both as marts of exchange and sources of supply. Of all their territories, however, Spain was the most precious. Thence, during the long contest with Rome, they drew their best troops, and also the means of supporting the great armies which they had to keep in the field. Although the Carthaginians penetrated into the interior of the peninsula, their settlements were chiefly on the south-east coast. On the west, however, beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, they succeeded to some of the Phœnician stations.

The Carthaginians, although they exposed themselves to the wrath of Alexander by their efforts to assist Tyre, profited by her fall, which increased their monopoly of European commerce. The riches of all nations poured into their marts, their fleets rode supreme on all the known waters of the globe, and for a time Carthage bade fair to be the mistress of the world. Across the Mediterranean, however, another state aspired to that position. Neither was disposed to yield its pretensions, and a war of extermination between Romans and Carthaginians became inevitable. It lasted, with various pauses, from 264 to 146 B.C. Hannibal shed the glory of heroic renown over Carthage; but no heroism could save it. The Romans triumphed, and the utter destruction of the capital of the vanquished accomplished the cruel, savage policy, which had been suggested by the memorable words of Cato—*Delenda est Carthago*. A few scattered and shapeless heaps of ruins are all that remain to mark the site of the once mighty city.

## CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

THE best view of Cairo and its vicinity is obtained from the Citadel, which commands the whole city. It is thus described by Dean Stanley, in his "Sinai and Palestine in Connection with their History:"—"The town is a vast expanse of brown, broken only by occasional interludes of palms and sycamores, and by the countless minarets. About half a dozen large buildings, mosques or palaces, also emerge. On each side rise shapeless mounds;—those on the east covered with tents, and, dimly seen beyond, the browner line of the desert; those on the west, the site of Old Cairo, the site of the Roman fortress of Babylon, and of Fostat, where Amrou first pitched his tent, deserted since the time of Saladin. Beyond is the silver line of the Nile; and then, rising in three successive groups, above the delicate green plain which sweeps along nearly to the foot of the African hills, the Pyramids of Abusir, Sakarah, and Ghizeh—these last being 'The Pyramids,' and the nearest. There is something very striking in their total disconnection with Cairo. They stand alone on the edge of that green vale which is Egypt. There is no intermingling, as in ancient and modern Rome. It is as if you looked out on Stonehenge from London, or as if the Colosseum stood far away in the depths of the Campagna. Cairo is not 'the ghost of the dead Egyptian empire,' nor anything like it. Cairo itself leaves a deep feeling that, whatever there was of greatness or wisdom in those remote ages and those gigantic monuments, is now the inheritance, not of the East, but of the West. The Nile, as it glides between the tombs of the Pharaohs and the city of the Caliphs, is indeed a boundary between two worlds."

The Pyramids stand at the edge of the desert, on the western side of the Nile, but an hour or two's distance from the city. After crossing the ferry the stranger imagines them close at hand, though he has still a good long mile to traverse. A near view is generally disappointing; and it is not until the visitor begins to

make comparisons that the fact of their exceeding vastness comes home to the mind. The base of the Great Pyramid of Cheops is 800 feet square, covering a surface of eleven acres; and its height is 461 feet, being 117 feet higher than the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is a common feat of travellers to ascend, with the aid of a couple of Arab guides, to the summit, which may be reached by an active man in about twenty minutes. "The view from the top," says Stanley, "has the same vivid contrast of life and death which makes all wide views in Egypt striking—the desert and the green plain: only the view over the desert—the African desert—being much more extensive here than elsewhere, one gathers in better the notion of the wide, heaving ocean of sandy billows, which hovers on the edge of the valley of the Nile. The white line of the minarets of Cairo is also a peculiar feature—peculiar because it is strange to see a modern Egyptian city which is a grace instead of a deformity to the view. You see also the strip of desert running into the green plain on the east of the Nile, which marks Heliopolis and Goshen.

"The strangest feature in the view is the platform on which the Pyramids stand. It completely dispels the involuntary notion that one has formed of the solitary abruptness of the three Pyramids. The whole platform of the greatest of them all is a maze of pyramids and tombs. Three little ones stand beside the first; three also beside the third. The second and third are each surrounded by traces of square enclosures, and their eastern faces are approached through numerous masses of ruins, as of some great temple; whilst the first is enclosed on three sides by long rows of massive tombs, on which you look down from the top as on the plats of a stone garden."

It is said that six millions of tons of stone were made use of in the construction of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, and that its erection occupied a hundred thousand men for twenty years! The mass is not solid, but contains a series of chambers, the entrance to which is on the north side. A long, close, and devious passage leads to the Queen's Chamber, 17 feet long by 12 high; from thence another long passage leads to the King's Chamber, 37 feet

by 17, and 20 feet high. At one end of this apartment stands a sarcophagus of red granite, in which the monarch of the greatest kingdom of the earth is supposed to have been laid.

The second Pyramid—that of Cephrenes—is not very much inferior in size, its base being 684 feet, and its height 456; but it is not in such good preservation. Herodotus had asserted that it contained no chambers; but Belzoni effected an entrance to a chamber hewn out of the solid rock. In the sarcophagus he found the bones of an animal, probably the sacred bull of the Egyptians. The third large Pyramid is that of Mycerinus; and there is a fourth of nearly equal size, concerning which little appears to be known.

There can be no doubt that all of them were designed as receptacles for the dead. Around them lie scattered about, as far as the eye can reach, both up and down the bank of the river, and along the edge of the desert for miles beyond the ruined city of Memphis, numberless edifices and tumuli of a monumental character, some of which were once profusely embellished with sculptures, and in which mummies have been found.

In front of the Pyramid of Cephrenes stands the great Sphinx, the hugest marvel of sculpture which the world has ever seen. For centuries this colossal wonder lay almost submerged beneath the sand-drift of the desert. M. Caviglia undertook the laborious task of uncovering it, in the course of which he made some important discoveries, tending to show that there was anciently a temple on the area beneath the stony gaze of the colossal countenance, and an altar, upon which sacrifices were offered. The features are Nubian, or rather ancient Egyptian, and their expression is strikingly calm and benignant. "There was something," says Stanley, "stupendous in the sight of that enormous head—its vast projecting wig, its great ears, its open eyes, the red colour still visible on its cheek, the immense projection of the lower part of its face. Yet what must it have been when on its head there was the royal helmet of Egypt; on its chin the royal beard; when the stone pavement by which man approached the Pyramids ran up between its paws; when immediately under its breast an altar stood, from which the smoke went up into the

gigantic nostrils of that nose now vanished from the face, never to be conceived again ! All this is known with certainty from the remains which actually exist deep under the sand on which you stand, as you look up from a distance into the broken but still expressive features."—In regard to the Sphinx we may add, that, so continuous is the drifting of the sands from the desert, nearly all those portions of the figure which modern investigators have at different times laid bare have again been drifted up.

STANLEY.

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## THEBES.

THE renowned city of Thebes, the ancient capital of Upper Egypt, stood on both banks of the Nile, which formed its grand thoroughfare. The ruins of this vast city extend about eight miles along the banks, and reach on either side to the mountain ridges that shut in the vale—being not less than twenty-seven miles in circuit. On the east bank are the temples of Karnac and Luxor ; on the west are the palace of Memnon and the sepulchres of the kings.

The grandeur and magnificence of the temple of Karnac is said to be without a parallel in the world. Its gateways were larger than most other temples ; they were approached by avenues of sphinxes, one of which was two miles in length. The prodigious portico was supported by one hundred and thirty-four columns, from 26 to 34 feet in circumference ; and the dimensions of the edifice were 1,200 feet by 420. The temple itself, however, is small in comparison with the extent and beauty of the surrounding structures, which appear to have filled a space a mile in diameter, the whole of which was consecrated to the worship of the Egyptian gods.

The temple of Luxor is more than a mile above that of Karnac, and is in better preservation. The obelisks are the finest in the world, and the sculptures in the east wing comprise fifteen hundred figures representing a victory of one of the ancient kings.

Among all the wide wilderness of ruins which mark the site of ancient Thebes, there is nothing more striking than the tombs and

sepulchres of the kings and people. The mountain gorges on the western bank are one vast burial-ground ; and it has been estimated that the pits and tombs contain from eight to ten millions of mummied bodies. The Arabs for a long time used them for fuel, and travellers have borne them off as relics, but their numbers seem yet undiminished. It is remarkable, however, that though the mummies of the people exist in millions, those of the kings and priests have all disappeared ;—which perhaps may be due to the fact that the richer tombs have been from time to time rifled by the Arabs, and the mummies stolen for the sake of their investiture and cerements.

Concerning the royal and priestly sepulchres Stanley says : “ The western barrier of the Theban plain is a mass of high limestone cliffs, with two deep gorges ; one running up behind the plain, and into the very heart of the hills, entirely shut in by them ; the other running up from the plain, so as to be enclosed within the hills, but having its face open to the city. The former is the valley of the tombs of the kings, the Westminster Abbey of Thebes ; the latter of the tombs of the priests and princes, its Canterbury Cathedral. ....

“ Nothing that has ever been said about them had prepared me for their extraordinary grandeur. You enter a sculptured portal in the face of these wild cliffs, and find yourself in a long and lofty gallery, opening or narrowing, as the case may be, into successive halls and chambers, all of which are covered with white stucco, and this white stucco brilliant with colours fresh as they were thousands of years ago. . . . Some of them are, of course, more magnificent than others ; but of the chief seven all are of this character. They are, in fact, gorgeous palaces, hewn out of the rock, and painted with all the decorations that could have been seen in palaces. . . . Every Egyptian potentate, but especially every Egyptian king, seems to have begun his reign by preparing his sepulchre ; . . . and when he died the grave closed over his imperfect work. . . .

“ Two ideas seem to reign through the various sculptures. First, the endeavour to reproduce, as far as possible, the life of the man, so that the mummy of the dead king might still be encompassed by the old familiar objects : Egypt, with all its peculiarities, was to be



perpetuated in the depths of the grave; and truly they have succeeded. This is what makes this valley of tombs like the galleries of a vast museum. Nor do the collections of Pompeii at Naples give more knowledge of Greek or Roman life than these do of Egyptian. The kitchen, the dinner, the boating, the dancing, the trades, all are there—all fresh from the hands of the painters of the primeval world.

“The other idea is that of conducting the king to the world of Death. The further you advance into the tomb, the deeper you become involved in endless processions of jackal-headed gods, and monstrous forms of genii, good and evil; and the goddess of justice, with her single ostrich feather; and barges carrying mummies, raised aloft over the sacred lake, and mummies themselves; and, more than all, everlasting convolutions of serpents in every possible form and attitude—human-legged, human-headed, crowned—entwining mummies—enwreathing or embraced by processions—extending down whole galleries, so that meeting the head of a serpent at the top of a staircase, you have to descend to its very end before you reach its tail. At last you arrive at the close of all—the vaulted hall, in the centre of which lies the immense granite sarcophagus which ought to contain the body of the king. . . . It seems certain that all this gorgeous decoration was, on the burial of the king, immediately closed, and meant to be closed for ever; so that what we now see was intended never to be seen by any mortal eyes except those of the king himself when he awoke from his slumbers. . . .

“To have seen the tombs of Thebes is to have seen the Egyptians as they lived and moved before the eyes of Moses—it is to have seen the utmost display of funereal grandeur which has ever possessed the human mind. To have seen the royal tombs is more than this—it is to have seen the whole religion of Egypt unfolded as it appeared to the greatest powers of Egypt, at the most solemn moments of their lives. And this can be explored only on the spot. . . . The mythology of Egypt, even now, strange to say, can be studied only in the caverns of the valley of the kings.”

STANLEY.

## ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange  
a story!)

In Thebes' streets three thousand years  
ago,  
When the Memnonium was in all its  
glory,

And Time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupen-  
dous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted  
dummy;

Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear  
its tune:

Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground,  
Mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon—  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied crea-  
tures,

But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs  
and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recol-  
lect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's  
fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by  
Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden,  
By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy  
trade:

Then say what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise  
played?

Perhaps thou wert a priest, and hast been  
dealing

In human blood, and horrors past reveal-  
ing.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned  
flat,

Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh glass to  
glass;

Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido  
pass;

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great Temple's dedica-  
tion.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when  
armed,

Has any Roman soldier mauled or  
knuckled;

For thou wert dead, and buried, and em-  
balmed,

Ere Romulus and Remus had been  
suckled;—

Antiquity appears to have begun

Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered  
tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs  
have seen,

How the world looked when it was fresh  
and young,

And the great Deluge still had left it  
green;—

Or was it then so old, that History's  
pages

Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy  
vows,

But pry'thee tell us something of thyself,—

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house!

Since in the world of spirits thou hast  
slumbered,

What hast thou seen, what strange adven-  
tures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
We have, above ground, seen some  
strange mutations:—

The Roman empire has begun and ended;  
New worlds have risen—we have lost old  
nations;

And countless kings have into dust been  
humbled,

While not a fragment of thy flesh has  
crumbled!

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy  
head,

When the great Persian conqueror,  
Cambyzes,

Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thun-  
dering tread,

Q'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis, -

And shook the Pyramids with fear and  
wonder,

When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
 The nature of thy private life unfold :—  
 A heart has throbb'd beneath thy leathern  
 breast,  
 And tears adown that dusky cheek have  
 rolled ;—  
 Have children climb'd those knees, and  
 kiss'd that face ?  
 What was thy name and station, age and  
 race ?

Statue of flesh ! Immortal of the dead !  
 Imperishable type of evanescence !  
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow  
 bed,  
 And standest undecayed within our pre-  
 sence !

Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment-  
 morning,  
 When the great trump shall thrill 'thee  
 with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument en-  
 dure,  
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?  
*Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and  
 pure*  
*In living virtue ;* that, when both must  
 sever,  
 Although corruption may our frame con-  
 sume,  
 The immortal spirit in the skies may  
 bloom !

HORACE SMITH.

### THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

'Twas morn—the rising splendour rolled  
 On marble towers and roofs of gold ;  
 Hall, court, and gallery below,  
 Were crowded with a living flow ;  
 Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,  
 The bearers of the bow and spear ;  
 The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,  
 The slave, the gemmed and glittering page—  
 Helm, turban, and tiara shone,  
 A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide  
 Shrank backward from his stately stride ;  
 His cheek with storm and time was tanned ;  
 A shepherd's staff was in his hand.  
 A shudder of instinctive fear  
 Told the dark king what step was near :  
 On through the host the stranger came—  
 It parted round his form like flame.

He stooped not at the footstool stone,  
 He clasped not sandal, kiss'd not throne ;  
 Erect he stood amid the ring,  
 His only words—"Be just, O king !"  
 On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flushed high,  
 A fire was in his sullen eye ;  
 Yet on the chief of Israel  
 No arrow of his thousands fell :  
 All mute and moveless as the grave  
 Stood chilled the satrap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch  
 spoke ;  
 Haughty and high the words outbroke :  
 "Is Israel weary of its lair,  
 The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare ?

Take back the answer to your band ;—  
 Go, reap the wind ; go, plough the sand ;  
 Go, vilest of the living vile,  
 To build the never-ending pile,  
 Till, darkest of the nameless dead,  
 The vulture on their flesh is fed.  
 What better asks the howling slave  
 Than the base life our bounty gave ?"

Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,  
 Upclashed to heaven the golden spears.  
 "King ! thou and thine are doomed !—  
 Behold !"

The prophet spoke—the thunder rolled !  
 Along the pathway of the sun  
 Sailed vapoury mountains, wild and dun.  
 "Yet there is time," the prophet said :  
 He raised his staff—the storm was stayed.  
 "King ! be the word of freedom given :  
 What art thou, man, to war with Heaven ?"

There came no word—the thunder broke !  
 Like a huge city's final smoke,  
 Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,  
 Through court and hall the vapours  
 came.

Loose as the stubble in the field,  
 Wide flew the men of spear and shield ;  
 Scattered like foam along the wave,  
 Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave ;  
 Or, in the chains of terror bound,  
 Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering  
 ground.

"Speak, king !—the wrath is but begun :  
 Still dumb?—then, Heaven, thy will be  
 done !"

Echoed from Earth a hollow roar,  
Like ocean on the midnight shore;  
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,  
The solid ground beneath them reeled;  
In dust sank roof and battlement—  
Like webs the giant walls were rent;  
Red, broad, before his startled gaze,  
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.

Still swelled the plague—the flame grew  
pale;  
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;  
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,  
Down poured the ministers of fate;  
Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,  
Covered with death the boundless field.

Still swelled the plague—uprose the blast,  
The avenger, fit to be the last;  
On ocean, river, forest, vale,  
Thundered at once the mighty gale.  
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,  
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea;

A thousand ships were on the wave—  
Where are they?—ask that foaming grave!  
Down go the hope, the pride of years,  
Down go the myriad mariners;  
The riches of Earth's richest zone,  
Gone, like a flash of lightning, gone!

And, lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,  
Swells Ocean on the shrinking shore;  
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,  
Engulfs the land the furious tide!  
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn king,  
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting;  
Humbled before the prophet's knee,  
He groaned, "Be injured Israel free!"

To heaven the sage upraised his wand;  
Back rolled the deluge from the land;  
Back to its caverns sank the gale;  
Fled from the noon the vapours pale;  
Broad burned again the joyous sun:—  
The hour of wrath and death was  
done.

CROLY.

### PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

'Mid blazing helms, and bucklers rough  
with gold,  
Saw ye how swift the scythèd chariots  
rolled?  
Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's  
fates,  
Old Thebes hath poured through all her  
hundred gates,  
Mother of armies! How the emeralds  
glowed,  
Where, flushed with power and vengeance,  
Pharaoh rode!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Why swell these shouts that rend the de-  
sert's gloom?  
Whom come ye forth to combat?—war-  
riors, whom?  
These flocks and herds—this faint and  
weary train,  
Red from the scourge, and recent from the  
chain?  
God of the poor, the poor and friendless  
save!  
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the  
slave!  
North, south, and west, the sandy whirl-  
winds fly,  
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.

On earth's last margin throng the weeping  
train;  
Their cloudy guide moves on:—"And  
must we swim the main?"  
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels  
stood,  
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood.  
He comes—their leader comes! The man  
of God  
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,  
And onward treads. The circling waves  
retreat,  
In hoarse, deep murmurs, from his holy  
feet;  
And the chased surges, inly roaring,  
show  
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts  
that swell,  
Down, down they pass—a steep and slip-  
pery dell;  
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,  
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;  
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean  
green,  
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roofed haunt,  
are seen.

Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;  
The beetling waters storm above their head;  
While far behind retires the sinking day,  
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,  
Or dark to them or cheerless came the night:  
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,  
Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God.

Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave  
On the long mirror of the rosy wave;  
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,  
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye;—

To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train  
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain;

Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,  
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.

Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,  
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed;

Till, midway now, that strange and fiery form

Showed His dread visage lightening through the storm;

With withering splendour blasted all their might,

And brake their chariot wheels, and marred their coursers' flight.

'Fly, Misraim, fly!' The ravenous floods they see;

And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity!  
'Fly, Misraim, fly!' From Edom's coral strand

Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand.

With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,

And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep!  
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs passed,

As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast;

And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore

The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood

In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!  
Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show

The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below!  
The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—

A few sad relics of a nation's war;—  
Alas, how few! Then, soft as Elim's well,

The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.  
And he, whose hardened heart alike had borne

The house of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,

The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,

In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude,  
Till, kindling into warmer zeal, around

The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound;

And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppressed,

The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's breast.

She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky

The dark transparence of her lucid eye,  
Poured on the winds of heaven her wild

sweet harmony.  
"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian

spear?  
On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot,

where?—  
Above their ranks the whelming waters

spread!  
Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"

And every pause between, as Miriam sang,

From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,

And loud and far their stormy chorus spread—

"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"

## MIRIAM'S SONG.

|                                                                                                           |                                                                                                               |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!                                                             | Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord!                                                                  |
| Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!                                                                | His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!                                                             |
| Sing!—for the pride of the tyrant is broken:<br>His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—      | Who shall return to tell Egypt the story<br>Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?                 |
| How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,<br>And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave! | For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,<br>And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide. |
| Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!                                                             | Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!                                                                 |
| Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!                                                                | Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!                                                                    |

MOORE.

## THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

'Tis an old story now, that Battle of the Nile; but a brave story can never die of age.

The Bay is wide, but dangerous from shoals: the line of deep blue water, and the old castle of Aboukir, map out the position of the French fleet on the 1st of August, 1798. Having landed Buonaparte and his army, Brueys, the French Admiral, lay moored in the form of a crescent close along the shore. His vastly superior force, and the strength of his position (protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the westward by the castle and batteries), made him consider that position impregnable; and, on the strength of this conviction, he wrote to Paris that Nelson had purposely avoided him. Was he undeceived, when Hood, in the *Zealous*, made signal that the enemy was in sight, and a cheer of triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet?—that fleet which had been sweeping the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe, and now bore down upon him with fearless exultation. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to Nelson; but he knew that where there was room for a French ship to swing, there must be room for an Englishman to anchor at either side of him, and the closer the better.

As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask whether the action should commence that night; then receiving the answer he longed for, the signal for "close battle" flew from his mast-head.

The delay thus caused to the *Zealous* gave Foley the lead. He showed the example of leading *inside* the enemy's lines, and anchored by the stern alongside the second ship; thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter, putting his own generous construction on an accident, exclaimed, "Thank God, he has nobly left to his old friend still to lead the van!" Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on beneath a cloud of sails, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars, or the boatswain's whistle; each ship furling her sails calmly, as a sea-bird might fold its wings, and gliding tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then the anchor dropped astern, and the fire burst from her blood-stained decks with a vigour that showed how sternly it had been repressed till then. The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore; but when the admiral came up, he led the remainder of the fleet along the seaward side; thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down soon after Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay by the Frenchman's fire flashing fierce welcome, as each enemy arrived and went hovering along the lines. He coolly scrutinized how he might draw most of that fire upon himself. The *Bellerophon*, with reckless gallantry, fastened on the gigantic *Orient*, by whose terrible artillery she was soon crushed, and scorched into a wreck. Then she drifted helplessly to leeward. But she had already done her work—the *Orient* was already on fire, and through the terrible roar of battle a whisper went for a moment that paralyzed every eager heart and hand. During that dread pause the fight was suspended; the very wounded ceased to groan: yet the burning ship still continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks; her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own death-song. At length

the terrible explosion came; and the column of flame, that shot upwards into the very sky, for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene, from the red flags aloft to the reddened decks below; the wide shore with all its swarthy crowds, and the far-off glittering seas with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, broken only by the shower of blazing fragments in which that brave ship fell upon the waters.

Till that moment, Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty; but he knew not how successfully. He had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eyes like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere; and, at the same moment, his crew recognised their wounded chief. Their cheer of welcome was only drowned in the renewed roar of their artillery; which continued until it no longer found an answer, and silence had confessed destruction.

Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France. Now only torn and blackened hulls marked the position they had then occupied; and where their admiral's ship *had* been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine. Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards; but within the bay the tricolour was flying on the *Tonnant* alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce: "Your battle-flag or none!" was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated was that of England.

And now the battle was over—India saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Buonaparte was checked, and his navy was annihilated. Seven years later, that navy was revived, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting hecatomb for the obsequies of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was accomplished.

WARBURTON.



**EVIDENCES OF DESIGN IN THE WORKS OF CREATION.**

WHEN we observe a number of separate forces acting in union and harmony, we must believe that there has been a designing mind bringing them together and causing them to co-operate. When we see these agencies working in happiest association to produce innumerable effects of a beneficent character,—when we find them consenting and consorting throughout thousands or myriads of years or geological ages, the evidence is felt to be overwhelming beyond the power of human calculation. Yet this is the sort of conjunctions and co-operations which is constantly presenting itself to our view. We observe everywhere a host of separate bodies and powers, all tending towards a particular end;—say a number of material substances with the vital agency, the heat agency, the light agency, the electric agency, all conspiring to the production of a living plant or animal; or bone, nerves, and muscles, meeting to give an easy motion to a limb.

“How often,” asks Tillotson, “might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose? And may not a little book be as easily made by chance as this great volume of the world?—How long might a man be sprinkling colours upon canvas, with a careless hand, before they would happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than this picture?—How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plain, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be imagined than that the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.”

Every manual labourer may see something analogous to the art by which he earns his livelihood, operating among the natural objects by which he is surrounded.

The sailor may discover the peculiarities of his craft among marine animals. Thus, among the lower tribes, he has observed a jelly-fish—called by him the Portuguese man-of-war—setting up a sail which consists of a crest surmounting the bladder. He may notice, too, how the mussel and pinna anchor themselves by means of threads of a horny material. The tail of the fish, it is well known, acts as a scuttle, enabling its possessor to plough its way through the deep. The web-foot of the swimmers is an example of what is called “feathering the oar;” when advanced forward the web and toes collapse; the leg (usually so called) of the gillemot and divers is compressed laterally, presenting a knife-edge before and behind, and thus gives less resistance in the fore and back stroke. It is worthy of being mentioned, as illustrating the same point, that the whale’s tail collapses in the upward but expands in the downward stroke.

The fisher, as he prepares the bladder to make the edges of his net float on the water, may observe that the sea-weed is buoyed on the surface of the deep by a contrivance more ingenious than his own—that is, by vesicles which act as floats. Most fishes have one or more bladders filled with air, the amount of which is regulated by the will of the animal, so that it can vary its depth, sink or rise to the surface, as may suit its purposes. The fisher, too, may see that if he has nets to catch the food needful for his sustenance, so also have spiders and other species of animals.

The shepherd knows how much care and watchfulness are necessary in order to protect his flocks from the wild beasts which attack them, and is thus led to admire the instincts of those animals, such as the deer, which set a watch to give a signal of danger. The hunter knows how much cunning he must exercise in order to come within reach of the wild animals pursued by him, and should not withhold a feeling of wonder when he observes how their instincts lead the brutes to show such dexterity in avoiding their natural enemies. We find that those liable to be chased as prey, often take the colour of the ground on which they habitually feed. The riflemen of our army are dressed in the hue which is deemed least conspicuous, and which is best fitted for concealment;

and is there not an equally clear proof of design furnished by the circumstance that fishes are often of the colour of the ground over which they swim, and that wild animals are not unfrequently of the colour of the covert in which they hide themselves ? The red grouse and red deer are of the colour of the heath on which they feed ; whereas the lapwing and curlew, themselves and their eggs, take the hue of the pasture among which they are usually found. Speaking of the ptarmigan, the late Mr. Thompson says : “ We hardly draw on the imagination by viewing its plumage as an exquisite miniature of the seasonal changes which the mountain summit undergoes ;—a miniature drawn, too, by a Hand that never errs ! In summer we look upon the beautiful mixture of gray, brown, and black, as resembling the three component parts of ordinary granite—feldspar, mica, and hornblende—among the masses of which the ptarmigan usually resides. Late in autumn, when snows begin to fall about the lofty summits, and partially cover the surface of the rocks, we find the bird pied with white ; and in winter, when they present a ‘ perfect chrysolite,’ it is almost wholly of the same pure hue.” Nor is it unworthy of being noted, that whitish or grayish colours, which are known to be the warmest, prevail in the covering of animals in the arctic regions.

The horticulturist and agriculturist regulate their plans in accordance with the seasons, and in doing so they should observe that the plants of the ground suit themselves, in regard to the time of budding, bearing leaves and fruit, to the same seasons, which are all determined by the movements of the celestial bodies. The builder may easily perceive that the woody structure of plants and the bones of animals are constructed on architectural principles, being strengthened where weight has to be supported and pressure resisted, and becoming more slender where lightness is required. The form of the bole of a tree, and the manner in which it fixes itself into the ground, so as to be able to face the storms of a hundred winters, is said to have yielded some suggestions to the celebrated engineer, Smeaton, in the construction of the Eddystone Light-house. The architect of the Crystal Palace confesses that he derived some of the ideas embodied in that structure from observ-

ing the wonderful provision made for bearing up the very broad leaf of the beautiful lily, which has been brought within these few years from the marshes of Guiana to adorn our conservatories. The weaver cannot but notice that there are certain tribes of insects which fashion a web of finer texture than his own. The cloth-maker obtains not a little of the material of the fabrics with which he clothes the human frame, from the covering provided for the lower animals, and he derives it all from natural products. When man wishes to protect his body from severe cold, he steals their covering from the lower animals; and by no means of his own devising can he furnish clothing so warm as that which has been provided for the brutes in the arctic regions. The dyer and calico-printer, with all the aids of modern chemistry, cannot produce such rich and agreeable colours as are made to appear, for our gratification, in the flowers of plants and the plumage of birds; no doubt through the influence of principles which have not been detected by the very deepest scientific research. Rising higher in the arts, we find the painter taking credit to himself for the beauty of his figures and colours; but he cannot, with all his skill and genius, match those lovely ideal forms and exquisite tints which everywhere fall under our eye in nature.

"Who can paint  
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?  
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
And lose them in each other, as appears  
In every bud that blows?"

Every artificial contrivance, every principle of mechanism used by man, is visibly employed in the operations of nature. The lamp placed in a window to direct the benighted traveller, the light-house erected on the harbour to guide the mariner to a place of safety, are not clearer and more decided illustrations of purpose than the phosphorescent spark by which the glow-worm allures its mate in the darkness of night. What contrivances does man resort to in order to keep his dwelling warm and comfortable! but the physiologist will tell him that there are still more wonderful schemes devised for keeping up the heat of the bodily frame.

Every mechanical power employed by man is at work in nature. There is as much skilful leverage in the human frame as in the most ingenious human machine. The pulleys by which heavy bodies are lifted from the ground do not give such clear indications of means and end, as the tendons and muscles by which the bones are moved. The mechanician has often a large cylinder running across or through his works, and to this he attaches the lesser parts of his machinery. Have we not a similar contrivance in the backbone of the higher animals, and the axis of the plant, constituting the support of all the appendages? Every one who has seen the cord of plaited iron by which a carriage is dragged up an inclined plane, and has noticed how in it strength and flexibility are combined, should be prepared to admire the different means by which the same end is effected in the backbone of all animals, but especially in that of such animals as the eel and the serpent. The mechanician who wishes to combine the saving of materials and lightness with strength, makes his cylinder a hollow tube: it is on this principle that Messrs. Stephenson and Fairbairn have spanned the Menai Straits by a tubular bridge; but the principle was in operation before man adopted it, or was created to observe it, in the stems of grasses, and in many of the bones of animals, which are hollow. Found in the bones of all grades of living creatures, it is carried out to the greatest extent where most needed—in the bones of birds, so as to allow them to float in the air. In the case of birds, too, the air from the lungs permeates the larger bones as well as the smaller parts, the higher temperature of the body (108°–112° Fah.) rarefies it, and imparts an increased buoyancy to the whole frame.

Every joint in the animal frame can be shown to be exactly suited to the function which it has to perform. In flesh-eating animals, where strength is the chief requisite in the lower jaw, there is a simple hinge-joint of great power; whereas in herbivorous species, which have to grind hard vegetable matter, the joint admits of free motion in all directions. Where motion in one direction is all that is required, we have a common joint, as in the fingers; where motion all round is necessary, we have, as at the

shoulder and hip, the ball-and-socket-joint, admitting of a rotatory motion round a ball. We have a beautiful example of ball-and-socket-joint in the sea-urchin, the spines of which have a cup-like cavity at the base, which is fitted to a converse tubercle on the shell, fixed by ligaments, and combining strength and great freedom of motion. In some parts of the animal frame, a single bone is all that is required, and more would injure the strength; in other parts, as in the fore-arm, a kind of rotatory motion is furnished by two bones, a radius and an ulna, so adjusted as to move to some extent round each other.

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## EVIDENCES OF DESIGN IN THE WORKS OF CREATION.

*(Continued.)*

Almost every sort of instrument employed by man, has something resembling it in the operations of nature. The parts of the mouth of insects are made according to the instincts and habits of the animal, to act now as saws, now as knives, and, in the case of the leaf-cutting bees, the mandibles become scissors. The hyena is led by its instincts to crush the bones of carcasses and feed on them; and when certain teeth of that animal were shown by Professor Owen to an engineer, they were declared by him to be admirable models of hammers to break stones for roads. The tongue of many shell-fish—that of the common limpet, for instance—has numerous silicious spines, and the organ is used as a rasp or drill. One end of the shell of *Pholas* resembles a file, and, by varied motions, the animal makes for itself tunnels in clay and in other substances. The foot of the mole is an admirable tunnelling instrument, and enables it to construct for itself those subterranean passages through which it is led, by its instincts, to wend its way in search of food.

Instruments of a more peculiar nature, and instruments invented by man only at a late date in the history of the race, have all along had their analogues in nature. Mill-stones are selected because they have gritty materials in the midst of softer substances;

and we find that, on a like principle, soft and hard matters are mixed in the grinding-teeth of mammals. The cupping instruments of surgery were anticipated in the animal kingdom: the mouth of the leech combines in itself the offices of cupping-glass and scarificator; hence the importance of the animal as a remedial agent. It is also worthy of notice in regard to this animal, that the capacious stomach, with its lateral appendages or reservoirs, enables it to extract a very considerable quantity of blood before being detached. Some of the feet of a certain parasite\* on various fresh-water fishes, are so modified that they act as real suckers or cupping-glasses: by a certain arrangement of muscles the animal can exhaust the cavity of its disc-like feet, and produce a vacuum, and is thus enabled to stick closely to the body of the fish.

The tubes and pipes which conduct water and gas through all the streets and dwellings of a great city, are not such ingenious contrivances as the veins and arteries which convey the blood to every extremity of the frame. The means by which water is forced to rise in a pump are not so wonderful as those by which, proceeding on a different principle, fluid is made to mount in the plant to the most distant twig and leaf. We construct valves to allow fluids to pass in one direction, but to prevent them from flowing back in the opposite direction; but before man devised such agency they were already in his own veins; and it was upon noticing them that Harvey, proceeding, as he tells us, on the principle that they were there to serve a purpose, was led to the discovery of the circulation of the blood. In the back of the mouth of the crocodile are two cartilaginous plates or valves, one above, the other below; these, acting as flood-gates, cut off communication between the mouth and throat, so that the animal can hold its prey underneath the water till dead, and itself continue all the while to breathe by its nostrils.

Among the most curious special modifications are those in which there is a provision made beforehand for the support of living creatures not yet in existence. Every one sees that there is foresight implied in parents laying up wealth to promote the future

\* *Argulus foliaceus*.

comfort of their children ; but there are equally clear evidences of forethought in the anticipations found among natural objects. In expectation of the birth of her child, the mother makes preparation for its clothing and comfort ; but there has been a preparation by another Designing Mind, so as to cause the milk to flow at the very time at which it is required for the sustenance of the infant. In the case of animals developed from the egg, we find a store of nourishment laid up beforehand in the yolk, part of which is absorbed as food by the young chick or reptile. In the egg-cases of the common white whelk of our coasts, there is a further provision made for the sustenance of the young animal, in the form of a supplemental yolk, as it might be called. Each case, or capsule, contains several hundred bodies having the appearance of embryo, but only a small number in each capsule become living creatures. There can be no doubt, from Dr. Carpenter's observations, that these few are developed by the metamorphosis of the contents of their own yolks, but their growth or increase in size depends on the fact that they swallow and feed upon the additional or supplemental yolk.

Not only are the different parts of the animal and plant suited to each other, but there is a perfectibility about them—they are better adapted than anything else to the accomplishment of their end. There are examples of this which have now become commonplace by the eloquent expositions of them by Lord Brougham and others. Every principle followed by the skilful optician in the construction of artificial glasses has been attended to in the formation of the eye, and difficulties which long impeded the formation of perfect glasses were obviated all along in the structure of the natural organ. Bees build their honey-combs of double layers of hexagonal cells, and form the floors of their cells by three rhomboidal planes meeting at particular angles ; and these have been shown, by high mathematical skill, to be the arrangements which combine the maximum of strength with the minimum of material. It is now said that this is produced by the compound eye of the bee being divided by hexagonal marks ; “and as the motions of the muscles of animals are directed very much by the mode of



admission of light, the shape of the cells may be in accordance with that of the surface of the eyes." Be it so, it is only a new illustration of the adjustment of natural instinct and the structure of an organ to produce an end which must have been contemplated, not by the intelligence of the bee, but of Him who gave to the bee its endowments. It has been shown, by mathematical investigation, that the shape of fishes is that which is best fitted to enable them to cleave their way through their native element.

It is a circumstance of great significance, that parts of animals which, to superficial observers, might seem useless, or even inconvenient, have been found, in the progress of discovery, to serve most important ends in the economy of life. The hump of the camel might readily be regarded as a very unseemly encumbrance, and we find even the distinguished naturalist, Buffon, speaking of these humps, and of the callous pads on the legs of that animal, as marks of degradation and servitude. A little patient investigation, however, suffices to show that these parts of their frame, like every other, fit these useful creatures for the purposes served by them in the regions which they inhabit. It has often been remarked, that the abundant supply of fluid laid up in the cells of one of the stomachs, is a beautiful provision for enabling the animal to endure a long continuance of thirst; and it can be shown that the enlargement of their feet, with their convex soles, allows them to tread easily on the loose, yielding sand of the desert; that the callosities or pads on their legs permit them to lie down and repose on scorching surfaces; and that their humps are supplies of superabundant nourishment provided for their long journeys, so that, when deprived of other food, their frames feed on this nutriment,—and it has been observed, that at the close of a long journey their humps have been much diminished in size.

We are not surprised to find a man so proverbially vain as Buffon failing to discover marks of design in the hump of the camel; but it is rather wonderful to find Cuvier, whose heart was so filled with admiration of the divine wisdom, speaking somewhat doubtfully of the sloth. Its peculiar structure would, to use his language, have been inconvenient, if it had been intended that

it should support itself on its limbs, like most vertebrate animals. But however incapable of walking, its frame is admirably constructed for enabling it to hang by its limbs on the branches of trees. Amid the great intertangled forests of South America, stretching for hundreds of miles, it is by no means so slow in its movements, at least its motion is sufficiently quick to admit of its gathering its sustenance. It has long, coarse, shaggy hair, to protect it from insects; it clings to the bough of the tree by its two hinder claws, and commonly also by one of the fore-limbs, and it employs its other arm in hooking in the foliage on which it browses. It can fling itself from one branch of a tree to another; and, in the more open parts of the forest, it can take advantage of windy weather to throw itself from the tree which it has stripped to another covered with rich and tempting foliage.—Such facts as these go to prove that it is our own ignorance and presumption which lead us to complain of the inconveniences of nature; and that a little more knowledge, and, better still, a little more humility and patience, would lead us to discover and acknowledge, that there are admirable wisdom and benevolence even in those parts of God's works which may seem to be useless, or even injurious.

M'COSH.

## THE BURIAL OF JACOB.

It is a solemn cavalcade, and slow,  
That comes from Egypt; never had the  
land,  
Save when a Pharaoh died, such pomp of  
woe  
Beheld; never was bier by such a band  
Of princely mourners followed, and the  
grand  
Gloom of that strange funereal armament  
Saddened the wondering cities as it went.

In Goshen he had died, that region fair  
Which stretches east from Nilus to the  
wave  
Of the great Gulf; and since he could not  
bear  
To lay his ashes in an alien grave,  
He charged his sons to bear them to the  
cave  
Where rested all his kin, that from life's  
cares  
And weariness his dust might rest with  
theirs.

So when the best embalmers for the bier  
Had dressed him,—in the pungent nitre  
laid  
The body, and with galbanum, and myrrh,  
And cedar-oil, a costly unguent made,  
And in a spikenard-dripping shroud ar-  
rayed  
The limbs ne'er delicately clad till now,—  
The Twelve assembled to fulfil their vow.

For seventy days through Egypt ran the  
cry  
Of woe, for Joseph wept; and now there  
came  
Along with him the rank and chivalry  
Of Pharaoh's court,—the flower of  
Egypt's fame;—  
High captains, chief estates, and lords  
of name,  
The prince, the priest, the warrior, and  
the sage,  
Made haste to join in that sad pilgrimage.

By the green borders of the reedy Nile,  
Where wades the ibis, and the lotus  
droops,  
The armed horsemen ride in glittering  
file

To Goshen, swarthy chieftains with their  
troops  
Of vassals from the Thebaid, gathering  
groups  
Of pilgrims from the populous towns, whose  
vast  
And massy piles loomed o'er them as they  
passed.

The hoary elders in their robes of state  
Were there, and sceptred judges; and  
the sight  
Of their pavilions pitched without the gate  
Was pleasant: chariots with their trap-  
pings bright  
Stood round,—till all were met, and every  
rite  
Was paid;—then at a signal the array  
Moved with a heavy splendour on its way.

Its very gloom was gorgeous, and the sound  
Of brazen chariots, and the measured  
feet  
Of stately pacing steeds upon the ground,  
Seemed, by its dead and dull monotonous  
beat,  
A burden to that march of sorrow meet;  
With music Pharaoh's minstrels would  
have come  
Had Joseph wished,—'twas better they  
were dumb.

In a long line the sable draperies waved  
Far backward from the bier,—and as  
they go,  
The people of the cities he had saved  
Look from their walls, afflicted with his  
woe,  
And watch the pageant as it winds be-  
low,—  
And prayers arose for him, and tears were  
shed,  
And blessings called from Heaven upon his  
head.

They pass by many a town then famed or  
feared,  
But quite forgotten now; and over ground  
Then waste, on which in after time were  
reared  
Cities whose names were of familiar sound  
For centuries,—Bubastus, and renowned

Pelusium, whose glories in decay  
Gorged the lean desert with a splendid  
prey.

Now in their eastward march the waste  
expands

In front, and faring wearily, they reach  
That dread Serbonian lake amid the sands:  
Oh, many are the bones which yet shall  
bleach

Among the rushes of that deadly beach,—  
Many the warriors who shall find a grave  
In the false shallows of that perilous wave!

For many a dreary league the treacherous  
swamp

Still lengthens on the left: the loose-  
blown sand

Beneath their steps, the vapours breathing  
damp

From the green marsh, annoy the strag-  
gling band;

But Joseph's thoughts none there may  
understand,—

His mind recalls the time when through  
this wild

The merchants bore the unresisting child.

The way that then was watered with his  
tears

Is wet with them again; the tender  
thought

Of his fond father and his boyish years  
Before his eye the hills of Canaan

brought,—

He saw his childhood's tents, and many  
a spot

Where oft, at eve, a visionary boy,  
He wandered on in innocence and joy.

\* \* \* \*

Now Jacob rests where all his kindred  
are,—

The exile from the land in which of old  
His fathers lived and died, he comes from  
far

To mix his ashes with their mortal mould.  
There where he stood with Esau, in the  
cold

Dim passage of the vault, with holy trust  
His sons lay down the venerable dust.

They laid him close by Leah, where she  
sleeps

Far from her Syrian home, and never  
knows

That Reuben kneels beside her feet and  
weeps,

Nor glance of kindly recognition throws  
Upon her stately sons from that repose;

His Rachel rests far-sundered from his side,  
Upon the way to Bethlehem, where she  
died.

Sleep on, O weary saint! thy bed is bless'd;  
Thou, with the pilgrim-staff of faith, hast  
passed

Another Jordan into endless rest:

Well may they sleep who can serenely  
cast

A look behind, while darkness closes fast  
Upon their path, and breathe thy parting  
word,—

"For thy Salvation I have waited, Lord!"  
J. D. BURNS.

## JERUSALEM.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!

Silence is o'er thy plains!

Thy dwellings all lie desolate,

Thy children weep in chains.

Where are the dews that fed thee

On Etham's barren shore?

The fire from heaven that led thee

Now lights thy path no more!

Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem;

Once she was all thine own—

Her love thy fairest heritage,

Her power thy glory's throne;

Till evil came and blighted

Thy long-loved olive-tree,

And Salem's shrines were lighted

For other gods than Thee.

Then sank the star of Solyma,

Then passed her glory's day,

Like heath that in the wilderness

The light wind whirls away.

Silent and waste her bowers,

Where once the mighty trod;

And sunk those giddy towers,

Where Baal reigned as God.

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors,  
Steep in her blood your swords;  
And raze to earth her battlements,  
For they are not the Lord's.  
Tell Zion's mournful daughter  
O'er kindred bones she'll tread,  
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter  
Shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictured scenes  
In brighter vision rise,  
When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine  
On all her mourners' eyes;  
And on her mountains beauteous stand  
The messengers of peace;—  
"Salvation by the Lord's right hand!"  
They shout and never cease.

MOORE.

## JERUSALEM.

It is not strange that my first night on the Mount of Olives was sleepless. Though the preceding night had been spent in the saddle, and the preceding day in fatiguing travel, yet the vision of Jerusalem, which I had that day seen for the first time, remained so vivid before my mind's eye, that it banished all thought of sleep and all sense of fatigue. For hours I lay absorbed in the stirring memories of the distant past, which holy scenes had called up and invested with the charm of reality. Mount Zion,—Moriah, crowned of yore with the halo of the Shekinah glory,—Gethsemane, bedewed with the tears, and stained by the bloody sweat of the Son of man,—Olivet, where Jesus so often taught and prayed,—they were all there, each with its wondrous story written as if in letters of light. Longing for the morning, I once and again rose from my bed and threw open the lattice. The stars hung out like diamond lamps from the black vault of heaven, shining with a sparkling lustre unknown in our hazy west, and revealing in dim outline the walls and towers of the Holy City sleeping peacefully away below.

I was specially favoured during my first visit to Jerusalem. An old friend had rented a little tower high up on the western side of Olivet, commanding a noble view of the Holy City and the surrounding country from Bethlehem to Mizpeh. It was one of those square turrets which in recent, as in ancient times, proprietors sometimes built in their vineyards as residences for keepers and temporary store-houses for fruit. Here I took up my quarters, and from the open window or the terraced roof, at all hours, day and night, I gazed on that wondrous landscape. During the soft, ruddy morning twilight—at the full blaze of noon-day—

in the dead stillness of night, when the moon shed her silvery rays on the white walls and roofs of the city, my eyes were upon it, —never wearying, never satisfied, but ever detecting some new beauty in tint or form, some fresh spot of sacred interest or historic renown. While I live I shall never forget that view of—

#### JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Morning dawned ; and with my kind host, to whom every spot in and around Jerusalem was familiar, I ascended to the terraced roof. Behind Olivet, on the east, the sky was all aglow with red light, which shot slanting across the hill-tops and projecting cliffs, and upon the walls and prominent buildings of the city, throwing them up in bold relief from the deeply shaded glens. No time could have been more opportune, no spot better fitted for seeing and studying the general topography of the Holy City. The whole site was before us, distinct and full, like a vast and beautiful embossed picture. At our feet, along the base of Olivet, was the Kidron, a deep and narrow glen, coming down from an undulating plateau on the right, and disappearing round the shoulder of the hill on the left ; its banks terraced, and dotted here and there with little groves and single olive trees. Directly opposite us was Mount Moriah, its bare sides rising precipitously from the bottom of the Kidron to a height of some two hundred feet.

On its summit is a rectangular platform, about thirty acres in extent, and taking up fully one-half of the eastern side of the city. It is encompassed and supported by a massive wall, in some places nearly eighty feet high, and looking even higher where it impends over the ravine. This platform constitutes by far the most striking feature of the city. It is unique. There is nothing like it in the world. Its history, too, is wonderful. It has been a "holy place" for more than thirty centuries. Its Cyclopean walls were founded by Solomon. Upon it stood the Temple, in whose shrine the Glory of the Lord so often appeared, and in whose courts the Son of God so often taught. It is still to the Muslem "the noble sanctuary," and, next to Mecca, the most venerated sanctuary in the world. The platform itself—simple, massive, and grand

—is a striking object ; but the buildings it contains greatly contribute to its beauty. In its centre, on a raised area of white marble, stands one of the most splendid mosques in the world, octagonal in form, encrusted with encaustic tiles of gorgeous colours, and surmounted by a graceful dome. From its area the ground slopes away to the encircling ramparts in gentle undulations of green turf, diversified with marble arcades, gilded cupolas, fountains, and prayer-niches ;—all interspersed with venerable cypresses, olives, and palms. At the southern end is a large group of stately buildings, including the Mosque el-Aksa, once the Church of the Virgin ; and round the sides of the platform are cloisters, here and there covered with domes, and surmounted by tall minarets. The quiet seclusion of this sanctuary, the rich green of its grass and foliage, the dazzling whiteness of its pavements and fountains, the brilliant tints of the central mosque, and, above all, its sacred associations, make it one of the most charming and interesting spots on earth.

Just behind Moriah the Tyropean Valley was distinctly marked by a deeply-shaded belt, running from north to south through the city. Beyond it rose Zion, higher and longer than Moriah ; in front, a confused mass of terraced roofs, tier above tier ; further back were seen the white buildings of the Armenian Convent, like an immense factory ; more to the right the new English church ; and in the back-ground, crowning the hill, the massive square keep of the Castle of David. The southern section of Zion is now outside the city wall ; and there a high minaret and cupola mark the Tomb of David. From it the hill sinks into the Valley of Hinnom in steep terraced slopes, covered with vineyards, olives, and corn-fields. As I looked, a moving object in one of the fields rivetted my attention. “Haste, give me the glass,” I said. I turned it upon the spot. Yes, I was right ; a plough and yoke of oxen were there at work. Jeremiah’s prophecy was fulfilled before my eyes : “*Zion shall be ploughed like a field.*”

Along the further side of Zion runs the deep glen of Hinnom, which, turning eastward, sweeps round the southern end of the hill and joins the Kidron at En-Rogel. These two ravines form

the great physical boundaries and barriers of Jerusalem ; they completely cut it off from the surrounding table-land ; and they isolate the hills on which it stands, and those other hills, too, or hill-tops, which, as the Psalmist tells us, "are round about Jerusalem." These natural barriers also served to confine the city within regular and definite limits—to prevent it from sending forth straggling suburbs and offshoots, as most other cities do ; hence it was said, "Jerusalem is builded as a city *that is compact together.*"

A high battlemented wall encompasses the modern city. It runs for half a mile along the brow of the Kidron valley, facing Olivet, then turns at right angles and zigzags across Moriah, the Tyropean, and Zion, to the brow of Hinnom. The whole circuit is two miles and a half. The city was always fortified, and the walls and towers formed its most prominent features. Hence the language of the exulting Psalmist: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her : tell the towers thereof, mark ye well her bulwarks." Jerusalem has no suburbs. There is no shading off of the city into the country—long streets radiating from a centre, then straggling houses, and villas, and gardens, such as we are accustomed to see in English towns. The moment you pass the gates of Jerusalem you are in the country,—a country open, bare, without a single house, and almost desolate. Not a green spot is visible, and not a tree, save here and there a little clump of gnarled, dusky olives. Rounded hill tops, and long reaches of plain, strewn with heaps of gray limestone, extend from the walls far away to the north and south. There is no grandeur, beauty, or richness in the scenery. It is bleak and featureless. Hence the sad disappointment felt by most travellers on approaching Jerusalem from the west and north. They can only see the serried line of gray Saracenic walls extending across a section of a bleak, rocky plateau. But when I stood that morning on the brow of Olivet, and looked down on the city, crowning those battlemented heights, encircled by those deep and dark ravines, I involuntarily exclaimed,—" *Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, the city of the great King!*" And as I gazed, the red rays of



the rising sun shed a halo round the top of the Castle of David; then they tipped with gold each tapering minaret, and gilt each dome of mosque and church; and at length bathed in one flood of ruddy light the terraced roofs of the city, and the grass and foliage, the cupolas, pavements, and colossal walls of the Haram. —No human being could be disappointed who first saw Jerusalem from Olivet.

J. L. PORTER.

### CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

THE air is filled with shouts and trumpets sounding;

A host are at thy gates, Jerusalem.

Now is their van the Mount of Olives rounding;

Above them Judah's lion-banners gleam,  
Twined with the palm and olive's peaceful stem.

Now swell the nearer sounds of voice and string,

As down the hill-side pours the living stream;

And to the cloudless heaven hosannas ring—

“The Son of David comes! the Conqueror, the King!”

The cuirassed Roman heard, and grasped his shield,

And rushed in fiery haste to gate and tower:

The pontiff from his battlement beheld  
The host, and knew the falling of his power.

Still down the marble road the myriads come,

Spreading the way with garment, branch, and flower;

And deeper sounds are mingling: “Woe to Rome!

The day of freedom dawns; rise, Israel, from thy tomb!”

Temple of beauty! long that day is done;  
He saw the cloud on Sion's glory lour.

Thy ark is dust; thy golden cherubim  
In the fierce triumphs of the foe are gone;

The shades of ages on thy altars swim.  
Yet still a light is there, though wavering dim!

And has its holy lamp been watched in vain?

Or lives it not until the finished time  
When He who fixed shall break his

people's chain,  
And Sion be the loved, the crowned of

God again?

He comes, yet with the burning bolt unarmed;

Pale, pure, prophetic, God of Majesty!  
Though thousands, tens of thousands

round him swarmed,  
None durst abide the depth divine of eye;

None durst the waving of his robe draw nigh;

But at his feet was laid the Roman's sword:

There Lazarus knelt to see his King pass by;

There Jairus with his age's child adored.

“He comes, the King of kings! Hosanna to the Lord!”

CROLY.

## DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

THE pall was settled. He who slept beneath  
 Was straightened for the grave; and, as  
 the folds  
 Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed  
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.  
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls  
 Were floating round the tassels as they  
 swayed  
 To the admitted air, as glossy now  
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance,  
 bathing  
 The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.  
 His helm was at his feet: his banner,  
 soiled  
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid  
 Reversed, beside him: and the jewelled  
 hilt,  
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his  
 blade,  
 Rested, like mockery, on his covered  
 brow.  
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,  
 Clad in the garb of battle; and their  
 chief,  
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,  
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,  
 As if he feared the slumberer might stir.  
 A slow step startled him. He grasped his  
 blade,  
 As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form  
 Of David entered, and he gave command,  
 In a low tone, to his few followers,  
 And left him with his dead. The king  
 stood still  
 Till the last echo died: then throwing off  
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying  
 back  
 The pall from the still features of his  
 child,  
 He bowed his head upon him, and broke  
 forth  
 In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas, my noble boy! that thou shouldst  
 die!

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!  
 That Death should settle in thy glorious  
 eye,

And leave his stillness in this clustering  
 hair!

How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,  
 My proud boy, Absalom!

Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,  
 As to my bosom I have tried to press  
 thee!

How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,  
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress  
 thee,

And hear thy sweet '*my father!*' from these  
 dumb

And cold lips, Absalom!

The grave hath won thee! I shall hear the  
 gush

Of music, and the voices of the young;  
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,  
 And the dark tresses to the soft wind  
 flung;—

But thou no more, with thy sweet voice,  
 shalt come,

To meet me, Absalom!

And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,  
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be  
 broken,

How will its love for thee, as I depart,  
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep  
 token!

It were so sweet, amid death's gathering  
 gloom,

To see thee, Absalom!

And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,  
 With death so like a gentle slumber on  
 thee!—

And thy dark sin!—oh, I could drink the  
 cup,

If from this woe its bitterness had won  
 thee.

May God have called thee, like a wanderer,  
 home,

My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself  
 A moment on his child; then, giving him  
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasped  
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer.  
 And, as a strength were given him of God,  
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall  
 Firmly and decently—and left him there,  
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

N. P. WILLIS.

### THE SEA OF GALILEE.

UNLIKE most of the memorable scenes of Palestine, this inland sea derives its sole interest from its connection with the personal history of our blessed Lord. In the whole range of Scripture narrative there is not one recorded incident to break in upon the sacredness and singleness of this association with the earthly life of Jesus. In these unruffled waters we see, as in a glass, the undimmed and never-fading image of the Man of Sorrows. It is his form we see on the lonely shore in the mist of morning, or gliding spirit-like at midnight over the stormy waves. And when, from the vine-clad slopes of Tabor, or the Mount of Beatitudes, the traveller first sees the blue gleam of the lake, deep-set among the Galilean hills, it is this undying remembrance which makes his heart swell and tremble with hallowed emotion. . . . .

The lake, which is formed by a widening out of the Jordan into a great mountain chasm, is from twelve to fifteen miles in length, and six in breadth. It lies in a deep rocky basin, more than three hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. All travellers speak with delight of the clearness and sweetness of its waters, which glimmer with the dark polish of steel in the shadow of the mountains. These, in places, sink down sheer and abrupt to the water's edge. It still abounds with fish of an excellent quality, and "of divers kinds," peculiar to itself, which are taken by the Arabs with hand-nets. The plain that stretches, like a bended bow, some miles along the western shore, was famous, in old times, for its beauty and fruitfulness. This is the "land of Gennesaret," a pleasant and sunny recess, shut in between the mountains and the sea. Josephus speaks of it in terms that remind one of Bunyan's land of Beulah. The land was rich and well watered,—the air soft and genial,—the seasons sweetly tempered; so that into this delicious region were gathered the fruits of every climate under heaven. Grapes and figs might be plucked there ten months in the year; the palms were loaded with golden

clusters of dates; citrons, olives, quinces, and pistachios, were seen all the year in flower and fruit—blooming and ripening—as through an endless summer. A copious spring, the Well of Capharnaum, now Ain-el-Tin, “the fountain of the fig-tree,” gushed from the hills, and refreshed gardens, cornfields, and vineyards, with its crystal waters. Here was to be heard continually the singing of birds; here grew “the lilies of the field,” beautiful in the eye of Christ; and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land.

Well might the Jews say in proverbs, that “God loved the Sea of Galilee above all the other seas.” We know how it was loved by Immanuel, God with us. There stood Capernaum, “his own city.” There stood Chorazin and Bethsaida, “wherein most of his mighty works were done.” There stood Magdala, the town of her who was forgiven much, and loved much. Upon that pebbled beach he called Simon and Andrew, James and John, from their boats and nets, to become fishers of men; and the calm words, “Follow me,” there spoken, sounded forth, and are sounding, through the world, till all its nations and kingdoms shall rise up and follow Christ. There he sat, in Simon’s boat, and spoke the parable of the sower to the multitude on the banks. In the fields that stretch down to the lake, the imagery of that sacred story may still be seen. There is the beaten foot-track through the field, from the highway to the water; the limestone rock cropping above the surface; the thorn-brakes, with small sharp spines and dark ivy leaves, of which it is supposed the crown of Calvary was formed; and, last, the rich black loam that yields an hundred-fold. On these waters he slept as a man and awoke as God. Over the foam and spray of these heaving surges he came in the morning watch to his own, when the wild gusts blew down the gorges of the Gadarrene hills. On this shell-strewn beach he stood by the fire of coals in the gray dawn, and, looking back over Calvary, thrice asked Peter, “Lovest thou me?” And there he took some steps along the rugged strand, saying again, “Follow thou me!” to show what a rough way the restored apostle was to tread from Gennésaret to his cross. The inn of Bethlehem has crumbled to dust; the site of Calvary is forgotten; but the waves of the crystal lake still

ripple and spill in dewy spray on the stones once trodden by the feet of Christ.

On the wooded height of Tabor, from which the traveller often has his first glimpse of the lake, a range of scenery is outspread before him, vivified with the light of sacred incident and imagery. At his feet the plain of Esdraelon rolls its waves of verdure and bloom. Darkly looming in the west, Carmel rises like a watch-tower by the sea. A deep cleft in the eastern mountains mark the valley of the Jordan. Beyond calm Gennesaret are the red bare crags of the Gadarene country, where Legion wandered till he met with Jesus. You may trace the hazy hills of Gilead in the south, looking down on the valleys where lign-aloes and thickets of balsam once scented the evening air. And far away to the north the snowy crest of Hermon shines in the clear sky. "The north and the south, thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name."

In spring-time, and early summer, some traces of its ancient beauty linger round the lake. Green wheat fields, vineyards, and grassy pastures, lend a smiling aspect to its shores; and the goats of the Arab wander through the fragrant thickets. The groves of oleander which grow down to its brink are the haunt of singing-birds; and flocks of water-fowl dip their wings into the limpid waters. But the land is desolate and emptied of inhabitants. As in the days of Shamgar, the highways are unoccupied, and the travellers walk through byways. The Mount of Beatitudes is still pointed out; and Saphet, the "city on an hill," still crowns its ancient height; but where are the multitudes who thronged the wayside walks of Jesus, and crowded down these grassy slopes to listen to his parables? What a stir and hum of men was here in the days of old, the shores studded with cheerful towns and hamlets, the waters specked with the sails of fishing-boats! But one solitary sail glides over these waters now. Tiberias, with shattered walls and a few palm trees, stands on its former site; but Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, where are they? Every traveller speaks of the deep, dead silence, which broods over these scenes of old renown. The shout of the fisherman, the song of the

vintager, the voice of maidens drawing water, the mirth of children, the noise of the mill-stone, have ceased. At night the cry of the jackal wails along the shore; and Arab watch-fires on the opposite crags mingle their reflection in the waters with the light of stars, which shine on unchanging in "blue Galilee."

J. D. BURNS.

### THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,  
O Sea of Galilee!  
For the Glorious One, who came to save,  
Has often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,  
Where pine and heather grow;  
But thou hast loveliness far above  
What Nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle  
Comes down to drink thy tide;  
But He that was pierced to save from hell  
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,  
And palm, in thy soft air;  
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose  
Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful round thee the mountains meet,  
Thou calm, reposing sea;  
But ah, far more! the beautiful feet  
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

Those days are past—Bethsaida, where?  
Chorazin, where art thou?

His tent the wild Arab pitches there,  
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mould'ring fragments, tell,  
Was the Saviour's city here?  
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,  
With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn  
How days of grace will flee;  
How all an offered Christ who spurn  
Shall mourn, at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea  
The new-risen Saviour said  
Three times to Simon, "Lovest thou Me?  
My lambs and sheep then feed?"

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand!  
Yet the same Saviour still,  
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,  
And every fragrant hill.

O give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,  
Threefold thy love divine,  
That I may feed, till I find, by grace,  
Thy flock—both thine and mine.

R. M. M'CHEYNE

**TYRE.**

THE history of Tyre, long the capital of Phœnicia, the first commercial city of the ancient world, and the founder of many colonies, is full of instruction to a nation like our own, which calls itself, as Tyre once did, mistress of the seas. As if to connect Christian Britain with Pagan Tyre by a still closer link, the first trading ships that ever visited our shores were Tyrian galleys, which, long before Isaiah and Ezekiel lived, drew wealthy freights of lead and tin from the mines of Cornwall. Such a name as Perran-Zabuloe, a village on the Cornish sea-coast, is one of the footprints left on the shores of England by the old Phœnician sailors.

Isaiah speaks of Tyre as a city "whose antiquity was of ancient days." He calls it "daughter of Zidon," as it was founded by settlers from that city. Standing on the shore of the Mediterranean, in the centre of the great highway of ancient commerce, it drew into its harbours and bazaars the riches of the East and West. From its position on the northern border of Israel, we find it mentioned so early as Joshua's time as "the strong city Tyre;" and later, in David's days, as a "stronghold"—a city whose treasures were locked up within iron gates and granite walls. Hiram, king of Tyre, sent cedar wood and skilful workmen to assist in building David's palace. Between this king's grandson and Solomon a still closer alliance was formed. The Tyrian wood-cutters felled cedars in Lebanon for the temple; the wood was floated by Tyrians to Joppa; and the ornamental brass-work of the temple was executed by a Tyrian craftsman.

At this time Tyre was rapidly rising to that greatness and splendour which had reached its zenith in Ezekiel's days. Her merchants were known in every mart, her vessels traversed every sea. Every wind wafted to her harbour fleets whose masts were of cedar and whose benches were of ivory, laden with spices from Arabia and gold from Ophir, jewels and purple from Damascus, wheat and oil from India, and precious minerals from Tarshish (Western Europe

and the British Isles). Her merchants were princes ; her builders had perfected her beauty. She was made very glorious in the midst of the seas.

Tyre at first stood on the mainland, but as its commerce increased, an island about half a mile from the shore was occupied, and in time became the principal city. The first town sunk into a suburb under the name of Old Tyre. In this position, throned like Venice on the waters, the merchant-city exulted in her strength and security. . . .

In a siege, which lasted thirteen years, the city on the mainland was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and the pride of the mistress of the isles was humbled for a time. For seventy years Tyre was forgotten. But these disasters were but the first drops of the thunder-shower. The city rose prouder from its fall ; and the tide of its prosperity again flowed to the full. Tyre was as great and famous as it had ever been, when, about 332 B.C., it was again besieged, by Alexander the Great. For a time the island city defied his efforts, till, by immense labour, a causeway was formed out of the ruins of Old Tyre, which gave his armies access to it from the mainland, and led, after a siege of seven months, to its final overthrow. To this daring expedient the words of Ezekiel referred : "They shall lay thy stones, and thy timber, and thy dust, in the midst of the water." The very ruins of the earlier city were swept from the face of the earth, and buried in the deep.

In later ages the position of Tyre gave it importance as a stronghold to the successive conquerors of Syria. At times it seemed to enjoy a gleam of prosperity ; but its glory had departed. We find a Christian church planted there in the days of Paul. In the time of the Crusades it was twice besieged and stormed ; and it was the last place in Syria wrested from the Christian arms by the Saracens (A.D. 1291). Thus nation after nation had come up like waves of the sea, and dashed themselves against the devoted city.

No trace of Old Tyre is left. As the traveller crosses the mole of Alexander, washed on both sides by the waters, he may see how the dust has been "scraped" from her, and her site made smooth and naked, "like the top of a rock." The waves break on



her sunken fragments, and the nets of fishermen are spread on the sand and stones. The port in which the merchant navies of the Old World rode at anchor is now choked up, and can scarcely float a few fishing-boats.

Dr. Robinson writes in 1838 :—" I wandered out alone towards the south end of the peninsula, beyond the city, where all is now forlorn and lonely like the desert, and mused upon the pomp and glory, the pride and fall of ancient Tyre. Here was the little isle, once covered by her palaces, and surrounded by her fleets; but, alas! *thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy calkers, and all thy men of war, even with all thy company*, where are they? Tyre has indeed become *like the top of a rock—a place to spread nets upon*. The sole remaining tokens of her more ancient splendour lie strewed beneath the waves in the midst of the sea; and the hovels which now nestle upon a portion of her site present no contradiction of the dread decree, *Thou shalt be built no more.*"

Such is the desolation which has come upon the old mistress of the seas. And if God has raised our own country to higher influence and fame than Tyre attained in the days of her glory, does not his hand point to her ruin as a warning to us? If Britain sits a queen on the waters, rejoicing in the power of her fleets, girdled with a belt of colonies, and stretching her sceptre over an empire on which the sun never sets, let her not despise the lesson which the stones of Tyre cry out. As a Christian nation, may we feel our responsibility, and seek to plant the cross of Christ wherever the red-cross flag of Britain waves; otherwise "it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for us."

The waters, Tyre, once hailed thee queen,  
A crown was on thy brow;  
On every sea thy ships were seen;—  
Where is thy glory now?

Where once thou wast in splendour set,  
Thy place is known no more,  
And the poor fisher spreads his net  
Upon thy silent shore.

J. D. BURNS.

## THE LEPER.

"Room for the leper! room!"—And, as he came,  
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! room!"

Sunrise was slanting on the city's gates,  
Rosy and beautiful; and from the hills  
The early-risen poor were coming in,  
Duly and cheerfully to their toll; and up  
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum

Of moving wheels, and multitudes astir,  
And all that in a city-murmur swells,—  
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,  
Aching with night's dull silence; or the sick,

Hailing the welcome light and sounds,  
that chase

The death-like images of the dark away.  
"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—

Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood,—all

Who met him on his way,—and let him pass.

And onward through the open gate he came,

A leper with the ashes on his brow,  
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip  
A covering,—stepping painfully and slow;  
And with a difficult utterance, like one  
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,

Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!"

"Twas now the first  
Of the Judean autumn; and the leaves,  
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,  
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye

Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,  
And eminently beautiful; and life  
Mantled in elegant fulness on his lip,  
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien

There was a gracious pride that every eye  
Followed with benisons;—*And this was he!*

And he went forth—alone! Not one of all

The many whom he loved, nor she, whose name

Was woven in the fibres of his heart,  
Breaking within him now, to come and speak

Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,

Sick, and heart-broken, and alone,—to die  
For, God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,

And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool  
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,

Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched  
The loathsome water to his fevered lips;  
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!

—Footsteps approached; and with no strength to flee,

He drew the covering closer on his lip,  
Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" and, in the folds

Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,

He fell upon the earth till they should pass.  
Nearer the Stranger came, and, bending o'er

The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name,

"Helon!"—The voice was like the master-tone

Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet;

And the dull pulses of disease awoke,  
And, for a moment, beat beneath the hot  
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill!  
"Helon, arise!"—and he forgot his curse,  
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,  
As he beheld the Stranger.—He was not  
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow  
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;  
No followers at his back,—nor in his hand  
Buckler, or sword, or spear;—yet, if he smiled,

A kingly condescension graced his lips,  
A lion would have crouched-to in his lair.  
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;  
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;  
His countenance the impress of a God,  
Touched with the opening innocence of a child;

His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky  
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn  
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard  
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.

—He looked on Helon earnestly a while,  
As if his heart were moved; and, stooping down,

He took a little water in his hand,  
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be  
clean!"  
And lo! the scales fell from him; and his  
blood  
Coursed with delicious coolness through his  
veins;

And his dry palms grew moist, and on his  
brow  
The dewy softness of an infant's stole:  
His leprosy was cleansed; and he fell  
down  
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped  
him.

WILLIS.

### THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve  
Stole through the lattice, and the dying  
girl  
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain  
Since the hot noontide in a breathless  
trance,  
Her thin pale fingers clasped within the  
hand  
Of the heart-broken Ruler; and her breast,  
Like the dead marble, white and motion-  
less.  
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,  
And as it stirred with the awakening  
wind,  
The dark lids lifted from the languid  
eyes,  
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily  
She turned upon her pillow. He was there,  
The same loved, tireless watcher; and she  
looked  
Into his face until her sight grew dim  
With the fast falling tears, and with a  
sigh  
Of tremulous weakness, murmuring his  
name,  
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,  
And kissed it as she wept. The old man  
sunk  
Upon his knees, and in the drapery  
Of the rich curtains buried up his face:—  
And when the twilight fell, the silken  
folds  
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand  
he held  
Had ceased its pressure; and he could not  
hear,  
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath  
Came through her nostrils; and her temples  
gave  
To his nice touch no pulse; and at her  
mouth  
He held the slightest curl that on her neck

Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze  
Ached with its deathly stillness.

Like a form  
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she  
lay;—  
The linen vesture folded on her breast,  
And over it her white transparent hands,  
The blood still rosy in her tapering nails;  
A line of pearl ran through her parted  
lips;  
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,  
The breathing curve was mockingly like  
life;  
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin  
Ran the light branches of the azure  
veins;  
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,  
Matching the arches pencilled on her  
brow.  
Her hair had been unbound, and falling  
loose  
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears  
In curls of glossy blackness, and about  
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they  
hung  
Like airy shadows, floating as they slept.  
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour  
raised  
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread  
out  
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said—  
"Maiden, arise!"—And suddenly a flush  
Shot o'er her forehead and along her lips,  
And through her cheek the rallied colour  
ran,  
And the still outline of her graceful form  
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she  
clasped  
The Saviour's hand, and, fixing her dark  
eyes  
Full on his beaming countenance—arose!

WILLIS.

**LEBANON.**

THE mighty mountain-wall that guards the northern flank of Palestine, sending forth its rocky roots on one side to the Great Sea, on another to the Great Desert,—the cradle of four famous rivers which spring from its snows to water regions once the seat of splendid monarchies,—the symbol of grandeur, and magnificence, and luxuriant beauty,—Lebanon stands in some respects alone and unrivalled among the mountains of the world.

A most impressive signal of approach to the Holy Land is the first glimpse of the ancient mountain off the shores of Cyprus, rising from the eastern waters, its peaks wreathed with everlasting snows, and flushed with shifting hues of rose and purple in the clear evening sky. High up in its aerial solitude, pure and lustrous like a cloud steeped in sunshine, it stands for us as the emblem of that old oriental world which lies in its shadow;—Damascus, buried in its depth of ever-blooming verdure; Antioch, where the Orontes runs sparkling through its laurel groves to the sea; Baalbec, with its gray colossal relics—the Stonehenge of the desert; Tyre, discrowned and desolate, by the waters; and away in the south, the hills of Galilee with Jerusalem beyond, and the red peaks of the great and terrible wilderness which closes in this land of wonder.

From the time when the Jewish leader sighed to see “the good land beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, even Lebanon,” through those later days when Hebrew seers and poets looked up to its vineyards and forests, its purple slopes and its burnished silver diadem, and drew from them eternal types of truth and beauty, what a boundless wealth of sacred tradition and imagery has been treasured up in the venerable name of Lebanon!

This name, which is now confined to the eastern mountain chain, “Libanus,” properly so called, is used in a wider sense by the inspired writers, and includes the great parallel range of “Anti-

Libanus," which in Hermon, its loftiest summit, attains a height of ten thousand feet. This mountain, towering in its magnificent elevation over the plain, is "the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus."

From a large part of the low country of Palestine these heights were constantly in view, and their ancient names, as Stanley remarks, are "all significant of this position;—Hermon, 'the lofty peak;' Sion, 'the upraised;' Shenir and Sirion, 'the glittering breastplate of ice;' above all, Lebanon, the Mont Blanc of Palestine, 'the white mountain' of ancient times." Hence, too, the force and charm of every allusion to them would come home to the popular heart, breathing through the Jewish poetry with the freshness of mountain air, and tinging it with native glow and colour.

The peasant of Galilee could feel as deeply as the Levite of Jerusalem the power of this peculiar imagery—the glory and excellency of Lebanon; the richness of its harvests and vintages; the bloom and fragrance of its gardens; the delicious coolness of its valleys, with their heavy dews, their brimming fountains, and foaming rivulets—"living waters and streams from Lebanon;" the wildness and grandeur of its upper ravines; the solemn gloom of its primeval forests; the drifting mists and clouds which gathered darkly on its summits, and launched the thunder-storm over the land. In one of the sublimest psalms of David (the 29th) we have clearly such a storm described, rising from the waters, shrouding the topmost peaks of Lebanon, rolling in long, grand reverberations through the ravines, shivering with its lightning-lance the gnarled cedars of its woods, darkening the broad land with its shadow, till its far echoes die away in the southern wilderness of Kadesh.

To the Jewish people, so proud of their national Temple and its associations with the golden age of their history, Lebanon, on this account alone, would be reverently endeared. From its quarries were hewn the massive blocks of stone which rose on Moriah without sound of axe or hammer; and many a giant tree had been felled by the Tyrian woodman in its forests to yield the precious

wood so largely employed in the building. In the luxurious days of the later kings the mansions of the noble and wealthy in Jerusalem were embellished with this costly wood—"ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermillion."

The height of this tree made it a symbol of pride; its stateliness and far-spreading branches, of extended empire: "The Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; no tree in the garden of God was like unto him for beauty." With a deeper meaning, as an emblem of the spiritual progress of the believer, the psalmist says: "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." A conception of wonderful sublimity is that of Isaiah, when, speaking of the majesty of God, he imagines the whole mountain to be a colossal altar, its cedar forests and odorous gums the fuel sending up fragrant clouds of incense, and all the flocks on its hills and valleys to be consumed in one oblation—"Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering"!

The mountain region of Lebanon is a world in itself, peopled by ancient races, whose religious feuds have often carried devastation through its fairest valleys. The northern part of the range is occupied mainly by a Christian population, the Maronites; the southern by the Druses, a brave, high-spirited people, whose religion is a mystery, and seems to be a kind of Mohammedanism, tinged with the wild fanaticism of the East.

The number of villages scattered about the mountain is amazing. On approaching it from the sea one is struck by the groups of white dwellings that gleam among the vineyards on its lower slopes, and higher up speckle the dark pinegroves,—multitudes of little hamlets clinging to its sides, or hanging like swallows' nests from its rocky eaves. Everywhere, as one penetrates into the recesses of the mountain, or makes his way through its storm-gashed ravines, where cataracts leap and torrents twist and foam, by winding and broken paths clambering up from steep to steep to its snow-shining summits, each sudden turn of the road, each glimpse into the branching glens,

brings into view new villages, dropped about here and there in green retreats, and slumbering through long blue summers in their mellowing orchards and mulberry groves to the drowsy murmur of woodland waterfalls, like nooks of Paradise shut out from the world.

From the highest point, which perhaps one has gained on a journey from Damascus and Baalbec to the Cedar Forest, the prospect is one of surpassing grandeur. All at once the mountains sink and fall away to a giddy depth beneath—a maze of furrowed ridges, surging, like the waves of a frozen sea, through a veil of warm blue vapour; old castles and convents perched on islanded heights; villages everywhere clustering on the terraced steepes; at your feet the venerable cedar wood dwindled to a thicket of shrubs; and away in the distance the hazy gleam of the Mediterranean waters. One is reminded of the paradise of Kubla Khan, that gorgeous dream of Coleridge:—

"There were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Infolding sunny spots of greenery."

It is not for the multitude of its cedars that Lebanon is now renowned, but the spot where stand the last surviving relics of the forests that once clothed its sides will always be a haunt of pilgrimage. The wood contains about three hundred cedars, of which fifty trees, twisted by the storms and scarred by the tempests of centuries, may challenge special admiration. On a mound in the centre stands the patriarch of the grove, nine feet in diameter, spreading his ponderous arms, each a tree in itself, over the heads of the many generations that have grown up below.

A little chapel has been built on the spot, where a Maronite monk celebrates mass to the pilgrims; but the place itself, withdrawn in this deep recess of the mountains, enclosed with marble walls of snow, lying inviolate in its sombre shadows and cloistered stillness, is Lebanon's true temple,—“a building of God, an house not made with hands.” The solemn murmur and vibration of the

mountain wind in the roofing branches seems set to the music of the old Hebrew psalm: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted."

The rich luxuriance which was the ancient glory of the mountain has not departed from it. With swift bright rivulets dashing everywhere over its rocks, and lying in deep clear pools in its woody ravines, it is not only fruitful in itself, but the source of fruitfulness to the thirsty lands around it. The snows of Lebanon fill the blue veins of Abana and Pharpar with those crystal waters which give perpetual verdure to the gardens of Damascus.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the wonderful union of mountain grandeur with beauty of site and richness of culture better seen than near the Christian village of Eden, described in glowing terms by all who have visited it. It stands on the brink of a gorge nearly two thousand feet in depth, its houses of hewn stone scattered under the shade of walnut trees, every slope and terrace waving with cornfields and vineyards, and groves of mulberry and poplar. The chime of bells, so seldom heard in the East, awakens a peculiar emotion when ringing the hour of prayer in these Christian villages.

Not here alone, but wherever one may wander over the sunny hills and valleys into which the romantic region of "the Lebanon" is cloven, will he find himself in presence of a living picture of ancient times and ever-fresh associations. He will find the venerable mountain encrusted with a rich and sacred symbolism. The waving of its golden harvests will speak to him of "an handful of corn on the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." Its vineyards purpling in the clear heat of summer, the mellow fruitage of its loaded orchards, the brilliant colours of its wayside flowers, the sweetness of its odorous thickets and beds of thyme, the balsamic fragrance of its cedars, will give more vivid force to holy words which have rung from childhood through the memory: "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as



Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon."

Stability, fragrance, fruitfulness, types of the highest graces that beautify and exalt the life of man, dwell in pure and endless companionship beneath the cedars of Lebanon.

J. D. BURNS.

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### THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.

THE Plain of Esdraelon stretches in a broken oblong between the mountains of Samaria and those of Galilee, at its widest part a summer day's journey across. The long rocky range which terminates in Carmel severs it from the sandy plain of Sharon on the coast; a low spur from the hills of Galilee shuts it in from the northern plain of Tyre; and on the east it opens out into three great branches, which lie like bays of verdure between the mountains of Gilboa, Little Hermon, and Tabor. The central offshoot of the three slopes down to the sunken channel of the Jordan, and from the ancient village that stood at its opening, was called the "Valley of Jezreel,"—a name which has come to be applied to the whole plain in its Greek form of "Esdraelon."

The chief renown of this singular region is derived from its having been the great battle-field of Jewish history. But its fame in this respect is not confined to the times when Israel was a nation. The invading armies that have so often since swept over the sacred plains of Palestine, have fought their decisive battles on that wide area, as within lists fenced off and levelled by the hand of Nature. The Roman eagle and the Moslem crescent, the lances of Latin chivalry and the bayonets of Napoleon's grenadiers, have flashed in the Syrian sun-light on these barren slopes. The best blood of the earth's ruling races has drenched many an acre of Esdraelon like a heavy dew. Nor have many years gone by when the roving Bedouin on the foray might have heard the dull echo of the British guns, that shook

the sea-ward wall of Acre, rolling on the wind like a thunder in Carmel.

When covered with its ancient woods, and well watered throughout, it must have been like the great forest-garden of Damascus. On one of its happiest sites, amidst scenes of pastoral sweetness and beauty, stands Jezreel, where the summer-palace of Ahab, amidst its embowering groves and gardens, cast its shadow over the vineyard of Naboth. The smoke of Elijah's sacrifice on Carmel might have been seen from its walls; and along the smoking leagues of highway the form of the prophet was seen speeding through the wind and rain before the chariot of Ahab. The royal roads which once traversed the plain, along which war-chariots rattled, and Jehu "drove furiously," have disappeared, and the travellers walk through by-ways. Only a small part of the plain is cultivated, but the returns are prodigious. Wide tracts of the richest corn-land wave with golden fruitage, side by side with the bright green fields of millet, and an occasional tuft of olive-trees. The slanting palm, like a landmark, shows where, here and there, some mud-walled village lies. "The very weeds are a sign of what, in better hands, the vast plain might become." Nowhere are there seen more luxuriant crops of thistles bristling in tall, deep jungles, and bearing twelve or eighteen splendid heads on a single stem,—

"Glossy purples, which outtred  
All voluptuous garden roses."

After the warm rains of early summer, the virgin soil spends its vigour in a matchless wealth of blossom, and fragrance, and colour. It is sheeted with the mingled blooms of iris, and lily, and asphodel, like a brilliant mosaic, and the small bells of the red anemone, sprinkled like blood-drops among the grass.

The dust and shout of battle, the splendour of princely pageants, the stir and hum of a busy life, have passed away from Esdraelon, but this glory of the flowers outlives the regal pomp of Solomon. The rocky frame-work of the wondrous drama of human life and passion that was acted here, remains, when the actors have vanished. And still—as if it were a voice from the old time before us, to

remind us of the truth and power of God, here so often displayed—we may hear the low, unceasing murmur of “that ancient river, the river Kishon,” as it flows fast by Carmel to the sea.

J. D. BURNS.

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### DAMASCUS AND LONDON.

DAMASCUS is one of the greatest and most truly oriental cities in the world; let us, therefore, for our amusement and instruction, *compare it in its general external features with London*. In this way we may, perhaps, be able to get a clear idea of an oriental city.

From the dome of St. Paul's you behold London lying before and around, like a wide, waving, endless sea of slates, tiles, houses, churches, spires and monuments of all kinds. The eye is relieved with the heights and the hollows, the great and the little, the lowly lanes and the heaven-pointing spires. In Damascus the scene is very different: there is much less variety; no spires, but multitudes of domes upon the mosques, and baths surmounted by little minarets. The houses are all flat-roofed, and the hue of the whole is a dim ash colour. A stillness like that of the dead reigns over the whole scene, and the city, surrounded with its celebrated and evergreen gardens, suggests the idea of a ship sailing away through an ocean of verdure. Dun walls, flat roofs, domes and minarets, the stillness of death and the verdure of paradise, make up the elements of this most charming oriental scene. Tradition tells that Mohammed refused to enter the city, saying, “As there is only one paradise allotted to man, I shall reserve mine for the future world.”

London and most large western cities are very often surmounted by clouds of smoke, owing to the coldness of the climate and the great consumption of coal. The sky over Damascus appears as bright and serene as elsewhere. The climate renders, for the greater part of the year, little or no fire necessary; and the little that is used is not from coal, but wood or charcoal. The rooms have neither chimneys nor fire-places, and, except for the preparation of the supper, fire is rarely required during the course of the

day. Hence the oriental city is not encircled with a graceful wreath of smoke, to remind you either of an ungenial clime or of the progress of mechanical genius.

But approach the city. All seems very still and quiet. Is it an enchanted capital, whose inhabitants have been turned into stone or brass? No; but the streets are not paved; there are no wheel-carriages of any kind; the shoes, more like foot-gloves than shoes, have no nails; no cotton-mills lift up their voice in the streets; all those noisy triumphs of mechanical genius, in the way of forging, spinning, weaving, beetling, which are so frequent among us, are unknown in Damascus. The Easterns hold on their old course steadily, and yield to no seductions of novelty: the water-pump was invented in Alexandria, but the inhabitants prefer the ancient well and bucket. But if the ear is not saluted with the roar and turbulence of mills, forges, and mechanical operations, Damascus has its own peculiar sounds, not less various and interesting in their way. The streets are filled with innumerable dogs, lean, lazy, and hungry-like; mules, donkeys, camels, dromedaries, &c., meet and mingle in those narrow streets, and impress both the eye and the ear of the traveller with a pure and perfect idea of Orientalism.

Our British cities spread out, as it were indefinitely, into the country, in the way of parks, gardens, summer-houses, gentlemen's seats, and smiling villages. It is not so in the East. The city is within the walls, and all without is garden as at Damascus, or desert as at Jerusalem. Single houses are, in any country, the proof of the supremacy of law as well as of the respectability and independence of labour. Life and property have not attained perfect security in the East; a pistol, or rather a musket, was presented at my breast, within half a mile of Damascus, in broad daylight. These noble gardens have no inhabitants, nor do any fine cottages, tasteful houses, or princely palaces, adorn this fertile region. Within the city you are safe;—without are dogs (Rev. xxii. 15), insecurity of property, and the liability of being shot. The whole population, therefore, live either in cities or in villages, except in such regions as Beyrout, where European influence and power

prevail. There you have gardens and single houses, much after the English fashion.

But place a Damascene at Charing Cross, or Cheapside, and what do you think would amaze him most? The number of vehicles, undoubtedly. He would say, 'When will this stream of cars, cabs, coaches, carriages, omnibuses of every shape and size, have an end? Are the people mad? Can they not take their time?' But had the oriental nations of antiquity no wheel-carriages? They had; the Jews and the Egyptians had them, the Greeks and the Romans had them, and perhaps they may exist in some parts of the East to the present time. Here in Damascus there are none. The streets are not formed for them. The horses are trained only for riding. There are no common, levelled, and well-ordered public roads. Our fathers used no coaches; they preferred the more manly exercise of horsemanship, and yielded the soft, effeminate luxury of the coach to the ladies. *Whirlicotes* were used in England in 1398, for the mother of Richard II. used one in fleeing from the rebellious people. They were afterwards disused, as effeminate and unnational, until, in 1580, the Earl of Arundale introduced the *spring-coach* from Germany or France, which speedily became popular with the nobility. In 1601 they were forbidden by the Parliament, as effeminate; yet, in defiance of all legislation, they were common enough in the city of London in 1605. In the year 1625 hackney coaches were established and licensed; and in 1778 the number of coaches in England was twenty-three thousand, which paid £117,000 duty. The origin of the easy suspension, or spring-coach, is ascribed to Hungary, and the post-chaise we owe to France. In London there are now about nine hundred omnibuses, each of which takes about £1000 annually. Such is the present state of coaching with us. How different is Damascus! and how different must the aspect of the streets appear!

With us, the city is laid out in streets, squares, crescents, royal circuits, and such-like devices of beauty and regularity. This is the case particularly in the west ends and newer parts of our cities and towns. There is nothing of this in Damascus, or any of the

eastern cities that I have seen ; squares, crescents, and circuits are unknown. The streets are extremely irregular, crooked, winding, and narrow ; which seems to arise out of the anxiety to find a protection from the sun. In the narrower streets, where the houses are high, the sun's rays are effectually excluded ; and in the wider ones, where this is not attainable, the numerous windings and angles afford salient points where the passenger may for a moment or two enjoy the shade. This may appear trifling, but I have often found the heat of the solar rays so intense and unendurable that even the sun-burnt Bedouin, the children of the desert, were glad of the least passing shade, the least momentary shelter, from the intolerable heat. In the bazaars of Damascus, on the contrary, the streets or avenues are laid out with the greatest regularity, and as straight as possible. In the heat of the day these are nearly deserted ; business is at a stand ; the merchant is reclining with the pipe in his mouth, in a state of semi-somnolency, in which the influence of opium or the odour of the redolent weed has carried the fertile imagination into the regions of celestial ease, where the blue-eyed houries make a paradise more pleasing than even Demesk il Sham. Awnings are sometimes erected to protect these bazaars from the sun ; vines, too, are in some places so trained as to form over your head an agreeable defence ; and always and everywhere, in these dog-days, ices, sherbets, and draughts of cooling water, are present for your acceptance at a very moderate price.

In an Eastern city you have no prospect. With us you can see a considerable way along the streets. \*In Damascus you feel absolutely isolated ; the streets are so narrow and crooked that at the most you can rarely see a perch before you, and nothing that does meet the eye in the way of buildings has the least attraction. Irregularity in style and clumsiness of execution, combined with the absence of fine doors, all windows, everything in the shape of fronts, railings, ornaments, &c., make the impression in that respect very disagreeable. In our streets we are pleased with large houses, fine rows of large windows, tastefully arranged doors and entrances ;—everything seems to convey the

idea of order, attention, cleanliness, combined with the possession of wealth and the consciousness that it is our own. We conceal nothing, for we have no motive to conceal. Our house is our palace, and though the winds may whistle through our dilapidated halls, the king himself dare not enter without our permission. Freedom has increased our property, and our wealth has enhanced the value of our freedom. Our temptation is not to concealment, but to ostentation and unnecessary display. This tendency or temptation among us stands in connection with our character as a highly civilized and commercial nation. Great transactions cannot be carried on without credit, and credit is necessarily based on the belief of wealth; so that very often, where there may be little real property, it may be most desirable that there should be the appearance of it. This principle of display, our system of banking, our mercantile character, and our adherence to truth in our dealings with one another, are all most closely interwoven; and, in connection with religious and political liberty, act and re-act reciprocally upon each other, and influence very considerably the national tastes. The mean, low door in Damascus, tells you of tyranny, concealment, and the want of confidence in public justice. Misery without and splendour within is a principle which befits a land where paper is just paper, whatever name it bears; where gold is the only circulating medium; where a man's own house is his bank; and where the suspicion of being rich may make him a prey to the rapacity of the Government. On the contrary, the noble streets, squares, crescents, &c., of our modern cities, are clear indications, not only of great wealth and power, but also of something far dearer and nobler—namely, that *confidence in one another*, formed by myriads of concurring circumstances, of which Christianity is one of the mightiest, and out of which flow most of the blessings of European civilization and free political institutions.

But what is the use of that stone by the door-post? These stones are the steps from which ladies mount their donkeys, mules, and horses. Nor should you think this strange. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Paris presented these mounting-

stones at all the angles of the streets, and other convenient places. At Frankfort there was a certain gate at which these conveniences were prepared for the emperor and the magnates of the German Diet; and I have no doubt that, in the days of feudality and knightly glory, London was not behind its neighbours in this respect.

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## DAMASCUS AND LONDON.

(Continued.)

Our cities are filled and ornamented with hotels, coffee-houses, gin-palaces, hospitals, workhouses, prisons, and such like conspicuous buildings. Generally speaking, there are none of these in the East. Hospitals and institutions for the sick and the poor were the offspring of Christianity, and are, I am inclined to think, peculiar to Christian lands.

There are few prisons in the East, and these are very wretched. Imprisonment as a *punishment* is little practised, and is altogether unsuited to the Mohammedan law and mode of thinking. Life is not so sacred as with us. It is urged that if a man deserves to be confined as a dangerous member of society, he deserves to die; society will never miss him, and some expense will be spared: "Off with his head;—so much for Buckingham." Hence in Damascus, and the East generally, people are not liable to the reproach which is sometimes brought against us—that the best house in the country is the jail. Besides, in the East, punishment follows crime instantaneously. The judge, the mufti, the prisoner, and the executioner, are all in the court at the same time. As soon as the sentence is delivered, the back is made bare, the donkey is ready, (for perjury, in Damascus the man rides through the city with his face to the tail), or the head falls, according to the crime, in the presence of all the people. Awful severity, and the rapidity of the lightning, are the principles of their laws; nor do they deem it necessary to make the exact and minute distinctions of crime that we do. The



object is to prevent crime, and this is most effectually done by the principle of terror and the certainty of immediate punishment. A certain baker in Constantinople used false weights in selling his bread: the Sultan ordered him to be roasted alive in his own oven, and afterwards boasted that this one act of severity had effectually prevented all similar crimes. Here you see the principle of government in the East;—it is nothing but terror or religious fanaticism.

As to coffee-houses, there are plenty of them in Damascus; but they can hardly be called houses, much less palaces: they are open courts with fountains of water, sheltered from the sun; and in many cases have little stools, some six inches high, on which, if you do not prefer the ground, you can rest while you enjoy your sherbet, coffee, and tobacco. Pipes, nargilies (water pipes), ices, eau sucré, sherbets, and fruits of all kinds, are in abundance, and for the lowest possible price. These *caffés* are very quiet: there is no excitement, no reading of newspapers, no discussion of politics and religion, nor fiery demagogue nor popular orator to mislead the people; no Attic wit provokes the smile, and no bold repartee calls forth applauding laughter on the other side. But yet they have their own amusements, and they play earnestly both at games of chance and games of skill. The traveller tells his escapes and dangers to an admiring little circle; the story-teller repeats one of the "Thousand and One Nights" to a wondering audience; and if memory fails, the imagination, fertile as an oriental spring, supplies its boundless stores. Fancy with us is something brilliant and beautiful, from its rare appearance; it shows bright spots on the dark ground of discourse, and reveals here and there golden tints and rosy hues; it coruscates like flashes of lightning, and is pleasing mainly because it is a twinkling and not a steady light. Here the Easterns differ from us entirely. Their stories, tales, and wonders, are of the true supernatural style, and imagination holds its steady flight, disregarding all impediments and all improbabilities whatever: cities are turned into lakes, lakes into islands, men, women, and whole populations are enchanted with infinite ease, and again disenchanted by the

adroitness of some black-eyed maiden. In one retired corner of a coffee-house in Damascus you may find more imagination than in the writings of Edmund Burke; and yet the two forms of imagination are as different as the east is from the west.

We have in the East great khans, but they bear little relation to our hotels. *Ring, eat, and pay*, is not the law in the East; they have no bells in Damascus, nor even the silver call or whistle which our grandmothers used in England. Bells in churches and in houses are alike an abomination to the Moslems; and the Maronites alone, by permission of the Government, have a right to use them. The khan in Damascus is a large circular building, surmounted by a noble dome, in which the great merchants have their goods and wares of all kinds; in which the traveller can find a resting-place for himself and his camels, and water from the central fountain;—but there are no tables spread for the travellers, and no beds ready made for the weary pilgrims; you must find your dinner as you best can, make your own bed, and when you rise take it up, and walk. The Khan Assad Pasha (built by that governor), is, however, a very noble building, and excites not a little astonishment among the Orientals; though M. Lamartine's rhetoric is highly exaggerated. The khans on the public roads are merely enclosures, where you can find shelter for the night and water for your camels. I passed a night in the khan at Demas, in which we found sheep, hens, ducks, men, women, and children, all sleeping *comfortably* together on the common floor; and when the ladies seemed alarmed at such inmates of the hotel, the woman of the khan assured us that the sheep were very *quiet*, and would not injure us—which indeed we found to be quite true. The door remained open the whole night, the dogs were attracted by our provisions, and the myriads of insects of all kinds, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, which attacked us without intermission, rendered that night one of the most memorable in our lives. . . . .

In European cities your attention is arrested by book-shops, pictures, placards, caricatures, &c.; now in Damascus we have nothing of the sort. Among the Jews you may find a few miser-

able stalls, from which you may pick up an old copy of the Talmud, or some old rabbinical prayer-book. The old sheikh who sold me the Koran, laid his hand upon his neck, and told me to be silent, for were it known that he had done so, he might lose his head. In the schools they are taught only to read the Koran, and to master the simplest elements of arithmetic and writing. Men of letters there are at present none, and the highest of their sciences is the knowledge of grammar. When I lived in Damascus, some wit (the first thing of the kind known) uttered a pun or squib, reflecting on the corpulency of the pasha, and he was banished for it! The old observation of the caliph, as he fired the Alexandrine library, holds true in the East still—"If the books agree with the Koran, they are useless; if they oppose it, they are noxious; and in both cases they are unnecessary."

The Christians are poor and oppressed, especially the Greek Church in Syria, and their literature is meagre and unimportant. . . . . The American missionaries have, during the last quarter of a century and more, been distributing religious books, and inspiring a taste for reading and inquiry; and their noble printing establishment at Beyrout produces its rich literary harvest every year. . . . .

'But has not Damascus one hundred thousand inhabitants?' says the traveller. 'Where are their newspapers, spreading light and knowledge through a portion of the sixty millions who use the noble Arabic language? Take me to the office of some Oriental *Sun*, *Times*, *Globe*, or *Morning Chronicle*.'—There is no such thing. Even in Constantinople there is only one newspaper, and the one half of it is in Turkish, and the other in French. Tyranny and superstition, like two monstrous mill-stones, rest upon and compress the energies of the oriental nations; even Greece, the fountain of science and literary and mental activity, was for a time blotted from the rank of nations, and the inquisitive character of its people all but annihilated by the stern rule of the Turks. . . . .

But there is another great difference between the general appearance of London and of Damascus, namely, in the eastern

city you see not the bright, joyous countenance of woman—she is deeply veiled: in Egypt she is enveloped from head to foot in a dark, and in Syria in a white sheet, which effectually obliterates all traces of shape, absolutely equalizes to the eye all ranks, ages, and conditions, and suggests to the beholder the idea of a company of ghosts. . . . Conceive now how ludicrous the streets of London would appear, if green, white, black, and gray turbans moved indiscriminately, instead of the present hats; and that all the ladies walking, or on donkeys, instead of the present varieties of showy dress, beautiful bonnets, and smiling faces, presented only the appearance of headless ghosts, clothed in white!

As to the *general motion and life*, the difference is immense between Damascus and a western city. Let us glance for a moment at two streets, and compare them:—

1. In Damascus there is more *openness and publicity*. The tradesmen of every kind work in the open bazaars; many of the merchants and artisans dine in public,—that is, eat their bread and oil, bread and honey, or bread and grapes, in the street where they work. All are smoking, without exception, in the intervals of business. Some are engaged in reading the Koran, swinging their bodies to and fro in the most earnest and violent manner. Some are sleeping calmly, with the long pipe in their mouth. There a butcher is killing a sheep, surrounded by a circle of hungry, expectant dogs. Yonder is a company engaged at a game of skill. Everything is done in the open air, and nothing seems to be concealed but the ladies.

2. In the eastern city there is much more *quiet*. Their manners are sober, formal, and stately; arising partly, I believe, from the famous and universal dogma of obedience. There is, indeed, hardly any other law. The subject, the slave, the wife, the son obeys: to hear is to obey. This principle of unhesitating, unquestioning obedience leads to quiet. There is no contradiction. . . . Nothing to talk about. There is nothing like politics. . . . public opinion, of course, for that is based upon . . . n, and determined, resolute will. This extraordinary enmity of demeanour may arise partly, also, from a

sense of danger. Every man has arms, and has the right both of wearing and using them: and no man makes a journey, be it only to a neighbouring village, without sword and pistols. Now this tends to quiet, earnest, solemn manners. If a scuffle takes place, it is not a black eye, or a bloody face that is the result, but the certain death of some of the parties; and hence they are taught the principle of self-restraint and moral control. . . . .

3. The Arabs, and Orientals in general, sit much more than we do. The tradesmen all sit at their work; the smith, the carpenter, and the merchant, the butcher, the joiner, and the spice-monger, sit quietly and transact their business. They sit as tailors do, cross-legged, but with the feet doubled in beneath them. They sit on their feet, and maintain that such is the most natural and easy position. They seem to have no pleasure in motion: no man goes out to take a walk; no man moves for the sake of exercise. They go out, as they say, to *smell the air*, by some spreading tree or fountain of water. And yet they are capable of enduring great and long-continued labour. Abu Mausur travelled with us nearly forty days, riding at the rate of from six to eighteen hours a day; and yet, though never upon a horse, he was always with us at the requisite time and place. He performed the journey on foot and was rarely far behind.

Take, then, these things together, and you will easily perceive that in the city of Damascus everything is still and calm as the unclouded sky and the balmy air. The hoof of the camel falls noiselessly on the unpaved street; the sheep-skin foot-gloves of the Damascenes make no sound; and all the movements, both of men and animals, are slow and solemn. Here, then, are some of the principal *differences* between an eastern and a western city, as seen in general, and as they would strike the eye of the beholder; and we are, therefore, now prepared to enter the city.

REV. DR. GRAHAM.

## BASHAN AND ITS GIANT CITIES.

BASHAN is the land of sacred romance. From the remotest historic period down to our own day there has ever been something of mystery and of strange wild interest connected with that old kingdom. In the memorable raid of the Arab chiefs of Mesopotamia into Eastern and Central Palestine, we read that the "Rephaim in Ashteroth-karnaim" bore the first brunt of the onset. The *Rephaim*, that is, "the giants," for such is the meaning of the name,—men of stature, beside whom the Jewish spies said long afterwards that they were as grasshoppers. These were the aboriginal inhabitants of Bashan, and probably of the greater part of Canaan. Most of them died out, or were exterminated, at a very early period; but a few remarkable specimens of the race—such as Goliath, and Sippai, and Lahmi—were the terror of the Israelites, and the champions of their foes, as late as the time of David;—and, strange to say, traditionary memorials of these primeval giants exist even now, in almost every section of Palestine, in the form of graves of enormous dimensions.

We shall presently see, if my reader will accompany me, that the cities built and occupied forty centuries ago by these old giants exist even yet! I have traversed their streets; I have opened the doors of their houses; and I have slept peacefully in their long-deserted halls.

"But how," you ask me, "can we account for the preservation of ordinary dwellings in a land of ruins? If one of our modern English cities were deserted for a millennium, there would scarcely be a fragment of a wall standing."—The reply is easy enough. The houses of Bashan are not ordinary houses. Their walls are from five to eight feet thick, built of large square blocks of basalt; the roofs are formed of slabs of the same material, hewn like planks, and reaching from wall to wall; the very doors and window-shutters are of stone, hung upon pivots projecting above and below.

Some of these ancient cities have from two to five hundred houses still perfect, but not a man to dwell in them.

On one occasion, from the battlements of the castle of Salcah, I counted thirty towns and villages, dotting the surface of the vast plain, many of them almost as perfect as when they were built, and yet for more than five centuries there has not been a single inhabitant in one of them!

BETH-GAMUL.—From a high square tower I saw that the city of Bozrah was in ancient times connected by a series of great highways with the leading cities and districts in Bashan and Arabia. They diverge from the city in straight lines; and my eye followed one after another till it disappeared in the far distance. Towns and villages appeared in every direction, thickly dotting the vast plain; a few of those to the north are inhabited, but all those southward have been deserted for centuries. I examined them long and carefully with my telescope, and their walls and houses appeared to be in even better preservation than those I had already visited. This has since been found to be the case, for my friend Mr. Cyril Graham visited them, penetrating this wild and dangerous country as far as Um el Jemâl, the Beth-gamul of Scripture, which I saw from Bozrah.

Beth-gamul is unquestionably one of the most remarkable places east of the Jordan. It is as large as Bozrah. It is surrounded by high walls, and contains many massive houses built of huge blocks of basalt; their roofs and doors, and even the gates of the city, being formed of the same material. Though deserted for many centuries, the houses, streets, walls, and gates are in as perfect preservation as if the city had been inhabited until within the last few years. It is curious to note the change that has taken place in the name. What the Hebrews called "*The house of the camel*," the Arabs now call "*The mother of the camel*."

"On reaching this city," says Mr. Graham, "I left my Arabs at one particular spot, and wandered about quite alone in the old streets of the town, entered one by one the old houses, went up stairs, visited the rooms, and, in short, made a careful examination of the whole place; but so perfect was every street, every house,

every room, that I almost fancied I was in a dream, wandering alone in this city of the dead, seeing all perfect, yet not hearing a sound. I don't wish to moralize too much, but one cannot help reflecting on a people once so great and so powerful, who, living in these houses of stone within their walled cities, must have thought themselves invincible; who had their palaces and their sculptures, and who, no doubt, claimed to be *the* great nation, as all Eastern nations have done; and that this people should have so passed away, that for so many centuries the country they inhabited has been reckoned as a desert, until some traveller from a distant land, curious to explore these regions, finds these old towns standing alone, and telling of a race long gone by, whose history is unknown, and whose very name is matter of dispute. Yet this very state of things is predicted by Jeremiah. Concerning this very country he says these very words: '*The cities thereof shall be desolate, without any to dwell therein;*' and the people (Moab) '*shall be destroyed from being a people.*'"

No less than *eleven* of the old cities which I saw from Salcah, lying between Bozrah and Beth-gamul, were visited by Mr. Graham. Their ramparts, their houses, their streets, their gates and doors, are nearly all perfect; and yet they are "*desolate, without man.*" This enterprising and daring traveller also made a long journey into the hitherto unexplored country east of the mountains of Bashan. There he found ancient cities, and roads, and vast numbers of inscriptions in unknown characters—but not a single inhabitant. The towns and villages east of the mountain range are all, without exception, deserted: the soil is uncultivated, and "*the highways lie waste.*" In the whole of those vast plains, north and south, east and west, DESOLATION reigns supreme. The cities, the highways, the vineyards, the fields, are all alike silent as the grave, except during the periodical migrations of the Bedawin, whose flocks, herds, and people eat, trample down, and waste all before them. The long predicted doom of Moab is now fulfilled: "*The spoiler shall come upon every city, and no city shall escape: the valley also shall perish, and the plain shall be destroyed, as the Lord hath spoken. Give wings unto Moab, that*



*it may flee and get away; for the cities thereof shall be desolate, without any to dwell therein."*

KERIOTH.—Among the cities in the plain of Moab upon which judgment is pronounced by Jeremiah, Kerioth occurs in connection with Beth-gamul and Bozrah; and here, on the side of the plain, only five miles distant from Bozrah, stands *Kureiyeh*, manifestly an Arabic form of the Hebrew Kerioth. Kerioth was reckoned one of the strongholds of the plain of Moab. Standing in the midst of wide-spread rock-fields, the passes through which could be easily defended; and encircled by massive ramparts, the remains of which are still there,—I saw, and every traveller can see, how applicable is Jeremiah's reference, and how strong this city must once have been. I could not but remark, too, while wandering through the streets and lanes, that the private houses bear the marks of the most remote antiquity. The few towers and fragments of temples, which inscriptions show to have been erected in the first centuries of the Christian era, are modern in comparison with the colossal walls and massive stone doors of the private houses. The simplicity of their style, their low roofs, the ponderous blocks of roughly hewn stone with which they are built, the great thickness of the walls, and the heavy slabs which form the ceilings,—all point to a period far earlier than the Roman age, and probably even antecedent to the conquest of the country by the Israelites.

Moses makes special mention of the strong cities of Bashan, and speaks of their high walls and gates. He tells us, too, in the same connection, that Bashan was called *the land of the giants* (or Rephaim); leaving us to conclude that the cities were built by giants. Now the houses of Kerioth and other towns in Bashan appear to be just such dwellings as a race of giants would build. The walls, the roofs, but especially the ponderous gates, doors, and bars, are in every way characteristic of a period when architecture was in its infancy, when giants were masons, and when strength and security were the grand requisites. I measured a door in Kerioth: it was nine feet high, four and a half feet wide, and ten inches thick,—one solid slab of stone. I saw the folding gates of another town in the mountains still

larger and heavier. Time produces little effect on such buildings as these. The heavy stone slabs of the roofs resting on the massive walls make the structure as firm as if built of solid masonry; and the black basalt used is almost as hard as iron. There can scarcely be a doubt, therefore, that these are the very cities erected and inhabited by the Rephaim, the aboriginal occupants of Bashan; and the language of Ritter appears to be true: "These buildings remain as eternal witnesses of the conquest of Bashan by Jehovah."

We have thus in Kerioth and its sister cities some of the most ancient houses of which the world can boast; and in looking at them, and wandering among them, and passing night after night in them, my mind was led away back to the time, now nearly four thousand years ago, when the kings of the east warred with the Rephaim in Ashteroth-karnaim, and with the Emim in the plain of Kiriathaim. Some of the houses in which I slept were most probably standing at the period of that invasion. How strange to occupy houses of which giants were the architects, and a race of giants the original owners! The temples and tombs of Upper Egypt are of great interest, as the works of one of the most enlightened nations of antiquity; the palaces of Nineveh are still more interesting, as the memorials of a great city which lay buried for two thousand years; but the massive houses of Kerioth scarcely yield in interest to either. They are antiquities of another kind. In size, they cannot vie with the temples of Karnac; in splendour, they do not approach the palaces of Khorsabad; yet they are the memorials of a race of giant warriors that has been extinct for more than three thousand years, and of which Og, king of Bashan, was one of the last representatives; and they are, I believe, the only specimens in the world of the ordinary private dwellings of remote antiquity. The monuments designed by the genius and reared by the wealth of imperial Rome are fast mouldering to ruin in this land—temples, palaces, tombs, fortresses, are all shattered, or prostrate in the dust; but the simple, massive houses of the Rephaim are in many cases perfect as if only completed yesterday.

J. L. PORTER.

## A JOURNEY TO PALMYRA.

IN the year 1691 a company of English merchants, resident in Aleppo, heard strange reports of the ruins of a magnificent city away in the centre of the Syrian desert. The reports reached them from various sources ;—from Baghdad traders, who had traversed the desert with their caravans ; from native peddlers and armourers who followed the footsteps of the wandering Bedawîn ; from Arab sheikhs who ruled the tribes and led the raids of the Anezeh and Beni Shemâl. One and all told the story of the great city. Such palaces and temples, such ranges of columns and heaps of ruins, such tombs and castles, such multitudes of inscriptions, and statues, and monuments the world had never seen as were there, grouped around the fountains and scattered over the desolate plain of Tadmor. The glowing descriptions were like a romance from Antar or a tale from the Arabian Nights.

"The ground,  
League beyond league, like one great cemetery,  
Is covered o'er with mouldering monuments ;  
And, let the living wander where they will,  
They cannot leave the footsteps of the dead."

Making every allowance for Oriental exaggeration, and the magic influence of Eastern fancy, the merchants thought there must be some foundation of fact—enough, at least, to repay the toil and expense of an expedition. It was a serious matter, in those days, to penetrate the desert ; it is a work of some difficulty and danger even yet : but an expedition was organized ; guides and guards were hired ; the pathless waste was traversed ; and the adventurous travellers were richly repaid, by the discovery of the long lost ruins of "*Tadmor in the wilderness*,"—the city founded by Solomon and ruled by Zenobia. In a few months all Europe resounded with the story of their adventures, and the glowing descriptions of the desert city.

For more than half a century the interesting narrative of the

Aleppo merchants was read with a kind of semi-scepticism. The leading facts were not questioned. None went so far as to doubt that the classic *Palmyra* had been discovered; but it was generally thought that the descriptions of the ruins were highly coloured, and that when other travellers should explore and describe them, uninfluenced by the excitement of a great discovery, by those feelings of romance which sometimes encircle as a halo the minds of antiquarian and geographical pioneers, the real, matter-of-fact character and state of the ancient city would become known.

In the year 1751 another celebrated expedition reached Palmyra. It was well organized, fully equipped, and the objects it aimed at were successfully accomplished. The expedition was planned and carried out by men who, from their great learning, classic tastes, and previous travels in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, were in every respect qualified satisfactorily to explore, delineate, and describe the city. They were supplied with the best books and instruments, and accompanied by an accomplished architect and draughtsman. They spent two weeks surveying, measuring, sketching, drawing plans, and copying inscriptions; and they returned across the desert with full portfolios, and a caravan of camels laden with marbles and works of art. The splendid folio which they afterwards published\* will give such as have not visited the city the best idea of its wonderful remains. This great work showed European scholars that the narrative of the Aleppo merchants, instead of being exaggerated, fell short of the truth.

In describing the ruins of Palmyra it would be almost impossible to exaggerate. There is nothing like them in the world. The sight of them from the adjoining hill-top is like a dream of fairy-land. True, there are in Athens and other cities of Greece single buildings chaster in style, and more perfect in execution, than any of which Palmyra can boast; there are also in Egypt and Syria structures of more colossal magnitude; but in no other spot in the world can we find such vast numbers of temples, palaces, colonnades, tombs and monuments, grouped together so as to be seen at a single glance.

\* "The Ruins of Palmyra, otherwise Tadmor in the Desert." London, 1753.

## THE ISHMAELITES.

My journey to Palmyra was somewhat adventurous. My whole party consisted of an English friend, an Arab sheikh, and a camel driver,—four men in all, mounted on three dromedaries. To attempt to go from Damascus to Tadmor, through a hundred miles of desert infested by prowling bandits and overrun by hostile Bedawin, with such an escort, may probably appear a little rash; and looking back upon it now, from the calm seclusion of my library, where the excitement and romance of Eastern travel find no place, I am inclined to think it was rash. It had these good effects, however:—it led me away from the ordinary and direct route; it brought me into close contact with a number of friendly tribes; it gave me large experience of genuine Arab hospitality; and it afforded me, besides, some very palpable, if not very pleasant, illustrations of the truth of the prophecy pronounced of old on Ishmael and his posterity: “He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man’s hand against him.”

It was the fifth morning of our journey, and the sheikh told us that by noon we should see the ruins of Tadmor.

For three whole days we had already marched through the desert; not, however, the desert of boyhood’s fancy,—a plain of drifting sand, blazing in the fierce sunbeams, and bounded by the circle of the horizon. This desert had more pleasing features. There were long ranges and clustering groups of mountains, presenting an agreeable variety of form and outline, and occasionally also of colour, though the general hue was that light gray, or yellowish white, so characteristic of the limestone strata of Syria. Here and there a bluff of dark red sandstone, or a dike of black trap, or a graceful cone of snow-white chalk, broke the uniformity. At one or two points I saw a singular combination of colours in the same peak,—white, red, pink, and black,—reminding one of the gorgeous hues of the cliffs of Edom. Between the mountains were long, winding vales, and deep, rugged glens, now in early spring all spangled with the bright red anemone and poppy and

gay convolvulus, intermixed with a few, a very few, tufts of green grass and green weeds. In all other respects it was a desert. Not a single house or sign of settled habitation was there; not a solitary patch of cultivated ground was anywhere to be seen; not a drop of water, in stream, fountain, well, or tank, did we ever meet with; not a tree or green shrub appeared on the sides of those bare, desolate hills. This is just such a region as the Old Testament writers would have called *Midbar* (the name usually given to the peninsula of Sinai and the "wilderness of wandering"),—a region devoid of cultivation and settled inhabitant, but affording good pasture for flocks and herds.

The desert was now all alive with the great tribe of the Anezeh, who claim its pastures as their own. Every few miles we came upon a little circlet of black tents pitched in some retired vale, or near some secret well; and when we saw the droves of camels covering the country for miles and miles, and the flocks of sheep and goats, we learned how the flocks and herds of Israel were fed during their forty years wandering in the *midbar* of Sinai.

Many strange and interesting traits of Arab life and law came under our notice. Whenever our path led us near an encampment, as was frequently the case, we always found some active sheikh, or venerable patriarch, sitting "in his tent door;" and as soon as we were within hail, we heard the earnest words of welcome and invitation, which the Old Testament Scriptures had rendered long ago familiar to us: "Stay, my lord, stay. Pass not on till thou hast eaten bread, and rested under thy servant's tent. Alight and remain until thy servant kill a kid and prepare a feast." Again and again were these invitations given and urged in such a way that we found it impossible to resist them. In fact, our progress was seriously delayed by this truly patriarchal hospitality; and more than once or twice we were witnesses of the almost inconceivable rapidity with which the kid was killed, prepared, and served up with "butter and milk," after the manner of Abraham's feast at Mamre.

Another trait of desert life we also noticed. On several occasions we suddenly and unexpectedly found ourselves close to a

solitary tent or small encampment whose occupants were unknown to our leader, and suspected to be enemies of his tribe. We were then told to muffle up our faces, drive our dromedaries quickly up to the tent door and dismount. We were thus safe. Arab law made the master of the tent responsible for our lives and our entertainment. On such occasions not a word was spoken till we were seated within the tent; and not a question was ever asked, during the whole time we remained, as to who we were, whence we had come, or whither we were going. A similar trait of the Scottish Highlanders is beautifully illustrated by Scott in the "Lady of the Lake:"—

"Meet welcome to her guest she made,  
And every courteous rite was paid  
That hospitality could claim,  
Though all unasked his birth and name.  
Such then the reverence to a guest,  
That fellest foe might join the feast,  
And from his deadliest foeman's door  
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er."

It was, doubtless, such hospitality that Job boasted of when he said: "The stranger did not lodge in the street; I opened my doors to the traveller."

It was, as I said, the fifth morning of our journey. We were up before the dawn, and the first gray streak of the new day was just visible along the eastern horizon as we mounted our dromedaries and rode off. The camp where we had spent the night lay in a broad valley, shut in on the north and south by steep ranges of naked limestone, but opening on the east, at the distance of a few miles, to a boundless plain. Our leader went straight to the northern ridge. Up it we scrambled, by a track so steep, so rugged, and in places so narrow, that I often feared the dromedaries would topple over and dash us to pieces on the rocks far below. From the summit we had a commanding view. In front a broad plain, bare and gray, bounded on the north by a line of rocky mountains almost perfectly white. Behind us another plain, green with the grass of spring, and thickly studded with the black tents of Bedawin.

We now turned eastward and descended diagonally into a plain

so barren and desolate that we had never seen anything like it before. Its whole surface was covered with small fragments of white limestone, mixed with pieces of dark-coloured flint. The sky was still, as it had been for three days, without a cloud; and the sunbeams fell on that parched desert like streams of liquid fire. The skin of our faces and lips shrivelled and cracked with the heat; our eyes could with difficulty endure the intense glare; and, like Jacob, "the drought consumed us," for the water was exhausted in our bottles. On we pressed with sweeping step and ship-like motion, in perfect silence, our very dromedaries appearing to feel that this was a region to be traversed with all possible despatch.

Suddenly, on emerging from a little glen, a scene of rare beauty burst upon our view, taking us completely by surprise. A lake appeared in front, its margin fringed with shrubs and tall reeds; here and there an islet varied its surface, covered with dwarf palms, whose graceful feathery branches bent down to the glassy waters. Away along its further shore sped a solitary Arab on a dromedary;—now marching double, the man and the shadow; now raising the glittering spray as the animal's feet dipped lightly in the margin of the lake. It was a fairy scene, looking all the more enchanting from contrast with the utter barrenness of the surrounding plain.

Again we dipped into a glen that crossed our path. We pressed up the further side; we looked all round. The lake was gone! It was the mirage! The solitary Arab on his fleet dromedary swept past us; and so great was our surprise that we were prepared to see him vanish too.

Swiftly and cautiously the sheikh led us along the base of the mountains, which rose up far overhead, here in long, gravelly slopes, and there in frowning precipices capped by great masses of projecting rock, which seemed as if an infant's touch would hurl them down upon our heads. We surmounted a rocky spur and the sheikh paused. "Look!" he exclaimed, pointing to a narrow opening in the low line of hills which crossed the plain in front. We saw a castle crowning a conical peak; we saw tall slender



towers on the slopes, and in the bottom of the pass below. "That is Tadmor. *Yallah!*"

But the next moment two wild Arab horsemen reined up their panting steeds within pistol shot. They spoke not a word. They gave not a sign. One of them, after taking a rapid glance at our party, wheeled his horse and went off at full gallop across the plain. The other remained, motionless as a statue, leaning upon his long lance. Our chief was silent. He seemed almost paralyzed. His dromedary wandered about at will cropping the dry weeds. Something was wrong, we knew not well what. We were not left long in suspense. A cloud of dust appeared approaching us across the plain. It opened, and we saw a troop of some forty or fifty horsemen charging us at full speed. The next moment a score of glittering lances were brandished fiercely round our heads. Resistance would have been worse than useless. We were prisoners.

We were led off across the plain for some two miles, and we then met the whole tribe of our captors on the march. It was a strangely interesting sight. Far as the eye could see, the plain was covered with countless droves of camels, and flocks of sheep, and horsemen, and dromedaries laden with tents and all manner of furniture and utensils. The sheikh, who happened to have my animal by the halter, stuck his spear in the ground and dismounted. It was the signal for encamping. In a moment the tents were on the ground, and hundreds of women wielding the heavy mallets with which they drive in the large iron tent-pins. This is always their work, and they do it with singular dexterity. Looking at them, I could not but remember Jael: "She put her hand to the *tent-pin* (the Hebrew word translated 'nail' is the very same as the Arabic name for 'tent-pin'), her right hand to the hammer of the workers; she hammered Sisera and smote his head, she beat and pierced his temples."

We had other illustrations of the same tragic story when the tents were pitched. We were thirsty, and they brought us milk fresh from the camel. Then they set before us a huge metal dish of *leben* ("sour curds"): "Blessed above women shall Jael the

wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. *Water he asked, milk she gave him. In a lordly dish she set curds before him.*"

"TADMOR IN THE WILDERNESS."

At first our prospects in our desert prison looked gloomy enough. A large ransom was demanded. Uncomfortable threats were thrown out when we curtly refused it. Gradually, however, our hopes brightened, and by noon the next day all was so satisfactorily arranged that our captors escorted us in grand style to Tadmor.

The first view of that classic city was strange and impressive, far beyond all our anticipations. We reached the pass through the low eastern ridge; we began the ascent of a rising ground that forms the crown of the pass. So far we saw nothing except the old castle overhead on the left, and a few tower-like tombs on the hill-sides. The crest was gained at last, and then the whole site of the city burst upon our view!

Immediately before us lay a white plain, some three or four miles in circuit, entirely covered, and in many places heaped up, with ruins. Through the centre ran a Corinthian colonnade. Away beyond it, on the east, rose the great Temple of the Sun, itself almost a city for magnitude. To the right and left, in endless variety, were scattered groups of columns, and single monumental pillars; while everywhere the ground was thickly strewn with broken shafts and great shapeless piles of ruins—all white and glistening in the bright sunlight. Such a sight no eye ever saw elsewhere.

"——Temples, palaces, a wondrous dream,  
That passes not away, for many a league  
Illumine yet the desert."

All, too, was desolate. Like bleached bones on a long neglected battle-field those ruins lie, lonely and forsaken.

On the southern side of the city a tiny stream flows from a chasm in the mountain side, and winds eastward fringed with grass and tender foliage, until it ends in a circlet of gardens the

brilliant verdure of whose orchards and palm-groves contrasts beautifully with the intense whiteness of the ruins and of the boundless plain beyond. Palmyra was a double oasis in the desert—an oasis of nature and of art, of physical richness and of architectural splendour.

The walls of Palmyra are now in ruins. In some places it is with difficulty one can even trace their foundations. Not a building within the city remains standing. A strong castle, situated on the summit of a steep conical peak, a short distance from the city, is also in ruins. On a calm bright evening during my stay I clambered up the hill, scaled the shattered battlements, and took my seat on the top of its highest tower. I can never forget that view. It is photographed on my memory in all its vast extent, in all its wild grandeur, in all its strange and terrible desolation. Westward, my eye roamed far away, through the long vista of a bare, white valley, to where the sun's last rays gilt the snow-capped summits of Lebanon. On the north and south were mountain ranges, which, though naked and barren, now exhibited a richness and delicacy of colouring never seen in the West. It was not that of green turf, nor of brown heath, nor of mottled and variegated foliage, nor of transparent blue tinted by the air of heaven. It was different from all these. The highest peaks and crags were tipped as with burnished gold. Beneath was a clear, silvery gray; which was shaded gradually into a deep, rich purple, in the glens and valleys. These soft and strange tints gave the mountains a dreamy, ethereal look, such as one sees on some of the wondrous pictures of Turner. On the east, a glowing horizon swept round a semicircle of unbroken, snow-white plain. At my feet, in the centre of all, lay the ruins of the desert city, magnificent even in their utter desolation.

#### HISTORY.

Solomon "built Tadmor in the wilderness." The question has been frequently asked, Why did Solomon build a city in the midst of the desert, so far distant from his own kingdom? The answer is easy to any one who knows the history of the period and the

geography of Bible lands. Solomon was a commercial monarch. One of his great aims was to make Palestine the centre of commercial enterprise. To secure a safe and easy route for the caravans that imported the treasures of India, Persia, and Mesopotamia, was of the first importance. Tadmor lies half way between the Euphrates and the borders of Syria. It contains the only copious fountain in that arid desert. Some halting-place was necessary; water was absolutely necessary: consequently, Palmyra was founded as a caravan station.

For a thousand years we hear no more of it. Then Pliny describes it as a large and powerful independent city. In the second century of our era it fell under the dominion of Rome, and to that age may be attributed most of its splendid monuments. When the Emperor Valerian was conquered and captured by the Persians, his unworthy son left him in the hands of the conquerors; but Odeinathus, a citizen of Palmyra, marched against them, defeated them, and took the whole province of Mesopotamia. The services thus rendered to Rome were considered so great that Odeinathus was associated in the empire with Gallienus. This brave man was poisoned at Emesa; but he bequeathed his power to a worthy successor—ZENOBIA, his widow. The names of Palmyra and Zenobia can never be dissociated. Unfortunately, ambition prompted her to usurp the high-sounding title, "Queen of the East." But Rome could brook no rival. Her army was defeated, her desert city laid in ashes, and she herself led in fetters to grace the victor's triumph. Poor Zenobia! she deserved a better fate. If common humanity could not prevent Roman citizens from thus exulting over a fallen foe, the memory of her husband's services might have saved her from the indignity of appearing before a mob in chains.

The period of Palmyra's glory was now past, and we have scarcely a notice in history of its decline and fall. At the present moment about fifty wretched hovels, built within the court of the Temple of the Sun, form the only representatives of the great city of Zenobia, and of "Tadmor in the wilderness."

J. L. PORTER.

**NINEVEH.**

TWENTY years ago, the name of Nineveh would have called up only the remembrance of an ancient city, great and princely in its time, but which had long since passed away. Our own times have seen its resurrection, after five and twenty centuries had heaped their dust over its grave; and its relics bear witness to the truth of that Word which liveth and endureth for ever.

Nineveh, the capital of the Assyrian empire, stood on the river Tigris, opposite the modern town of Mosul. Its foundation dates not long after the flood. Asshur, son of Shem, went forth from the land of Shinar, where Nimrod ruled at Babel, and built a rival city, the beginning of the kingdom called from him Assyria. After this, for 1500 years its name is not mentioned in Scripture. But all this time the city on the Tigris was slowly growing up into wealth, and power, and luxury. It reappears in the time of the second Jeroboam, B.C. 825. During the reign of this prince the prophet Jonah was sent to Nineveh, "that great city," on a ministry of judgment and repentance. At this time it was "an exceeding great city of three days' journey;" which would make it sixty miles in circuit, covering nearly twice as much ground as London. The number of inhabitants may be gathered from the statement that in it there were "more than 120,000 persons that could not discern between their right hand and their left." With this number of young children, the city must have contained 600,000 people. It may seem strange, that while Nineveh was about twice as large as London, the English capital should have nearly four times the number of inhabitants. There must have been large spaces of unoccupied ground within the walls, royal gardens and hunting-grounds, besides arable land and wide pastures, where "much cattle" were reared, to supply the population with food in case of siege. Very bright and joyous must the city have been in its days of glory. Its white buildings, and lofty towers, and terraced gardens were mirrored far along the Tigris. Its

brazen galleys rode proudly on the waters. Along its spacious streets, through lines of temples and palaces, its chariots rolled, and its armies marched from battle with long files of captives and heaps of glittering spoil.

The men of Nineveh "repented at the preaching of Jonas." The impending judgment was averted. But another king arose who knew not Jonas. Thirteen years after Jeroboam's death, Pul, or Phulukh, invaded Israel, and Menahem, its king, was obliged to buy him off. After this, the way from Nineveh to Samaria and Jerusalem was as straight as the path of the vulture to his prey. Ahaz rifled the Temple to bribe another of these grasping princes. When Hoshea, king of Israel, at last rebelled, Shalmaneser took Samaria, and carried the ten tribes into captivity. Nor did Judah long escape. In the fourteenth year of Hezekiah, Sennacherib marched into the land. The pious king was obliged to strip off the golden plates from the doors and pillars of the Temple, to pay a heavy tribute. Assyria was now "a lion with eagle's wings." But at this very time the prophet Nahum spoke "the burden of Nineveh:"—

"Woe to the city of blood!  
She is all full of falsehood and violence;  
The prey departeth not.  
Behold I am against thee, saith the Lord of hosts."

Sennacherib a second time invaded Judah. His armies encamped round Jerusalem, in sight of the Temple. Hezekiah had no resource but prayer. In a single night the hosts of Assyria were withered like the leaves of autumn, by the angel of the Lord. Their humbled king fled to Nineveh, to that palace at Kouyunjik opened within these few years to the light of day. Thither he had brought the spoils of the Temple; and on its walls we still see the eagle-headed Nisroch, the idol he was worshipping when slain by his own sons.

After these events, the name of Nineveh appears chiefly in the predictions which herald its fall. Its doom was fast approaching. We learn from Greek writers that the Medes and Persians besieged the city for two years. It held out till an inundation of the

Tigris made an immense breach in the wall. The king, in his despair, perished in the flames of a funeral-pile, which he had reared in the court of his palace. Each of these disasters had been exactly foretold. The traces of a vast conflagration are visible among the ruins. Its princely structures fell into crumbling heaps.

These huge shapeless mounds stood for centuries on the banks of the Tigris, but no one thought of the buried magnificence beneath them. By the labours, first of M. Botta, French consul at Mosul, and then of Mr. Layard, they have been partially excavated, and the results are well known. Nineveh has become the Pompeii of the East. We have proofs of the luxury of her princes, and the skill of her craftsmen, in the ornaments of bronze and ivory, the gems and vases, which are now in the British Museum. But more interesting still are the sculptures, which form her proudest monuments. Her annals were not written on parchment, but graven with an iron pen in the rock for ever. These gray slabs of alabaster were the tablets on which her chronicles were inscribed. There we view the battles, and sieges, and banquets of her kings,—we follow them to the chase, and enter the temples of their gods, and walk with them through their chambers of imagery. The arrow-head inscriptions which cover them have yielded up their secrets to the keen eye of our men of science. Colonel (now Sir Henry) Rawlinson, who has deciphered the account of Sennacherib's first campaign in Judea, says, "The agreement between the record of the sacred historian and the chronicle which I have copied, extends even to the number of the talents of gold and silver which were given as tribute."

The sculptures present many illustrations of Scripture. One is curious. A king drags captives after him, who appear to be Jews. They have rings in their lips, to which cords are attached, and are thus drawn onward by the conqueror. Now, Isaiah says to Sennacherib, in the name of God, "I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest." On another we see a city besieged. It stands on a lofty hill, with tombs at the foot of it. Near it is

a mountain planted with olive trees, and a stream flows through the valley between the hills. Such was the Assyrian picture of the siege of Jerusalem. Thus would the people of Nineveh gaze on the Jewish capital with the same interest with which we behold views of Sebastopol and the blood-washed Malakhoff and Redan.

We have in Nineveh a witness to the truth of prophecy risen from the dead. Who can doubt that God's own hand buried these speaking tablets in the earth, and kept them secure, till they were needed, in an age of doubt, to attest and seal the truth of His holy word? Nahum cried, "Woe to the bloody city!" and more than two millenniums later, "*The stone from the wall crieth out and the beam from the timber answereth it.*" J. D. BURNS.

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY.

|                                                            |                                                            |
|------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,          | And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,        |
| And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold,        | But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride; |
| And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,   | And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,         |
| When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.          | And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.            |
| Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,        | And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,               |
| That host with their banners at sunset were seen;          | With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;        |
| Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,      | And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,          |
| That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.           | The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.                  |
| For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,      | And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;            |
| And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;          | And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;             |
| And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,       | And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,      |
| And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever were still. | Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!           |

BYRON.



**CONSTANTINOPLE.**

THE great capitals of the world and supreme seats of commerce had hitherto followed the course of the sun. Babylon, Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Rome, had been each in succession a degree nearer to the west. But when the Gothic hordes poured down on the sunny lands whose shores are washed by the Mediterranean, a re-action set in. Commerce, civilization recoiled, and the seat of the predominant monarchy was transferred from Rome to Constantinople.

The Greeks, with wise discrimination, founded the colony of Byzantium on a point of land where Europe and Asia met, commanding an important sea in each continent, provided with spacious and convenient ports, accessible on all sides to commercial intercourse, and secure in its natural defences. A city thus situated, however humble its origin, would be sure, in any case, to rise to wealth and influence; but its elevation was of course greatly accelerated, and its dignity enhanced, when Constantine chose it as the metropolis of the Roman Empire.

In this selection the Emperor professed to have received divine guidance. He dreamed, one night, that the tutelar genius of Byzantium—a venerable matron, sinking under the weight of years and infirmities—was suddenly transformed into a blooming maid, and that she received from his own hands the symbols of imperial greatness. Constantine accepted the omen, and decreed the promotion of the Greek city to be the Roman capital. On foot, with lance in hand, at the head of a solemn procession, he himself directed the tracing of the new boundaries. His attendants, amazed at the magnitude of the circumference which was being marked out, ventured to observe that the most ample measure of a great city had already been surpassed. “No matter,” replied the monarch; “I shall still advance, till H $\epsilon$ , the invisible guide who marches before me, shall think proper to stop.” Such was the origin of the city which received the name of the Second or New Rome,

but which has always been known as Constantinople—the City of Constantine.

In form it resembled a triangle, having the port on the north, and the Propontis on the south side. The original Byzantium was contained within the walls of the present Seraglio, which enclose about one hundred and fifty acres. The new boundaries prescribed by the founder embraced only five of the seven hills on which Constantinople, like Rome, is built; but in the course of the next century the two other hills were also included, and the entire area amounted to two thousand acres.

Constantine spared neither effort nor expense to adorn the city. Many cities of Asia and Greece were despoiled of their chief ornaments, in order to enrich the new capital. When all was done, however, the Emperor could add but little to the natural beauty of Constantinople, which has been celebrated by poets in all ages :—

“ A glorious form the shining city wore,  
‘Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,  
With minaret and golden dome between;  
While the sea softly kissed its grassy shore,  
Darting across whose blue expanse was seen  
Of sculptured barques and galleys many a score.”

A splendid forum crowned one of the hills; in the centre of which rose a lofty pillar of porphyry, on a pedestal of pure white marble, and surmounted by a colossal statue of Constantine, under the guise of Apollo. A magnificent hippodrome, four spacious courts for the meetings of the Senate, fourteen palaces, a school of learning, numerous churches, public baths, and theatres, also adorned the city; which, we are further told, contained nearly four thousand five hundred houses of remarkable size and elegance.

The advantageous position of Constantinople has already been mentioned. The winding Straits of the Bosphorus lead the waters of the Euxine into the Propontis, and separate Europe from Asia. They are about sixteen miles in length, and, on an average, about a mile and a half in breadth. A skiff can cross the ferry in about a quarter of an hour; and once Xerxes spanned it with a bridge of boats. The Golden Horn, the celebrated harbour of Constantinople, is an arm of the Bosphorus, and owes

its quaint title to its resemblance in form to a cornucopia and the riches poured into it from every side. There is so little fluctuation in the tide, that vessels can approach the quays at any time; and the depth of the water enables even those of the largest size "to rest their prows on the houses, while their sterns are floating." The entrance to the port is five hundred yards broad, and used to be protected, when an attack was apprehended, by a strong chain drawn across it. On the western side of the Propontis, the Straits of the Hellespont or the Dardanelles give access to the Mediterranean; and these, with the opposite channel of the Bosphorus, may be deemed the gates of the city.

"When the gates of the Hellespont and Bosphorus were shut," says Gibbon, "the capital still enjoyed, within their spacious enclosure, every production which could supply the wants or gratify the luxury of its numerous inhabitants. The sea-coasts of Thrace and Bithynia, which languish under the weight of Turkish oppression, still exhibit a rich prospect of vineyards, of gardens, and of plentiful harvests; and the Propontis has ever been renowned for an inexhaustible store of the most exquisite fish, that are taken in their stated seasons, without skill, and almost without labour. But when the passages of the Straits were thrown open for trade, they alternately admitted the natural and artificial riches of the North and South, of the Euxine and of the Mediterranean. Whatever rude commodities were collected in the forests of Germany or Scythia; whatever was manufactured by the skill of Europe or Asia; the corn of Egypt and the gems and spices of the furthest India, were brought by the varying winds to the port of Constantinople, which, for many ages, attracted the commerce of the ancient world."

Constantinople, however, carried on very little active commerce of its own. It was simply the great exchange, where the Italians, the Arabs, the Germans, and the Slavonians, met to conduct their mercantile affairs. The Roman Government lost all its vigour when its head-quarters were transplanted to the East. Languid and inert in its new home, it vegetated, rather than lived. Private enterprise was stifled by imperial monopolies; and the people were

corrupted by gratuitous distributions of corn, and sometimes even of oil, wine, and meat. At the same time, many branches of industry and trade thrived by ministering to the wants of the rich and luxurious capital, although no systematic efforts were made by the government to foster and develop them.

With all its advantages, Constantinople did little for the advancement of commerce or civilization. The world, in that respect, owes more to the Arabs, who, fired with religious zeal, carried the standard of the Prophet in triumph over the greater part of the then known world, creating an empire which stretched from India to Spain, and embraced valuable possessions in each of the three continents of the eastern hemisphere. The Koran expressly commends commerce and manufactures, as occupations agreeable to the Almighty, and makes it the duty of all true believers to encourage and protect them. This mission the Arab conquerors did not neglect to fulfil. Wherever they established their dominion, they imparted the arts and sciences, and fostered trade. The Carthaginians had viewed Spain merely as a mine, and the Spaniards as slaves. The Arabs made Spain a garden, and endowed the Spaniards with the civilization which afterwards led them to the front rank among the nations of Europe. The other nations whom the Arabs brought under their sway were no less indebted to them.

Bagdad, the seat of the Caliphs, was the capital of their vast empire. Situated in Mesopotamia, to which the ingenious industry of the Arabs had restored its former fertility, it revived in more than one respect the glories of Babylon. It was not only in the splendour of its palaces, the fantastic beauty of its gardens, and the number and magnitude of its hydraulic works, that Bagdad recalled the ancient Babylon. It was also a city of merchants; the centre of the great caravan routes and of an extensive inland navigation; the scene of a commercial activity which, through the growth of population and the progress of arts and industry, eclipsed even that of its famous predecessor. This prosperous and splendid capital, the foundations of which were laid in 762, stood on the eastern bank of the Tigris, not far from the ruins of

Babylon on the Euphrates. A double wall of circular form enclosed the city; and such was its populousness, that "the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages." Bagdad has now dwindled to a provincial town, but its bazaars are large and much frequented.

J. H. FIFE.

### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(See page 240.)

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of death

Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns," he said:  
Into the valley of death

Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"

Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the soldiers knew

Some one had blundered:

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die;

Into the valley of death

Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well;

Into the jaws of death,

Into the mouth of hell,

Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,

Flashed as they turned in air,

Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while

All the world wondered:

Plunged in the battery smoke,

Right through the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian

Reeled from the sabre stroke

Shattered and sundered:

Then they rode back, but not—

Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them

Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,

While horse and hero fell,

They that had fought so well

Came through the jaws of death,

Back from the mouth of hell,

All that was left of them—

Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?

Oh! the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered.

Honour the charge they made!

Honour the Light Brigade,—

Noble Six Hundred!

TENNISON.

## THE CRIMEAN WAR.

### THE HIGHLANDERS AT BALAKLAVA.

*October 25, 1854.*

At half-past seven o'clock this morning, an orderly came galloping in to the head-quarters' camp from Balaklava, with the news that at dawn a strong corps of Russian horse, supported by guns and battalions of infantry, had marched into the valley.

As the Russian cavalry on the left crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of about half a mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1500 men along the ridge—lancers, and dragoons, and hussars. Then they move forward in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that thin red streak topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great, the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one

awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock ; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders ! well done !" shout the excited spectators. But events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten ; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep !" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of those Muscovite cavaliers.

#### THE SCOTS GREYS AND ENNISKILLINERS.

Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently picked soldiers—their light-blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said.

The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley,

and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarcely enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart; the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the red-coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can, to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from



every lip: in the enthusiasm officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the same character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again.

As the Russian cavalry retired, their infantry fell back towards the head of the valley, leaving men in three of the redoubts they had taken, and abandoning the fourth. They had also placed some guns on the heights over their position on the left of the gorge. Their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six solid divisions, in an oblique line, across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about thirty guns were drawn up along their line, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. Our cavalry had moved up to the ridge across the valley on our left, as the ground was broken in front, and had halted.

#### CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. It appears that the Quartermaster-General, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the light cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan the army did not possess. He rode off with his orders to Lord Lucan. (He is now dead and gone; God forbid I should cast a shade on the brightness of his honour, but I am bound to state what I am told occurred when he reached his lordship.) When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told, "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians, and said, "There are the enemy, and there are the guns, sir, before them; it is your duty to take them,"—or words to that effect. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against them. Don Quixote,

in his tilt against the windmill, was not nearly so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared without a thought to rush on almost certain death. It is a maxim of war, that "cavalry never act without a support;" that "infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous;" and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length!

At ten minutes past eleven our light cavalry brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of death.

At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken—it is joined by the second—they never halt, or check their speed an instant—with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy—with a halo of flashing steel above their heads—and

with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering it like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale. Demi-gods could not have done what they had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned, and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin! It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of the band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these guns.

W. H. RUSSELL.

## BATTLE OF MARATHON.

To the left of the Athenians was a low chain of hills, clothed with trees : to their right, a torrent : their front was long ; for, to render it more imposing in extent, and to prevent being out-flanked by the Persian numbers, the centre ranks were left weak and shallow, but on either wing the troops were drawn up more solidly and strong. Callimachus commanded the right wing ; the Platæans formed the left ; the whole was commanded by Miltiades. They had few, if any, horsemen or archers.

The details which we possess of their arms and military array, if not in this, in other engagements of the same period, will complete the picture. We may behold them clad in bright armour of a good proof and well tempered, which covered breast and back ; the greaves, so often mentioned by Homer, were still retained ; their helmets were wrought and crested, the cones mostly painted in glowing colours, and the plumage of feathers, or horse-hair, rich and waving in proportion to the rank of the wearer. Broad, sturdy, and richly ornamented were their bucklers, the pride and darling of their arms, the loss of which was the loss of honour. Their spears were ponderous, thick, and long, (a chief mark of contradistinction from the light shaft of Persia,) and, with their short broadsword, constituted their main weapons.

No Greek army marched to battle without vows, and sacrifice, and prayer ; and now, in the stillness of the pause, the divine rites were solemnized. Loud broke the trumpets ; the standards, wrought with the sacred bird of Athens, were raised on high : it was the signal of battle, and the Athenians rushed with an impetuous vehemence upon the Persian power. "They were the first Greeks of whom I have heard," says the historian, "who ever *ran* to attack a foe ; the first, too, who ever beheld without dismay the garb and armour of the Medes ; for hitherto, in Greece, the very name of Mede had excited terror."

When the Persian army, with its numerous horse, (animal as

well as man protected by coats of mail,) its expert bow-men, its lines and deep files of turbaned soldiers, gorgeous with many a blazing standard, headed by leaders well hardened, despite their gay garbs and adorned breast-plates, in many a more even field ; when, I say, this force beheld the Athenians rushing toward them, they considered them, thus few and destitute alike of cavalry and archers, as madmen hurrying to destruction. But it was evidently not without deliberate calculation that Miltiades had so commenced the attack. The warlike experience of his guerilla life had taught him to know the foe against whom he fought. To volunteer the assault, was to forestall and cripple the charge of the Persian horse ; besides, the long lances, the heavy arms, the hand-to-hand valour of the Greeks, must have been no light encounter to the more weakly mailed and less formidably armed infantry of the East. Accustomed themselves to give the charge, it was a novelty and a disadvantage to receive it.

Long, fierce, and stubborn was the battle. The centre wing of the barbarians, composed of the Sacians and the pure Persian race, at length pressed hard upon the shallow centre of the Greeks, drove them back into the country, and, eager with pursuit, left their own wings to the charge of Callimachus on the one side, and the Platean forces on the other. The brave Callimachus, after the most signal feats of valour, fell fighting in the field ; but his troops, undismayed, smote on with spear and sword.

The barbarians retreated backward to the sea, where swamps and marshes encumbered their movements ; and here (though the Athenians did not pursue them far) the greater portion were slain, hemmed in by the morasses, and probably ridden down by their own disordered cavalry. Meanwhile, the two tribes that had formed the centre, one of which was commanded by Aristides, retrieved themselves with a mighty effort ; and the two wings having routed their antagonists, now inclining toward each other, intercepted the barbarian centre ; which, thus attacked in front and rear, was defeated with prodigious slaughter.

Evening came on : confused and disorderly, the Persians now only thought of flight ; the whole army retired to their ships, hard

chased by the Grecian victors, who, amid the carnage, fired the fleet. Cynegirus, brother to Æschylus the tragic poet, (himself highly distinguished for his feats that day,) seized one of the vessels by the poop : his hand was severed by an axe : he died gloriously of his wounds. But to none did the fortunes of that field open a more illustrious career than to a youth of the tribe of Leontes, in whom, though probably then but a simple soldier in the ranks, were first made manifest the nature and the genius destined to command. The name of that youth was THEMISTOCLES.

Seven vessels were captured, six thousand four hundred of the barbarians fell in the field. The Athenians and their brave ally lost only one hundred ; but among them perished many of their bravest nobles. It was a superstition not uncharacteristic of that imaginative people, and evincing how greatly their ardour was aroused, that many of them fancied they beheld the gigantic shade of their ancestral Theseus, completely armed and bearing down before them upon the foe !

A picture of the battle, representing Miltiades in the foremost place, and solemnly preserved in public, was deemed no inadequate reward to that great captain ; and yet, conspicuous above the level plain of Marathon, rises a long barrow, fifteen feet in height, the supposed sepulchre of the Athenian heroes. Still does a romantic legend, not unfamiliar with our traditions of the North, give a supernatural terror to the spot. Nightly, along the plains are yet heard by superstition, the neighing of chargers, and the rushing shadows of spectral war. And still, throughout the civilized world (civilized how much by the art and lore of Athens !) men of every clime, of every political persuasion, feel as Greeks at the name of Marathon. Later fields have presented the spectacle of an equal valour, and almost the same disparities of slaughter ; but never, in the annals of earth, were united so closely in our applause, admiration for the heroism of the victors and sympathy for the holiness of their cause.

BULWER.

## STAR-LIGHT ON MARATHON.

No vesper-breeze is floating now,  
 No murmurs shake the air;  
 A gloom hath veiled the mountain's brow,  
 And quietude is there;  
 The night-bells on the dew-white grass  
 Drop brilliant as my footsteps pass.

No hum of life disturbs the scene,  
 The clouds are rolled to rest;  
 'Tis like a calm where grief hath been,  
 So welcome to the breast!  
 The warning tones of day have gone,  
 And star-light glows on Marathon.

I look around from earth to sky,  
 And gaze from star to star,  
 Till Grecian hosts seem gliding by,  
 Triumphant from the war,—  
 Like sleepless spirits from the dead,  
 Revisiting where once they bled.

What though the mounds that marked each  
 Beneath the wings of Time, [name,  
 Have worn away!—theirs is the fame,  
 Immortal and sublime!  
 For who can tread on Freedom's plain,  
 Nor wake her dead to life again?

Oh! to have seen the marching bands,  
 And heard the battle clash!  
 Have seen their weapon-clinching hands  
 And eyes defiance flash!  
 Their radiant shields, and dancing crests,  
 And corselets on their swelling breasts!

Then said the mother to the son,  
 And pointed to his shield,  
 "Come *with* it, when the battle's done,—  
 Or *on* it, from the field!"\*  
 Then mute she glanced her fierce, bright eye,  
 That spoke of ages vanished by.

'Twas here they fought, and martial peals  
 Once thundered o'er the ground,  
 And gash and wound from plunging steels  
 Bedewed the battle mound;  
 Here Grecians trod the Persian dead,  
 And Freedom shouted while she bled!

But gone the day of Freedom's sword,  
 And cold the patriot brave,  
 Who mowed the dastard-minded horde  
 Into a gory grave;  
 While Greece arose sublimely free,  
 And dauntless as her own dark sea.

Still, star-light sheds the same pale beam  
 For aye upon the plain;  
 And musing breasts might fondly dream  
 The Grecian free again;  
 For empires fall, and Freedom dies,  
 But dimless beauty robes the skies.

May He whose glory gems the sky,  
 God of the slave and free,  
 Hear every patriot's burning sigh  
 That's offered here for thee;  
 For thee, sad Greece, and every son  
 That braved a Turk on Marathon.

R. MONTGOMERY.

## THERMOPYLÆ.

In the year 500 B.C., ten years after the battle of Marathon, Xerxes, the son and successor of Darius, opened the second Persian war by invading Greece in person, at the head of the greatest army the world has ever seen, and whose numbers have been estimated at more than two millions of fighting men. This immense host, proceeding by the way of Thessaly, had arrived without opposition at the narrow defile of Thermopylæ, between the mountains and the sea, where the Spartan Leonidas was posted with three hundred of his countrymen and some Thesplan allies, in all less than a thousand men.

The Spartans were forbidden by their laws ever to flee from an enemy; they had taken an oath never to desert their standards; and Leonidas and his countrymen, and their few allies, prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Bravely meeting the attack of the Persian host, and retreating into the narrowness of the pass as their num-

\* The loss of the shield was considered disgraceful.

bers were thinned by the storm of arrows, and by the living mass that was hurled upon them, they fought with the valour of desperation until every one of their number had fallen. A monument was afterwards erected on the spot, bearing the following inscription:—"Go, stranger, and tell at Lacedæmon that we died here in obedience to her laws."

THEY fell devoted, but undying;  
The very gales their names seemed sighing;  
The waters murmured of their name,  
The woods were peopled with their fame;  
The silent pillar, lone and gray,  
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;  
Their spirit wrapped the dusky mountain,  
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;

The meanest rill, the mightiest river,  
Rolls mingling with their fame for ever.  
Despite of every yoke she bears,  
That land is glory's still, and theirs!  
'Tis still a watch-word to the earth;—  
When man would do a deed of worth,  
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,  
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head;  
He looks to her, and rushes on,  
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

BYRON.

### GREECE.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
Ere the first day of death is fled—  
Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers;  
And marked the mild, angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there—  
The fixed, yet tender traits, that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek;

And—but for that sad, shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now;  
And but for that chill, changeless brow,

Where cold obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;—  
Yes, but for these, and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first, last look, by death revealed!

Such is the aspect of this shore.  
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start—for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay—  
The farewell beam of feeling passed away!  
Spark of that flame, that flame of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its  
cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain cave

Was freedom's home, or glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave:

Say, is not this Thermopylae?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
O servile offspring of the free—  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own;  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of their former fires;  
And he who in the strife expires,  
Will add to theirs a name of fear,  
That tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They, too, will rather die than shame:  
For freedom's battle, once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
Attest it many a deathless age!  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid;  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command—  
The mountains of their native land!  
There points thy Muse to stranger's  
eye

The graves of those that cannot die!  
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,  
Each step from splendour to disgrace;  
Enough—no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;  
Yes! self-abasement paved the way  
To villain bonds and despot sway.

BYRON.



## PAUL AT ATHENS.

THERE was something, to such a one as Paul, that was spirit-stirring in the mighty array that he had to cope with at Athens. He was full of courage and of hope. In the cause of Christ he had gone on conquering, and would trust that, even here, he came to conquer. He felt that it was enough, even if he saved but one, to recompense the effort and the peril—that it was enough, if, by his faithfulness, he only delivered his own soul. But his was a mind to look and aim at more than this. He felt the splendour of the triumph there would be in levelling the wisdom of Athens and the idolatry of Athens at the foot of the Cross; in making Jupiter, Neptune, and all their tribes, give place to Jehovah; and Zeno, and Epicurus, and Aristotle, and Plato, and Socrates, succumb to the Man of Nazareth. He burned to make Olympus bow its awful head, and cast down its coronet of gods, at His feet who dwelt in Zion; and the pæans of Bacchus and Apollo were, in his ear, but preludes to the swelling “song of Moses and the Lamb.”

Animated by such feelings, we may now regard Paul, in what must have been one of the most interesting moments of even his eventful life, preparing himself on the Hill of Mars to address an auditory of Athenians on behalf of Christianity. He would feel the imposing associations of the spot on which he stood, where justice had been administered in its most awful form, by characters the most venerable, in the darkness of night, under the canopy of heaven, with the solemnities of religion, and with an authority which legal institution and public opinion had assimilated rather with the decrees of conscience and of the gods, than with the ordinary power of human tribunals. He would look around on many an immortal trophy of architect and sculptor, where genius had triumphed, but triumphed only in the cause of that idolatry to which they were dedicated, and for which they existed. And beyond the city, clinging round its temples, like its inhabitants to their enshrined idols, would open on his view that lovely country,

and the sublime ocean, and the serene heavens bending over them, and bearing that testimony to the universal Creator which man and man's works withheld. And with all would Grecian glory be connected—the brightness of a day that was closing, and of a sun that had already set, where recollections of grandeur faded into sensations of melancholy. And he would gaze on a thronging auditory, the representatives, to his fancy, of all that had been, and of all that was; and think of the intellects with which he had to grapple, and of the hearts in whose very core he aimed to plant the barbed arrows of conviction.

There was that Multitude, so acute, so inquisitive, so polished, so athirst for novelty, and so impressible by eloquence; yet with whom a barbarian accent might break the charm of the most persuasive tongue; over whom their own oligarchy of orators would soon re-assert their dominion, in spite of the invasion of a stranger; and with whom sense, feeling, and habit would throw up all their barriers against the eloquence of Christianity. There would be the Priest, astonished at an attempt so daring; and as the speaker's design opened on his mind, anxiously, and with alternate contempt and rage, measuring the strength of the Samson who thus grasped the pillars of his temple, threatening to whelm him, his altars, and his gods beneath their ruins. There would be the Stoic, in the coldness of his pride, looking sedately down, as on a child playing with children, to see what new game was afloat, and what trick or toy was now produced for wonderment. There the Epicurean, tasting, as it were, the preacher's doctrine, to see if it promised aught of merriment; just lending enough of idle attention not to lose amusement should it offer; and venting the full explosion of his ridicule on the resurrection of the dead. There the Sophist, won, perhaps, into something of an approving and complacent smile by the dexterity of Paul's introduction; but finding, as he proceeded, that this was no mere show of art or war of words, and vibrating between the habitual love of entangling, bewildering, and insulting an opponent, and the repulsiveness which there always is to such men in the language of honest and zealous conviction. There the Slave, timidly crouching at a distance to catch

what stray sounds the winds might waft to him, after they had reached his master's ears, of that doctrine, so strange and blessed, of man's fraternity. There the young and noble Roman, who had come to Athens for education—not to sit like a humble scholar at a master's feet, but with all the pride of Rome upon his brow, to accept what artists, poets, and philosophers could offer as their homage to the lords of earth. And there, perhaps, aloof, some scowling Jew, hating and hated, loathing the contamination of idolaters, but glaring with savage fury on the apostate son of Abraham (as he would deem him), who held so much communion with their souls as to invite them to a union of love and piety in the name of the detested Nazarene.

If for a moment Paul felt, as one would think man must feel, at being the central object of such a scene and such an assemblage, there would rush upon his mind the majesty of Jehovah ; and the words of the glorified Jesus ; and the thunders that struck him to the earth on the road to Damascus ; and the sense of former efforts, conflicts, and successes ; and the approach of that judgment to come, whose righteousness and universality it was now his duty to announce.

Unappalled and collected, he began :—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands ; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things ; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

Fox.

## ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

ROME, Rome ! thou art no more  
As thou hast been !  
On thy seven hills of yore  
Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then  
Purpling the street ;  
Leaders and sceptred men  
Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,  
As gods were seen—  
Rome, Rome ! thou art no more  
As thou hast been !

Rome ! thine imperial brow  
Never shall rise :  
What hast thou left thee now ?—  
Thou hast thy skies !

Blue, deeply blue, they are,  
Gloriously bright !  
Veiling thy wastes afar  
With coloured light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,  
Rome, for thy dower,  
Flushing tall cypress-bough,  
Temple and tower !

And all sweet sounds are thine,  
Lovely to hear ;  
While night, o'er tomb and shrine,  
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,  
By starlight sung,  
Sweeps through the arches dim,  
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell  
On thy soft air  
Lingers, and loves to dwell  
With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift  
Of sudden song,  
A charmed fountain, swift,  
Joyous, and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move  
With queenly tread ;  
Thou hast proud fanes above  
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore  
A mournful mien ;—  
Rome, Rome ! thou art no more  
As thou hast been !

MRS. HEMANS.

## VIEW OF THE COLISEUM.

I WENT to see the Coliseum by moonlight. It is the monarch, the majesty of all ruins ; there is nothing like it. All the associations of the place, too, give it the most impressive character. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls and arches, and grand terraces of masonry rising one above another, you stand upon the arena of the old gladiatorial combats and Christian martyrdoms ; and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheatre, you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans, assembled to witness these bloody spectacles. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings ! and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies ! One, two, and three, and at its last enlargement by Constantine, more

than three hundred thousand persons could be seated in the Circus Maximus !

But to return to the Coliseum : we went up under the conduct of a guide upon the walls and terraces, or embankments which supported the ranges of seats. The seats have long since disappeared ; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty of Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments. What thronging life was here then !—what voices, what greetings, what hurrying footsteps up the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance ! And now, as we picked our way carefully through the decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some mouldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely walls—ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent too—there was no sound here but of the bat ; and none came from without but the roll of a distant carriage, or the convent bell from the summit of the neighbouring Esquiline.

It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of moonlight upon this ruin. Through a hundred rents in the broken walls, through a hundred lonely arches and blackened passage-ways, it streamed in, pure, bright, soft, lambent, and yet distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Coliseum is a mournful and desolate spectacle as seen from within, without, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glorious. We passed around it ; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side it appeared as if it were the coronet of the heavens, so vast was it, or like a glorious crown upon the brow of night.

I feel that I do not and can not describe this mighty ruin. I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for a gratuity, as we passed the guard ; and when my companion said I did wrong to give, I told him that I should have given my cloak if the man had asked it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sorrow may have spread over your mind, go and see the Coliseum by moonlight.

DEWEY.

## THE GLADIATOR.

THEY led a lion from his den,  
The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain;  
And there he stood, stern foe of men,  
And shook his flowing mane.  
There's not, of all Rome's heroes, ten  
That dare abide this game.  
His bright eye nought of lightning  
lacked;  
His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along,  
Whose limbs with gyves of brass were  
bound;  
Youthful he seemed, and bold, and  
strong,  
And yet unscathed of wound.  
Blithely he stepped among the throng,  
And careless threw around  
A dark eye, such as courts the path  
Of him who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd,—  
Rung the glad galleries with the sound;  
And from the throne there spake aloud  
A voice,—“Be the bold man unbound!  
And, by Rome's sceptre, yet unbowed,  
By Rome, earth's monarch crowned,  
Who dares the bold, the unequal strife,  
Though doomed to death, shall save his  
life.”

Joy was upon that dark man's face;  
And thus, with laughing eye, spake he:  
“Loose ye the lord of Zæara's waste,  
And let my arms be free:  
‘He has a martial heart,’ thou sayest;  
But oh! who will not be  
A hero, when he fights for life,  
For home and country, babes and  
wife!

And thus I for the strife prepare:  
The Thracian falchion to me bring;  
But ask th' imperial leave to spare  
The shield,—a useless thing.  
Were I a Samnite's rage to dare,  
Then o'er me would I fling  
The broad orb; but to lion's wrath  
The shield were but a sword of lath.”

And he has bared his shining blade,  
And springs he on the shaggy foe:  
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played;—  
The desert-king lies low;  
His long and loud death-howl is made;  
And there must end the show.  
And when the multitude were calm,  
The favourite freed-man took the palm.

“Kneel down, Rome's emperor beside!”  
He knelt, that dark man;—o'er his  
brow  
Was thrown a wreath in crimson dyed;  
And fair words gild it now:  
“Thou art the bravest youth that ever  
tried  
To lay a lion low;  
And from our presence forth thou go'st  
To lead the Dacians of our host.”

Then flushed his cheek, but not with  
pride,  
And grieved and gloomily spake he:  
“My cabin stands where blithely glide  
Proud Danube's waters to the sea:  
I have a young and blooming bride,  
And I have children three;—  
No Roman wealth or rank can give  
Such joy as in their arms to live.

My wife sits at the cabin door,  
With throbbing heart and swollen  
eyes;  
While tears her cheek are coursing  
o'er,  
She speaks of Sundered ties.  
She bids my tender babes deplore  
The death their father dies;  
She tells these jewels of my home,  
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

I cannot let those cherubs stray  
Without their sire's protecting care;  
And I would chase the griefs away  
Which cloud my wedded fair.”  
The monarch spoke; the guards obey;  
And gates unclosed are:  
He's gone!—No golden bribes divide  
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

JONAS.

## THE DYING GLADIATOR.

THE seal is set. — Now welcome, thou  
 dread power!  
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which  
 here  
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight  
 hour  
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from  
 fear;  
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead  
 walls rear  
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn  
 scene  
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and  
 clear,  
 That we become a part of what has been,  
 And grow unto the spot, all-seeing, but  
 unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared ap-  
 plause,  
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow-  
 man.  
 And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore,  
 but because  
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
 And the imperial pleasure.—Where-  
 fore not?  
 What matters where we fall to fill the  
 maws  
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed  
 spot?  
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors  
 rot.

I see before me the gladiator lie:  
 He leans upon his hand; his manly  
 brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his drooped head sinks gradually  
 low;  
 And through his side the last drops,  
 ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by  
 one,  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and  
 now  
 The arena swims around him—he is  
 gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed  
 the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his  
 eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far  
 away:  
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor  
 prize;  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube  
 lay—  
 There were his young barbarians all at  
 play,  
 There was their Dacian mother—his  
 their sire,  
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday.—  
 All this rushed with his blood.—Shall  
 he expire,  
 And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut  
 your ire!

BYRON.

## THE STORY OF HORATIUS.

## A LEGEND OF ANCIENT ROME.

THE early history of Rome, as recorded by Livy and other Latin writers, was probably compiled from legendary poems that had been transmitted from generation to generation, and often rehearsed at the banquets of the great. The historian Macaulay has aimed at reconstructing some of these poetic legends, which he has given to the world under the title of "*Lays of Ancient Rome*." As a specimen of these beautiful and stirring poems, the "Story of Horatius" is here given.

It is stated by all the Latin historians, that, a few years after the expulsion of the Tarquins for their despotism and crimes, the neighbouring Etruscans, to which nation they belonged, endeavoured to restore the tyrants to power, and came against Rome with an overwhelming force. The Romans, repulsed at first, fled across a wooden bridge over the Tiber, when the Roman Consul ordered the bridge to be destroyed, to prevent the enemy from entering the city. The continuation of the legend is supposed to be narrated by one of the Roman minstrels, at a period one hundred years later than the events recorded:—

But the Consul's brow was sad,  
And the Consul's speech was low,  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe.  
"Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The captain of the gate:  
"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late;  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods!

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three;  
Now, who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—  
A Ramnian proud was he:  
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee."  
And out spake strong Herminius,—  
Of Titian blood was he:  
"I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
"As thou say'st, so let it be."  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;  
Then all were for the state;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great;  
Then lands were fairly portioned;  
Then spoils were fairly sold:  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Came flashing back the noonday light,  
Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
Of a broad sea of gold.  
Four hundred trumpets sounded  
A peal of warlike glee,  
As that great host, with measured tread,  
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,  
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose:  
And forth three chiefs came spurring  
Before that mighty mass;  
To earth they sprang, their swords they  
drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow pass.

[But the scorn and laughter of the  
Etruscans were soon changed to wrath and  
curses, for their chiefs were quickly laid



low in the dust at the feet of the "dauntless three."]

But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes.  
A wild and wrathful clamour  
From all the vanguard rose.  
Six spears' length from the entrance  
Halted that mighty mass,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow pass.

But hark! the cry is Astur:  
And lo! the ranks divide,  
And the great Lord of Luna  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield.

[The proud Astur advances with a smile  
of contempt for the three Romans, and  
turns a look of scorn upon the flinching  
Tuscans.]

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
With both hands to the height,  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.  
With shield and blade Horatius  
Right deftly turned the blow.  
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;  
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:  
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
He leaned one breathing-space;  
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,  
Sprang right at Astur's face.  
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,  
So fierce a thrust he sped,  
The good sword stood a handbreadth out  
Behind the Tuscan's head!

And the great Lord of Luna  
Fell at that deadly stroke,  
As falls on Mount Alverna  
A thunder-smitten oak.  
Far o'er the crashing forest  
The giant arms lie spread;  
And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
Gaze on the blasted head.

[In the meantime the axes had been  
busily plied; and while the bridge was  
trottering to its fall, Lartius and Herminius

regained the opposite bank in safety.  
Horatius remained facing the foe until the  
last timber had fallen, when, weighed  
down with armour as he was, he "plunged  
headlong in the tide."]

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank;  
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank:  
And when beneath the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain:  
And fast his blood was flowing;  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armour,  
And spent with changing blows:  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,  
"Will not the villain drown?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town!"—  
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porcenna,  
"And bring him safe to shore;  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;  
Now on dry earth he stands;  
Now round him throng the fathers,  
To press his gory hands;  
And now with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the river-gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

[Then follows an account of the rewards  
which a grateful people bestowed upon the  
hero. The minstrel thus concludes the  
legend:—]

When the good man mends his armour,  
And trims his helmet's plume;  
When the good wife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

ONCE upon a time there stood a town in Italy, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which was to Rome what Brighton or Hastings is to London—a very fashionable watering-place, at which Roman gentlemen and members of the Senate built villas, to which they were in the habit of retiring from the fatigues of business or the broils of politics. The outsides of all the houses were adorned with frescoes, and every shop glittered with all the colours of the rainbow. At the end of each street there was a charming fountain, and any one who sat down beside it to cool himself had a delightful view of the Mediterranean, then as beautiful, as blue and sunny as it is now. On a fine day, crowds might be seen lounging here; some sauntering up and down in gala dresses of purple, while slaves passed to and fro bearing on their heads splendid vases; others sat on marble benches, shaded from the sun by awnings, and having before them tables covered with wine, and fruit, and flowers. Every house in that town was a little palace, and every palace was like a temple, or one of our great public buildings.

Any one who thinks a mansion in Belgravia the acme of splendour would have been astonished, had he lived in those days, to find how completely the abodes of those Roman lords outshone “the stately homes of England.” On entering the former, the visitor passed through a vestibule decorated with rows of pillars, and then found himself in the *impluvium*, in which the household gods kept guard over the owner’s treasure, which was placed in a safe, or strong-box, secured with brass or iron bands. In this apartment guests were received with imposing ceremony, and the patron heard the complaints, supplications, and adulations of his great band of clients or dependants, who lived on his smiles and bounty, but chiefly on the latter. Issuing thence, the visitor found himself in the *tablinum*, an apartment paved with mosaic and decorated with paintings, in which were kept the family

papers and archives. It contained a dining room and a supper room, and a number of sleeping rooms hung with the softest of Syrian cloths; a cabinet filled with rare jewels and antiquities, and sometimes a fine collection of paintings; and last of all, a pillared peristyle, opening out upon the garden, in which the finest fruit hung temptingly in the rich light of a golden sky, and fountains, which flung their waters aloft in every imaginable form and device, cooled the air and discoursed sweet music to the ear; while from behind every shrub there peeped out a statue, or the bust of some great man, carved from the purest white marble, and placed in charming contrast with bouquets of rare flowers springing from stone vases. On the gate there was always the image of a dog, and underneath it the inscription, "Beware of the dog."

The frescoes on the walls represented scenes in the Greek legends, such as "The Parting of Achilles and the beautiful Maid Briseis," "The Seizure of Europa," "The Battle of the Amazons," &c.; many of which are still to be seen in the museum at Naples. The pillars in the peristyle of which we have just spoken were encircled with garlands of flowers, which were renewed every morning. The tables of citron wood were inlaid with silver arabesques; the couches were of bronze, gilt and jewelled, and were furnished with thick cushions and tapestry, embroidered with marvellous skill. When the master gave a dinner party, the guests reclined upon these cushions, washed their hands in silver basins, and dried them with napkins fringed with purple; and having made a libation on the altar of Bacchus, ate oysters brought from the shores of Britain, kids which were carved to the sound of music, and fruits served up on ice in the hottest days of summer; and while the cupbearers filled their golden cups with the rarest and most delicate wines in all the world, other attendants crowned them with flowers wet with dew, and dancers executed the most graceful movements, and singers accompanied by the lyre poured forth an ode of Horace or of Anacreon.

After the banquet, a shower of scented water, scattered from invisible pipes, spread perfume over the apartment; and everything around, even the oil, and the lamps, and the jets of the fountain,

shed forth the most grateful odour; and suddenly from the mosaic of the floor tables of rich dainties, of which we have at the present day no idea, rose, as if by magic, to stimulate the palled appetites of the revellers into fresh activity. When these had disappeared, other tables succeeded them, upon which senators, and consuls, and proconsuls gambled away provinces and empires by the throw of dice; and last of all, the tapestry was suddenly raised, and young girls, lightly attired, wreathed with flowers, and bearing lyres in their hands, issued forth, and charmed sight and hearing by the graceful mazes of the dance.

One day, when such festivities as these were in full activity, Vesuvius sent up a tall and very black column of smoke, something like a pine-tree; and suddenly, in broad noonday, darkness black as pitch came over the scene! There was a frightful din of cries, groans, and imprecations, mingled confusedly together. The brother lost his sister, the husband his wife, the mother her child; for the darkness became so dense that nothing could be seen but the flashes which every now and then darted forth from the summit of the neighbouring mountain. The earth trembled, the houses shook and began to fall, and the sea rolled back from the land as if terrified; the air became thick with dust; and then, amidst tremendous and awful noise, a shower of stones, scorix, and pumice fell upon the town and blotted it out for ever!

The inhabitants died just as the catastrophe found them—guests in their banqueting halls, brides in their chambers, soldiers at their post, prisoners in their dungeons, thieves in their theft, maidens at the mirror, slaves at the fountain, traders in their shops, students at their books. Some people attempted flight, guided by some blind people, who had walked so long in darkness that no thicker shadows could ever come upon them; but of these many were struck down on the way. When, a few days afterwards, people came from the surrounding country to the place, they found nought but a black, level, smoking plain, sloping to the sea, and covered thickly with ashes! Down, down beneath, thousands and thousands were sleeping “the sleep that knows no

waking," with all their little pomps, and vanities, and frivolities, and pleasures, and luxuries, buried with them.

This took place on the 23rd of August, A.D. 79; and the name of the town thus suddenly overwhelmed with ruins was Pompeii. Sixteen hundred and seventeen years afterwards, curious persons began to dig and excavate on the spot, and lo! they found the city pretty much as it was when overwhelmed. The houses were standing, the paintings were fresh, and the skeletons stood in the very positions and the very places in which death had overtaken their owners so long ago! The marks left by the cups of the tipplers still remained on the counters; the prisoners still wore their fetters, the belles their chains and bracelets; the miser held his hand on his hoarded coin; and the priests were lurking in the hollow images of their gods, from which they uttered responses and deceived the worshippers. There were the altars, with the blood dry and crusted upon them; the stables in which the victims of the sacrifice were kept; and the hall of mysteries, in which were symbolical paintings. The researches are still going on, new wonders are every day coming to light, and we soon shall have almost as perfect an idea of a Roman town in the first century of the Christian era as if we had walked the streets and gossiped with the idle loungers at the fountains. Pompeii is the ghost of an extinct civilization rising up before us.—*Illustrated Magazine of Art.*

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### REGULUS BEFORE THE ROMAN SENATE.

IN the year 263 before Christ the first Punic War began; and, after it had continued eight years with varied success, the Romans sent the Consul Regulus, at the head of a large army, to carry the war into Africa. On the passage across the Mediterranean, the Carthaginian fleet, bearing not less than a hundred and fifty thousand men, was met and defeated; but the following year in a battle on land the Romans were defeated with great loss, and Regulus himself, being taken prisoner, was thrown into a dungeon. Five years later the Carthaginians were in turn defeated

in Sicily, with a loss of twenty thousand men, and the capture of more than a hundred of their elephants, which they had trained to fight in the ranks.

It was then that the Carthaginians sent an embassy to Rome with proposals of peace. Regulus was taken from his dungeon to accompany the embassy, the Carthaginians trusting that, weary of his long captivity, he would urge the Senate to accept the proffered terms; but the inflexible Roman persuaded the Senate to reject the proposal and continue the war, assuring his countrymen that the resources of Carthage were nearly exhausted. Bound by his oath to return if peace were not concluded, he voluntarily went back, in spite of the prayers and entreaties of his friends, to meet the fate which awaited him. It is generally stated that after his return to Carthage he was tortured to death by the exasperated Carthaginians. The circumstances of the appearance of Regulus before the Roman Senate, and his heroic self-sacrifice, are described in the following piece:—

Urge me no more; your prayers are vain,  
And even the tears ye shed:  
When I can lead to Rome again  
The bands that once I led;  
When I can raise your legions slain  
On swarthy Libya's fatal plain,  
To vengeance from the dead,  
Then will I seek once more a home,  
And lift a freeman's voice in Rome!

Accursed moment! when I woke  
From faintness all but death,  
And felt the coward conqueror's yoke  
Like venom'd serpents' wreath  
Round every limb: if lip and eye  
Betrayed no sign of agony,  
Inly I cursed my breath:  
Wherefore, of all that fought, was I  
The only wretch that could not die?

To darkness and to chains consigned,  
The captive's fighting doom,  
I recked not; could they chain the mind,  
Or plunge the soul in gloom?  
And there they left me, dark and lone,  
Till darkness had familiar grown;  
Then from that living tomb  
They led me forth, I thought, to die:—  
Oh! in that thought was ecstasy!

But no! kind Heaven had yet in store  
For me, a conquered slave,  
A joy I thought to feel no more,  
Or feel but in the grave.  
They deemed, perchance, my haughtier  
mood  
Was quelled by chains and solitude;  
That he who once was brave—  
Was I not brave?—had now become  
Estranged from honour, as from Rome.

They bade me to my country bear  
The offers these have borne;  
They would have trained my lips to  
swear  
Which never yet have sworn.  
Silent their base commands I heard,  
At length I pledged a Roman's word,  
Unshrinking, to return.  
I go, prepared to meet the worst;  
But I shall gall proud Carthage first.

They sue for peace;—I bid you spurn  
The gilded bait they bear;  
I bid you still, with aspect stern,  
War, ceaseless war, declare.  
Fools as they were, could not mine eye,  
Through their dissembled calmness, spy  
The struggles of despair?

Else had they sent this wasted frame  
To bribe you to your country's shame?

Your land—(I must not call it mine;  
No country has the slave;  
His father's name he must resign,  
And even his father's grave—  
But this not now)—beneath her lies  
Proud Carthage and her destinies:  
Her empire o'er the wave  
Is yours; she knows it well, and you  
Shall know, and make her feel it too.

Ay, bend your brows, ye ministers  
Of coward hearts, on me;  
Ye know no longer it is hers,  
The empire of the sea;

Ye know her fleets are far and  
few,  
Her bands, a mercenary crew;  
And Rome, the bold and free,  
Shall trample on her prostrate towers,  
Despite your weak and wasted powers.

One path alone remains for me—  
My vows were heard on high;  
Thy triumphs, Rome, I shall not see,  
For I return to die.  
Then tell me not of hope or life;  
I have in Rome no chaste, fond wife,  
No smiling progeny;  
One word concentrates for the slave,  
Wife, children, country, all—the  
grave.

DALE.

## THE STORY OF VIRGINIA.

APPIUS CLAUDIUS, a leading decemvir in Rome, had formed the design of securing the person of the beautiful Virginia, daughter of Virginius; but finding her betrothed to another, he incited a base dependant to claim her as his slave. As had been concerted, Virginia was brought before the tribunal of Appius himself, who ordered her to be surrendered to the claimant. It was then that the distracted father, having no other means of saving his daughter, stabbed her to the heart in the presence of the court and the assembled people. The people arose in their might; the power of the decemvirs was overthrown, and Appius having been impeached, died in prison, probably by his own hand.

About eighty years after the death of Virginia, the plebeians succeeded, after a struggle of five years against every species of fraud and violence (especially on the part of Claudius Crassus, grandson of the infamous Appius Claudius), in obtaining a full acknowledgment of their rights, and all possible legal guarantees for their preservation. It is during this struggle that a popular poet (as Macaulay supposes), a zealous adherent of the tribunes, makes his appearance in the public market-place, and announces that he has a new song that will cut the Claudian family to the heart. He takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia,

more than seventy years before, was seized by the base dependant of Appius, and thus relates the story:—

Ye good men of the commons, with loving  
hearts and true,  
Who stand by the bold tribunes that still  
have stood by you,  
Come, make a circle round me, and mark  
my tale with care—  
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of  
what Rome yet may bear.  
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains run-  
ning wine,  
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors  
turned to swine.  
Here, in this very forum, under the noon-  
day sun,  
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed  
was done.  
Old men still creep among us who saw that  
fearful day,  
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the  
wicked ten bare away.  
  
Of all the wicked ten, still the names are  
held accursed;  
And of all the wicked ten, Appius Claudius  
was the worst.  
He stalked along the forum like King Tar-  
quin in his pride;

Twelve axes waited on him, six marching  
on a side;  
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and  
eyed askance with fear  
His lowering brow, his curling mouth,  
which always seemed to sneer:  
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn,  
marks all the kindred still,  
For never was there Caudius yet but wished  
the commons ill.  
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close be-  
hind his heels,  
With outstretched chin and crouching  
pace, the client Marcus steals,  
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the  
errand what it may,  
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for  
aught his lord may say.  
Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing  
flies will crowd;  
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's  
croak is loud;  
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the  
greedy pike ye see;  
And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such  
client still will be.

Macaulay then describes the seizing of Virginia by Marcus as she was passing through the market-place,—the commotion among the people,—and the spirited but vain appeal which young Icilius, the lover of Virginia, made to the people to rise and free themselves from the power of their oppressors. After a mock investigation, held by Appius in the Roman forum a few days later, the tyrant was on the point of taking possession of the maiden, when her father, who had in the meantime come from the army to protect his child, begged permission to take leave of her, and speak a few words to her in private:—

Straightway Virginus led the maid a little  
space aside,  
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled  
up with horn and hide,  
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a  
crimson flood,  
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling  
stream of blood.

Hard by, a fleshier on a block had laid his  
whittle down:  
Virginus caught the whittle up, and hid it  
in his gown.  
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his  
throat began to swell,  
And in a hoarse, changed voice, he spake,  
"Farewell, sweet child! farewell!



Oh, how I loved my darling! Though  
 stern I sometimes be,  
 To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who  
 could be so to thee?  
 And how my darling loved me! How glad  
 she was to hear  
 My footstep on the threshold when I came  
 back last year!  
 And how she danced with pleasure to see  
 my civic crown,  
 And took my sword, and hung it up, and  
 brought me forth my gown!  
 Now, all those things are over—yes, all  
 thy pretty ways,  
 Thy needle-work, thy prattle, thy snatches  
 of old lays;  
 And none will grieve when I go forth, or  
 smile when I return,  
 Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep  
 upon his urn.

The house that was the happiest within the  
 Roman walls,  
 The house that envied not the wealth of  
 Capua's marble halls,  
 Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must  
 have eternal gloom,  
 And for the music of thy voice, the silence  
 of the tomb.  
 The time is come. See how he points his  
 eager hand this way!  
 See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a  
 kite's upon the prey!  
 With all his wit, he little deems that,  
 spurned, betrayed, bereft,  
 Thy father hath in his despair one fearful  
 refuge left.  
 He little deems that in this hand I clutch  
 what still can save  
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows,  
 the portion of the slave;  
 Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth  
 taunt and blow—  
 Foul outrage which thou knowest not,  
 which thou shalt never know.  
 Then clasp me round the neck once more,  
 and give me one more kiss;  
 And now, my own dear little girl, there is  
 no way but this."

With that he lifted high the steel, and  
 smote her in the side,  
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and  
 with one sob she died!

Then, for a little moment, all people held  
 their breath,  
 And through the crowded forum was still-  
 ness as of death;  
 And in another moment brake forth from  
 one and all  
 A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er  
 the wall;  
 Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes,  
 Virginius tottered nigh,  
 And stood before the judgment-seat, and  
 held the knife on high.  
 "Oh, dwellers in the nether gloom,  
 avengers of the slain,  
 By this dear blood I cry to you, do right  
 between us twain;  
 And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt  
 by me and mine,  
 Deal you by Appius Claudius, and all the  
 Claudian line!"  
 So spake the slayer of his child, and turned,  
 and went his way:  
 But first he cast one haggard glance to  
 where the body lay,  
 And writhed and groaned a fearful groan,  
 and then, with steadfast feet,  
 Strode right across the market-place unto  
 the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop  
 him, alive or dead!  
 Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man  
 who brings his head!"  
 He looked upon his clients, but none would  
 work his will;  
 He looked upon his lictors, but they trem-  
 bled and stood still.  
 And as Virginius, through the press, his  
 way in silence cleft,  
 Ever the mighty multitude fell back to  
 right and left.  
 And he hath passed in safety unto his  
 woful home,  
 And there ta'en horse to tell the camp  
 what deeds are done in Rome.

The people gathered around the dead body; and when Claudius attempted to disperse them, a furious onset was made upon the lictors, who were driven back severely wounded, and with gar-

ments torn in shreds. A rush was then made at Appius himself; but when the people could not reach him, owing to the crowd of his dependants who gathered around him, they resorted to other means of assault:—

When stones began to fly,  
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his  
hands, and smote upon his thigh:  
"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me  
in this fray!  
Must I be torn to pieces? Home—home  
the nearest way!"  
While yet he spake, and looked around  
with a bewildered air,  
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath  
the curule chair;  
And fourscore clients on the left, and four-  
score on the right,  
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves,  
and loins girt up for fight.  
But though without or staff or sword, so  
furious was the throng,  
That scarce the train with might and  
main could bring their lord along.

Twelve times the crowd made at him; five  
times they seized his gown;  
Small chance was his to rise again, if once  
they got him down;  
And sharper came the pelting, and ever-  
more the yell—

"Tribunes! we will have tribunes!"—rose  
with a louder swell:  
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with  
tattered sail,  
When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern  
gale;  
When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in  
clouds of spume,  
And the great Thunder-Cape has donned  
his veil of inky gloom.  
One stone hit Appius on the mouth, and  
one beneath the ear;  
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he  
swooned with pain and fear.  
His cursed head, that he was wont to hold  
so high with pride,  
Now, like a drunken man's, hung down,  
and swayed from side to side:  
And when his stout retainers had brought  
him to his door,  
His face and neck were all one cake of filth  
and clotted gore!—  
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may  
his grandson be!  
God send Rome one such other sight, and  
send me there to see.

### VENICE.

THERE is a glorious city in the sea:  
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed  
Clings to the marble of her palaces!  
No tread of men, no footsteps to and fro,  
Lead to her gates: the path lies o'er the  
sea,  
Invincible; and from the land we went  
As to a floating city,—steering in  
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,

So smoothly—silently—by many a dome,  
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,  
The statues ranged along an azure sky,—  
By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,  
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;  
The fronts of some, though Time had  
shattered them,  
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,  
As though the wealth within them had  
run o'er.

ROGERS.

**VENICE.**

WHEN Attila, King of the Huns, devastated Italy in the middle of the fifth century, the citizens of Aquileia, Padua, and other towns on the Adriatic, fled from the invader.

At the head of the gulf are about a hundred little islands, formed of mud and sand swept down by the rivers which drain the plains of Northern Italy. These islands are surrounded by shallow water, and protected from the waves by long bars of sand, between which by various narrow channels vessels pass out and in. Upon these islands the Veneti driven from the mainland established themselves, and founded a city in the midst of the waters.

In their new home they missed the vines and olives which clad their native slopes, the bees and cattle they used to tend. The waste of wild sea-moor on which they now dwelt offered only a few patches of soil fit for cultivation, and these yielded but a scanty crop of stunted vegetables. The only supplies which nature furnished were the fish which swarmed in the waters, and the salt which encrusted the beds of the lagoons. A more miserable, hopeless plight than that of the inhabitants of these little islands, it would be hard to conceive; and yet out of their slender resources they built up Venice! The sand-banks which they contested with the sea-fowl became the site of a great and wealthy city; and their fish and salt formed the original basis of a world-wide commerce. Their progress, however, was slow and laborious. Seventy years after the settlement was formed they were still obliged to toil hard for a bare subsistence.

Some distinctions of rank—a tradition of their former condition—were maintained amongst them, but all were reduced to an equality of poverty. Fish was the common, almost the only, food of all classes. None could boast a better dwelling than a rude hut of mud and osiers. Their only treasure consisted of salt, which they transported to the mainland, receiving in exchange

various articles of food and clothing; and, not less important, wood for boat-building. The security in which they pursued these humble occupations was, however, envied by Italians who were groaning under the tyranny and rapine of the barbarians, and the island-colony received accessions of population.

The Venetians, who could scarcely stir from one spot to another except by water, became the most expert of seamen. Their vessels not only threaded the tortuous courses of the rivers and canals into the heart of the peninsula, but visited all the harbours of the Adriatic; and, gaining confidence, pushed out into the Mediterranean, and opened up a trade with Greece and Constantinople. Thus Venice became the port of Italy and Germany, and the means of communication between them and the seat of the Roman Empire in the East.

Every year the ships of the republic grew larger and more numerous. In the fourteenth century it had afloat a fleet of three thousand merchantmen; but of these some were only of ten tons burden, while few exceeded a hundred tons. Fishing-boats were probably included in the estimate. In addition there were about forty war-galleys, carrying eleven thousand men; which were kept cruising in different directions, for the protection of Venetian commerce. The largest of the galleys was the famous *Bucentaur*; which, with its exterior of scarlet and gold, its long bank of burnished oars, its deck and seats inlaid with precious woods, its gorgeous canopy and throne, rivalled the magnificence of Cleopatra's barge. It was in this splendid vessel that the Doge went annually in state to celebrate the marriage of Venice with the Adriatic, by dropping a ring into its waters; thus symbolizing the fact that a people whose habitations might be assigned either to earth or to water, were equally at home on both.

With an extensive commerce the Venetians combined several manufactures. They not only prepared immense quantities of salt, and cured fish, but found in their sands the material of that exquisite glass, so pure, and yet so rich in hue, with which their name is still associated. The furnaces from which this beautiful product emanated were congregated, as they are still, in the island of

Murano. There were also brass and iron foundries; and the armourers of Venice were widely celebrated for the strength and beauty of their weapons, breastplates, helmets, and bucklers. The weaving of cloth-of-gold was another important industry. This costly and gorgeous material was in great demand in the Courts of France and Germany. Charlemagne himself was rarely seen without a robe of Venetian pattern and texture.

It was thus that Venice grew rich. The mud huts gradually gave place to palaces, and the peasants were transformed into haughty nobles. "The Venetians are grown so proud," says an old traveller in the fifteenth century, "that when one has a son, the saying goes, 'A lord is born into the world!'" In the beginning of the same century it was reckoned that there were at least a thousand nobles in the city, whose incomes ranged from 4,000 to 70,000 ducats, and that at a time when 3,000 ducats bought a palace.

In the end of the twelfth century the population was 70,000, exclusive of persons in holy orders. Two hundred years later it had increased nearly fourfold.

Venice was then, as now, a city intersected by innumerable water highways, bordered by marble mansions mingled with tenements of wood—studded with churches—and having public squares confined on three sides by houses, while on the remaining side a quay overlooked the sea. The streets bustled with traffic. Gondolas skimmed rapidly along the canals. The merchants assembled on the Rialto, and the money-changers spread their tables under the shadow of the Campanile. The Bank of Venice—the first institution of the kind ever established—the credit of which was guaranteed by the state, attested at once the wisdom and the commercial enterprise of the City of the Waters. In the shops every article of use, luxury, or ornament, could be obtained. Contractors of all kinds and of different nations resorted thither, and the ships of every flag loaded and unloaded at the quays.

The rivalry of Genoa forms a large element in the history of Venice. The two republics were deadly and relentless enemies. Whenever their ships met there was a fight, and in a narrow sea

like the Mediterranean, where in some cases they frequented the same ports, they met very often.

In 1261 a rupture with the Byzantine government at Constantinople led to the exclusion of the Venetians from the trade of the Black Sea. Genoa for a time was in the ascendant. A desperate war ensued, which at the end of four years terminated in the triumph of the Venetians, whose maritime and commercial supremacy was thus indicated. The object of the struggle—the trade of the Black Sea—was, however, lost to the victors as well as to the vanquished, for the Turks intervened and imposed their paralyzing influence on the commerce and industry of those parts. Within the Mediterranean, Venice remained without a rival. The blow which proved fatal to her influence came from without, and was as unexpected as it was inevitable. It was the discovery of a sea passage to India, which set aside the old caravan routes, of which Venice formed, as it were, the European centre.

### A MOONLIGHT NIGHT IN VENICE.

... Around me are the stars and waters—  
Worlds mirrored in the ocean, goodlier  
sight

Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass;  
And the great element, which is to space  
What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue  
depths,

Softened with the first breathings of the  
spring;

The high moon sails upon her beauteous  
way,

Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls  
Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,  
Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly  
fronts,

Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed  
Reared up from out the waters, scarce less  
strangely

Than those more massy and mysterious  
giants

Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,

Which point in Egypt's plains to times  
that have

No other record. All is gentle: nought  
Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,  
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.  
The tinklings of some soft guitars; the  
dash

Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle  
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,  
And the responsive voices of the choir  
Of boatmen answering back with verse for  
verse;

Some dusky shadow chequering the Rialto;  
Some glimmering palace-roof, or tapering  
spire,

Are all the sights and sounds which here  
pervade

The ocean-born and earth-commanding  
city—

How sweet and soothing is this hour of  
calm!

BYRON.

## THE ROMAN EMPIRE A PREPARATION FOR CHRISTIANITY.

ONE other condition remains yet to be observed. You well know that the nations inhabiting the shores of the Mediterranean were originally distinct in government, dissimilar in origin, diverse in laws, habits, and usages, and almost perpetually at war. To pass from one to the other without incurring the risk of injury, nay, even of being sold into slavery, was almost impossible. A stranger and an enemy were designated by the same word. Beginning with Spain, and passing through Gaul, Germany, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Carthage, until you arrive again at the Pillars of Hercules, every state was most commonly the enemy of every other. It was necessary that these various peoples should all be moulded by the same pressure into one common form; that one system of laws should bind them all in harmony; and that, under one common protection, a citizen might be able to pass through all of them in security. This seems to have been needful in order that the new religion might be rapidly and extensively promulgated.

In order to accomplish this purpose, as I suppose, was the Roman Empire raised up, and intrusted with the sceptre of universal dominion. Commencing with a feeble colony on the banks of the Tiber, she gradually, by conquest and conciliation, incorporated with herself the many warlike tribes of ancient Italy. In her very youth, after a death-struggle of more than a century, she laid Carthage, the former mistress of the Mediterranean, lifeless at her feet. From this era she paused not a moment in her career of universal conquest. Nation after nation submitted to her sway. Army after army was scattered before her legions, like the dust of the summer threshing-floor. Her proconsuls sat enthroned in regal state in every city of the civilized world; and the barbarian mother, clasping her infant to her bosom, fled to the remotest fastnesses of the wilderness when she saw, far off in the

distance, the sunbeams glittering upon the eagles of the Republic.

Far different, however, were the victories of Rome from those of Alexander. The Macedonian soldier thought mainly of battles and sieges, the clash of onset, the flight of satraps, and the subjugation of kings. He overran; the Romans always conquered. Every vanquished nation became, in turn, a part of the Roman empire. A large portion of every conquered people was admitted to the rights of citizenship. The laws of the Republic threw over the conquered the shield of her protection. Rome may, it is true, have oppressed them; but then she delivered them from the capricious and more intolerable oppression of their native rulers. Hence her conquests really marked the progress of civilization, and extended in all directions the limits of universal brotherhood.

The Roman citizen was free of the civilized world; everywhere he might appeal to her laws, and repose in security under the shadow of her universal power. Thus the declaration, "Ye have beaten us openly, and uncondemned, being Romans," brought the magistrates of Philippi suppliant at the feet of the apostle Paul; his question, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" palsied the hands of the lictors at Jerusalem; and the simple words, "I appeal unto Cæsar," removed his cause from the jurisdiction even of the proconsul at Cæsarea, and carried it at once into the presence of the Emperor. You cannot but perceive that this universal domination of a single civilized power must have presented great facilities for the promulgation of the gospel. In many respects, it resembled the dominion of Great Britain at the present day in Asia. Wherever her red cross floats, there the liberty of man is, to a great extent, protected by the constitution of the realm. Whatever be the complexion or the language of the nations that take refuge beneath its folds, they look up to it everywhere, and bid defiance to every other despotism.

WAYLAND.



## ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train  
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,  
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain  
Stain it with hypocritic tear;  
For I will die as I did live,  
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust  
Upon the spot where I repose;  
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,  
In hollow circumstance of woes;  
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,  
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,  
Your monuments upon my breast,  
Nor yet within the common soil  
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;  
Where man can boast that he has trod  
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,  
And lay its secret channel bare,  
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,  
A resting-place for ever there:  
Then bid its everlasting springs  
Flow back upon the king of kings;  
And never be the secret said,  
Until the deep give up its dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling  
Back to the clods, that gave them birth—  
The captured crowns of many a king,  
The ransom of a conquered earth;  
For, e'en though dead, will I control  
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain tide,  
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,  
Ye shall not rear upon its side  
Pillar or mound to mark the spot:  
For long enough the world has shook  
Beneath the terrors of my look;  
And now that I have run my race,  
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,  
And from the northern hills I burst,  
Across the world in wrath to sweep,  
And where I went the spot was cursed,

Nor blade of grass again was seen  
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fall  
Beneath the terror of the Goth!  
Their iron-breasted legions quail  
Before my ruthless sabotech,  
And low the queen of empires kneels,  
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend  
In judgment my triumphal car;  
'Twas God alone on high did send  
Th' avenging Scythian to the war,  
To shake abroad, with iron hand,  
Th' appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared  
O'er guilty king and guilty realm;  
Destruction was the ship I steered,  
And Vengeance sat upon the helm,  
When, launched in fury on the flood,  
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,  
And, in the stream their hearts had spilt,  
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp  
I poured the torrent of my powers,  
And feeble Caesars shrieked for help,  
In vain, within their seven-hilled towers  
I quenched in blood the brightest gem  
That glittered in their diadem;  
And struck a darker, deeper dye  
In the purple of their majesty;  
And bade my northern banners shine  
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done—  
I go to Him from whom I came;  
But never yet shall set the sun  
Of glory that adorns my name;  
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,  
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done;  
But darker ministers of fate,  
Impatient, round the eternal throne,  
And in the caves of Vengeance, wait;  
And soon mankind shall blench away  
Before the name of Attila.

EDWARD EVERETT.

## THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.

A. D. 100-313.

BENEATH the gay and busy streets of Rome, and far beyond, under the green fields and smiling gardens of the Campania, there lay a vast subterranean city of sepulchral passages and chambers, which had been scooped out in the course of long ages from the living rock, and which served alike for a refuge to the living and a resting-place to the dead. Originating, as it has been thought, at first in a manner wholly accidental, in the excavations made, in the early years of the empire, in the soft tufa for building purposes, those dreary vaults had been gradually extended and enlarged, according to a more definite plan, by the Christians, until they had grown into an interminable labyrinth of blind corridors and alleys, ranged in successive tiers, one above another, and branching out one from another in an endless and inextricable maze. Entering by a secret opening in some sequestered spot hid by bushes and trees, and descending by a narrow flight of steps, you find yourself in the first floor or story of this mysterious abode. Groping your way, by the light of a lamp or torch, along one of the long and narrow passages which cross and recross one another in every direction, you come at length to a spot where the path descends again, and brings you by another flight of steps to another and similar labyrinth below; and from this again to another. Meanwhile, on every side, in the walls, and beneath the floor, alike of passages and chambers, you are surrounded by the countless sepulchres of the dead, and the rude epitaph, and simple but expressive symbol of death and victory, look out upon you through the gloom at every step. At length, as you wander on "in endless mazes lost," you feel that you are in a city of the dead, which in point of extent rivals, and in population vastly exceeds, the city of the living above your head. To use the words of a recent eye-witness,—

"A catacomb may be divided into three parts—its passages or

streets, its chambers or squares, and its churches. The passages are long narrow galleries, cut with tolerable regularity, so that the roof and floor are at right angles with the sides, often so narrow as scarcely to allow two persons to go abreast. They sometimes go quite straight to a great length; but they are crossed by others, and these again by others, so as to form a complete labyrinth or net-work of subterranean corridors. To be lost among them would easily be fatal.

"But these passages are not constructed, as the name would imply, merely to lead to something else. Their walls as well as the sides of the staircase are honey-combed with graves; that is, with rows of excavations, large and small, of sufficient length to admit a human body, from a child to a full-grown man, laid with its side to the gallery. Sometimes there are as many as fourteen, sometimes as few as three or four of these rows, one above the other.

"When the corpse, wrapped up in a fair linen cloth, with some embalming or preserving substance, was laid in its narrow cell, the front was hermetically closed, either by a marble slab, or more frequently by several broad tiles, put edgeways in a groove or mortise cut for them in the rock, and cemented all round. The inscription was cut upon the marble or scratched upon the wet mortar. Thousands of the former sort have been collected, and may be seen in museums and churches; many of the latter have been copied and published, but by far the greater number of tombs are anonymous, and have no record upon them."

At intervals in the line of these central passages or streets occur the other two kinds of excavations referred to above—the chambers and the churches. They are simply enlargements of the central passage, both in breadth and in height, by scooping out the rock on either side and above. Some were of smaller size, and were designed, evidently, to signalize the place of some more important tomb; others larger, and were destined to the purposes of religious worship. These latter, in after times profusely decorated by sculpture and painting, were doubtless at first of the simplest description. They consisted of two square or oblong chambers, one on

one side, and the other on the other of the central passage, and destined respectively for the accommodation of the male and the female worshippers, who in those days were jealously kept distinct. They were lighted sometimes by apertures in the roof, and sometimes by lamps hung on the walls around. These walls, like those of the passages and smaller chambers, were full of niches or recesses, in which the remains of their friends were sleeping, while the living were there praising the Lord for whom some of those friends had died as martyrs.

In this dreary realm, then, the Christians for centuries had their hiding-place, and almost their home. Here they laid the precious dust of their departed brethren; here in times of trial they fled for refuge, or met by the lurid torch-light to worship their God. The desolate loneliness and dreary noisomeness of the place, where in earlier times the outlaw and the robber had had their den, suited well the condition of a people who were looked on as the filth of the earth and the offscouring of all things; while the numerous inlets and outlets which connected it with the outer world, and the blind labyrinth of its passages within, afforded endless facilities for concealment or escape. There, even in the worst times, they were for the most part secure; and even when now and then a band of keen pursuers, attracted, perhaps, by the plaintive cadence of holy hymns, faintly heard from afar, suddenly came upon their retreat, they had usually time, at the signal of an outlying sentinel, to break up, and scatter, and vanish amid the dark labyrinths around, before the enemy was actually upon them.

As time wore on, and successive generations of Christians passed through those gloomy realms to their eternal rest, the sacred associations of the place multiplied and deepened. Nowhere was the suffering Church so much at home as where, far from the noisy haunts of sinful men, they were surrounded by the great and ever increasing congregation of those triumphant saints, from whose bright mansions they felt they were only by a thin veil separated. Everything, too, which they saw around them, in rude epitaph and sculptured device, served to remind them of the same blessed hope. The very name of death was

unknown even in that city of the dead. "IN CHRIST"—"IN PEACE"—"DEPOSITED AND LAID TO REST IN PEACE"—"VALERIA SLEEPS"—such are the ever-recurring expressions of a faith which had shorn death of its gloom, and disarmed it of its sting; while the sheep on the shepherd's shoulders, the martyr three living amid the flames, Lazarus rising from the tomb, Noah looking out from the ark and welcoming the returning dove when the flood was passing away, looking down from the dim walls, spoke to their hearts of strength in weakness, victory in suffering, life in death.

The inscriptions are for the most part very brief, consisting often of the simple name of the silent sleeper, or with a single word added significant of rest and peace; sometimes, however, they are longer, and give full expression to the Christian faith and hope of those that rest within, and of those who laid them there. We may give two of these, as an appropriate close to this sketch, and which may serve as a specimen of the spirit, pensive yet serene, sad yet triumphant, that fills the place, and which pervaded the whole atmosphere of Christian life in those early times:—

IN CHRIST.—IN THE TIME OF THE EMPEROR ADRIAN, MARIUS, A YOUNG MILITARY OFFICER, WHO HAD LIVED LONG ENOUGH, WHEN WITH BLOOD HE GAVE UP HIS LIFE FOR CHRIST. AT LENGTH HE RESTED IN PEACE. THE WELL DESERVING SET UP THIS IN TEARS AND IN FEAR.

ALEXANDER IS NOT DEAD, BUT LIVES ABOVE THE STARS, AND HIS BODY RESTS IN THIS TOMB. HE ENDED HIS LIFE UNDER THE EMPEROR ANTONINUS, WHO, FORESEEING THAT GREAT BENEFIT WOULD RESULT FROM HIS SERVICES, RETURNED EVIL FOR GOOD: FOR WHILE ON HIS KNEES, AND ABOUT TO SACRIFICE TO THE TRUE GOD, HE WAS LED AWAY TO EXECUTION. OH, SAD TIMES, IN WHICH AMID SACRED RITES AND PRAYERS, EVEN IN CAVERNS, WE ARE NOT SAFE! WHAT CAN BE MORE WRETCHED THAN SUCH A LIFE? AND WHAT THAN SUCH A DEATH, WHEN THEY CANNOT BE BURIED BY THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIONS? AT LENGTH THEY SPARKLE IN HEAVEN! HE HAS SCARCELY LIVED WHO HAS LIVED IN CHRISTIAN TIMES.

ISLAY BURNS, D.D.

\* The designation given to the place—the "cemetery," or sleeping-chamber—spoke not of dissolution, but of repose.

## GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come to Modena,  
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio Gate,  
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.  
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
 And numerous fountains, statues, cy-  
 presses,  
 Will long detain thee; but before thou go,  
 Enter the house—pr'ythee, forget it not—  
 And look a while upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth;—  
 She sits inclining forward as to speak,  
 Her lips half-open, and her finger up,  
 As though she said, "Beware!"—her vest  
 of gold  
 Broided with flowers, and clasped from  
 head to foot—  
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp;  
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,  
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—  
 It haunts me still, though many a year has  
 fled,  
 Like some wild melody!—Alone it hangs  
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its com-  
 panion,  
 An oaken chest half-eaten by the worm.

She was an only child; from infancy  
 The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.  
 Her mother dying of the gift she gave,  
 That precious gift, what else remained to  
 him?

The young Ginevra was his all in life,  
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight.  
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,  
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every  
 tongue.

But now the day was come, the day, the  
 hour;  
 And in the lustre of her youth, she gave  
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Fran-  
 cesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal  
 feast,  
 When all sat down, the bride was wanting  
 there—  
 Nor was she to be found! Her father  
 cried,  
 " 'Tis but to make a trial of our love! "

And filled his glass to all; but his hand  
 shook,  
 And soon from guest to guest the panic  
 spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Fran-  
 cesco,

Laughing and looking back, and flying  
 still,

Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;  
 Nor from that hour could anything be  
 guessed,

But that she was not! Weary of his life,  
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith  
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.

Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have  
 seen

An old man wandering as in quest of  
 something,

Something he could not find—he knew  
 not what.

When he was gone, the house remained  
 a while

Silent and tenantless—then went to  
 strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,  
 When on an idle day, a day of search  
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,  
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and  
 'twas said

By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,  
 "Why not remove it from its lurking-  
 place?"

'Twas done as soon as said; but on the  
 way

It burst—it fell; and, lo! a skeleton!  
 And here and there a pearl, an emerald-  
 stone,

A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.  
 All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,  
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
 Engraven with a name, the name of both—  
 "GINEVRA."—There, then, had she found  
 a grave!

Within that chest had she concealed her-  
 self,

Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the  
 happy;

When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush  
 there,

Fastened her down for ever!

ROBERT.

## HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to  
pause

On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign  
Blanc!

The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base  
Have ceaselessly; but thou, most awful  
form,

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee, and above,  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge. But when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal  
shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity.

O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon  
thee

Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced  
in prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with  
my thought,

Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;  
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to  
heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart,  
awake!

Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the  
vale!

Oh, struggling with the darkness all the  
night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky, or when they  
sink,—

Companion of the morning star at dawn,  
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald, wake, O wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual  
streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
Who called you forth from night and utter  
death,

From dark and icy caverns called you  
forth,

Down those precipitous, black, jagged  
rocks,

For ever shattered, and the same for ever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,

Your strength, your speed, your fury, and  
your joy,

Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?  
And who commanded, and the silence  
came,—

"Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?"

Ye ice falls! ye that from the mountain's  
brow

Adown enormous ravines slope again—  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty  
voice,

And stopped at once amid their maddest  
plunge!

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of  
heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade  
the sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with  
living flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your  
feet?—

God! let the torrents, like a shout of  
nations,

Answer! and let the ice plains echo, God!  
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with glad-  
some voice!

Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-  
like sounds!

And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of  
snow,

And in their perilous fall shall thunder,  
God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal  
frost! [nest!

Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain  
storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the  
clouds!

Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with  
praise!

COLERIDGE.

## THE ARCHERY OF WILLIAM TELL.

"PLACE there the boy," the tyrant said;  
 "Fix me the apple on his head:

Ha! rebel—now!

There is a fair mark for thy shaft,—  
 There, try thy boasted archer craft!"  
 And hoarsely the dark Austrian laughed.

With quivering brow

The Switzer gazed—his cheek grew pale—  
 His bold lips throbbed, as if would fail

Their labouring breath.

"Ha! so ye blench?" fierce Gesler cried:  
 "I've conquered, slave, thy soul of pride!"  
 No word to that stern taunt replied—

All still as death.

"And what the meed?" at length Tell  
 asked.

"Bold fool! when slaves like thee are  
 tasked,

It is MY WILL;

But that thine eye may keener be,  
 And nerved to such nice archery,  
 If thou succeed'st, thou goest free.

What! pause ye still?

Give him a bow and arrow there—  
 One shaft—but one." Madness, despair,

And tortured love,

One moment swept the Switzer's face;  
 Then passed away each stormy trace,  
 And high resolve reigned like a grace  
 Caught from above.

"I take thy terms," he murmured low;  
 Grasped eagerly the proffered bow;

The quiver searched;

Chose out an arrow keen and long,  
 Fit for a sinewy arm and strong—  
 Placed it upon the sounding thong,—

The tough yew arched.

Deep stillness fell on all around;  
 Through that dense crowd was heard no  
 sound

Of step or word:

All watched with fixed and shuddering eye,  
 To see that fearful arrow fly;—  
 The light wind died into a sigh,

And scarcely stirred.

The gallant boy stood firm and mute—  
 He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,  
 Yet never moved!

He knew that pale fear ne'er unmanned  
 The daring coolness of that hand;—

He knew it was the father scanned  
 The boy he loved!

Slow rose the shaft:—it trembled—hung.

"My only boy!" gasped on his tongue:

He could not aim!

"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail?  
 He shakes! his haughty brow is pale!"

"Shoot!" cried a low voice; "canst thou  
 fail?

Shoot, in Heaven's name!"

Again the drooping shaft he took—  
 Cast to the heaven one burning look,—

Of all doubts rest:

"Be firm, my boy!" was all he said:  
 He drew the bow—the arrow fled—  
 The apple left the stripling's head—

"'Tis cleft! 'tis cleft!"

And cleft it was—and Tell was free.  
 Quick the brave boy was at his knee,  
 With flushing cheek;

But ere the sire his child embraced,  
 The baffled Austrian cried in haste,

"An arrow in thy belt is placed—

What means it? speak!"

"To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart!  
 Had Heaven so willed it that my dart

Touched this, my boy!"

"Treason! rebellion! chain the slave!"  
 A hundred words around him wave;

And hate to Gesler's features gave  
 Infuriate joy.

They chained the Switzer, arm and  
 limb;

They racked him till his eyes grew dim,  
 And reeled his brain:

Nor groan, nor pain-wrung prayer gave  
 he;

But smiled beneath his belt to see  
 That shaft, whose point he swore should be

Not sped in vain!

And that one arrow found its goal,  
 Red with revenge, in Gesler's soul,

When Lucerne's lake

Heard him his felon soul out-moan;  
 And Freedom's call abroad was blown,

And Switzerland, a giant grown,  
 Her fetters brake.

From hill to hill the summons flew—  
 From lake to lake that tempest grew

With wakening swell—

Till balked oppression crouched in shame,  
 And Austrian haughtiness grew tame,

And freedom's watchword was—the name  
 Of William Tell!



## THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

WE pursued our way over a rolling, mountainous country, until, arriving at the crest of an eminence, the snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada, which we had beheld on our voyage from Tunis to Gibraltar, rose before us in all its majesty—a sign that the object of our pilgrimage could not be very far distant. From the top of a range of dreary sand-hills blazing in the sun, the dark green carpet of the Vega of Granada suddenly expanded at our feet. It is a vast inland plain, everywhere surrounded by mountains, elevated some thousand feet above the level of the sea, with a climate comparatively cool and bracing, and a soil of the most exuberant fertility, watered by the melting snows of the Sierra, which towers above it like a defensive wall. On the slope of one of the inferior heights appeared the white city, buried in groves; and on a hill above it, the red towers of the Moorish fortress of the Alhambra.

At this sight, we all felt like pilgrims in sight of a long-desired bourne; and, heedless of the burning sun, galloped across the green Vega until we had attained the suburbs of Granada. We cannot easily describe the feelings with which we found ourselves close to this capital of the Arabians in Spain, and actually within sight of the most elegant monument of their architecture. What manner of people those Moors were, how surprising their civilization, and how melancholy their fate, must be described by abler pens than mine, and the reader will thank me for placing before him one of the most beautiful passages of Washington Irving, which sums up, in a few eloquent words, the prominent points in the history of this gallant but ill-fated race:—

“I fell into a course of musing upon the singular fortunes of the Arabian or Moresco-Spaniards, whose whole existence is as a tale that is told, and certainly forms one of the most anomalous yet splendid episodes in history. Potent and durable as was their dominion, we scarcely know how to call them. They were a

nation without a legitimate country or a name. A remote wave of the great Arabian inundation cast upon the shores of Europe, they seemed to have all the impetus of the first rush of the torrent. Their career of conquest, from the rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees, was as rapid and brilliant as the Moslem victories of Syria and Egypt; nay, had they not been checked on the plains of Tours, all France, all Europe, might have been overrun with the same facility as the empires of the East, and the Crescent might at this day have glittered on the fanes of Paris and of London.

“Repelled within the limits of the Pyrenees, the mixed hordes of Asia and Africa that formed this great eruption gave up the Moslem principle of conquest, and sought to establish in Spain a peaceful and permanent dominion. As conquerors, their heroism was only equalled by their moderation; and in both, for a time, they excelled the nations with whom they contended. Severed from their native homes, they loved the land given them, as they supposed, by Allah, and strove to embellish it with everything that could administer to the happiness of man. Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, diligently cultivating the arts and sciences, and promoting agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, they gradually formed an empire unrivalled for its prosperity by any of the empires of Christendom; and diligently drawing round them the graces and refinements that marked the Arabian empire in the East, at the time of its greatest civilization, they diffused the light of oriental knowledge through the western regions of benighted Europa. . . .

“If the Moslem monuments in Spain, if the Mosque of Cordova, the Alcazar of Seville, and the Alhambra of Granada still bear inscriptions fondly boasting of the power and permanency of their dominion, can the boast be derided as arrogant and vain? Generation after generation, century after century had passed away, and still they maintained possession of the land. A period had elapsed longer than that which has passed since England was subjugated by the Norman Conqueror, and the descendants of Musa and Taric might as little anticipate being driven into exile

across the same straits traversed by their triumphant ancestors, as the descendants of Rollo and William and their veteran peers may dream of being driven to the shores of Normandy.

"With all this, however, the Moslem empire in Spain was but a brilliant exotic, that took no permanent root in the soil it embellished. Severed from all their neighbours in the West by impassable barriers of faith and manners, and separated by seas and deserts from their kindred of the East, they were an isolated people. Their whole existence was a prolonged, though gallant and chivalric, struggle for a foot-hold in an usurped land.

"They were the frontiers and out-posts of Islamism. The Peninsula was the great battle-ground where the Gothic conquerors of the North and the Moslem conquerors of the East met and strove for mastery; and the fiery courage of the Arab was at length subdued by the obstinate and persevering valour of the Goth.

"Never was the annihilation of a people more complete than that of the Moresco-Spaniards. Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. The exiled remnant of their once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa, and ceased to be a nation. They have not even left a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people. The home of their adoption, and of their occupation for ages, refuses to acknowledge them, except as invaders and usurpers. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion—as solitary rocks, left far in the interior, bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation. Such is the Alhambra—a Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land—an Oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the West—an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent, and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, and passed away!"

WASHINGTON IRVING.

## SURRENDER OF GRENADA.

DAY dawned upon Grenada, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily upon the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro. Alone, upon a balcony commanding a view of the beautiful landscape, stood Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had so ardently cultivated.

"What are we," said the musing prince, "that we should fill the earth with ourselves—we kings! Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne; on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost? Nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose; nothing save the source of all my wretchedness, the Marah of my life! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought and action, or man's more material luxuries of food and sleep—the common and cheap desires of all? At the worst, I sink but to a level with chiefs and princes: I am but levelled with those whom the multitude admire and envy. . . . But it is time to depart." So saying, he descended to the court, flung himself on his barb, and, with a small and saddened train, passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy; thence, amid gardens, now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unnoticed way.

When he came to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armour gleamed upon him, as the detachment sent to occupy the palace marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence. At the head of the vanguard rode, upon a snow-white palfrey, the Bishop of Avila, followed by a long train of bare-footed monks. They halted as Boabdil approached, and the grave bishop saluted him with the air of one who addresses an infidel and an inferior. With the quick sense of dignity common to the great, and yet more to the

fallen, Boabdil felt, but resented not the pride of the ecclesiastic. "Go, Christian," said he mildly; "the gates of the Alhambra are open, and Allah has bestowed the palace and the city upon your king. May his virtues atone the faults of Boabdil!" So saying, and waiting no answer, he rode on, without looking to the right or the left. The Spaniards also pursued their way,

The sun had fairly risen above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of *Te Deum*, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and acclamations of his train: he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, from his own watch-tower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while beside that badge of the holy war waved the gay and flaunting flag of St. Jago, the canonized Mars of the chivalry of Spain. At that sight the king's voice died within him; he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and slackened not his speed till almost within bow-shot of the first rank of the army.

Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sun-lighted spears and blazoned banners; while beside murmured, and glowed, and danced, the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small mosque halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the arch-priests of that mighty hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that rivalled the Roland of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high-born dames of Spain, relieving, with their gay colours and sparkling gems, the sterner splendour of the crested helmet and polished mail. Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best

to conceal his soul, and a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival—their new subject; and as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder: “Brother and prince,” said he, “forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king; resisting man, but resigned at length to God.”

Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head, and remained a moment silent; then motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and, kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city. “Oh, king!” then said Boabdil, “accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain. The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Grenada; yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy.”—“They do well,” said the king; “our promises shall not be broken. But since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of Grenada be surrendered.”

Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil, but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

“Fair queen,” said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, “thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches

and subdued: this is my last, but not least glorious conquest. But I detain ye; let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell."—"Farewell, my brother," replied Ferdinand, "and may fair fortune go with you! Forget the past!" Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound respect and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new principality beyond the Alpuxarras. As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslem.

Boabdil spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his slaves, and his faithful wife, Armine (sent on before), awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, and the towers of Grenada broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted mechanically and abruptly; every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart, and gushed from every eye.

Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sun-lighted valley and crystal river. A universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in eastern pride, or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place, where the king wept at the last view of his lost empire, is still called **THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.**

BULWER.

## THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

The Spaniards gave this name ("The Last Sigh of the Moor") to the eminence from which, after their expulsion, the Moorish king and his followers took their farewell view of Grenada.

WINDING along, at break of day,  
And armed with helm and spears,  
Along the martyr's rocky way,  
A king comes, with his peers:  
Unto the eye a splendid sight,  
Making the air all richly bright,  
Seen flashing through the trees;  
But, to the heart, a scene of blight,  
Sadder than death were these.

For brightly fall the morning rays  
Upon a conquered king;  
The breeze that with his banner plays,  
Plays with an abject thing.  
Banner and king no more will know  
Their rightful place 'mid friend and  
foe:

Proud clarion, cease thy blast!  
Or, changing to the wail of woe,  
Breathe dirges for the past.

Along, along, by rock and tower,  
That they have failed to keep,  
By wood and vale, their fathers' dower,  
The exiled warriors sweep:

The chevroned\* steed, no more elate,  
As if he knew his rider's fate,  
Steps languidly and slow,—  
As if he knew Grenada's gate  
Now open to the foe!

Along, along, till all is passed  
That once they called their own,  
Till bows the pride of strength at last,  
And knights, like women, moan!  
Pausing upon the green hill-side,  
That soon their city's towers will hide,  
They lean upon their spears;  
And hands, that late with blood were dyed,  
Are now washed white with tears.

Another look, from brimming eyes,  
Along the glorious plain;  
Elsewhere may spread as lovely skies,  
Elsewhere their monarch reign;  
But never more in that bright land,  
With all his chivalry at hand,  
Now dead, or far departed!  
And from the hill-side moves the band,  
The bravest, broken-hearted.

MISS JEWsbury.

## THE ALPINE CROSS.

BENIGHTED once where Alpine storms  
Have buried hosts of martial forms,  
Halting with fear, benumbed with cold,  
While swift the avalanches rolled,  
Shouted our guide, with quivering breath,  
"The path is lost! to move is death!"

The savage snow-cliffs seemed to frown;  
The howling winds came fiercer down;  
Shrouded in such a dismal scene,  
No mortal aid whereon to lean,  
Think you what music 'twas to hear,  
"I see the Cross! our way is clear!"

We looked, and there, amid the snows,  
A simple cross of wood uprose;

Firm in the tempest's awful wrath,  
It stood to guide the traveller's path,  
And point to where the valley lies,  
Serene beneath the summer skies.

One dear companion of that night  
Has passed away from human sight.  
He reached his home to droop and  
fade,  
And sleep within his native glade;  
But as his fluttering hand I took,  
Before he gave his farewell look,  
He whispered from his bed of pain,  
"The Alpine Cross I see again!"  
Then, smiling, sank to endless rest,  
Upon his weeping mother's breast.

J. T. FIELDs.

\* A chevron is a certain mark used in heraldry.



**DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.**

As the troops approached Coruña, the general's looks were directed towards the harbour; but an open expanse of water painfully convinced him that to Fortune, at least, he was no way beholden; contrary winds still detained the fleet at Vigo, and the last consuming exertion made by the army was rendered fruitless! The men were put into quarters, and their leader awaited the progress of events.

The bridge of El Burgo was destroyed, and also that of Cambria, situated a few miles up the Mero River; but the engineer employed at the latter, mortified at the former failures, was so anxious to perform his duty in an effectual manner, that he remained too near the mine, and was killed by the explosion. Meanwhile three divisions occupied the town and suburbs of Coruña, and the reserve was posted near the village of El Burgo. For twelve days these hardy soldiers had covered the retreat; during which time they had traversed eighty miles of road in two marches, passed several nights under arms in the snow of the mountains, were seven times engaged with the enemy, and now assembled at the outposts, having fewer men missing from the ranks, including those who had fallen in battle, than any other division in the army—an admirable instance of the value of good discipline, and a manifest proof of the malignant injustice with which Sir John Moore has been accused of precipitating his retreat beyond the measure of human strength.

The town of Coruña, although sufficiently strong to oblige an enemy to break ground before it, was weakly fortified, and to the southward commanded by some heights close to the walls. Sir John Moore therefore caused the land front to be strengthened, and occupied the citadel, but disarmed the sea face of the works; and the inhabitants cheerfully and honourably joined in the labour, although they were fully aware that the English intended to embark, and that they would incur the enemy's anger by taking

a part in the military operations. Such flashes of light from the dark cloud which at this moment covered Spain may startle the reader, and make him doubt if the Spaniards could have been so insufficient to their own defence as they have been represented. . . . .

The late arrival of the transports, the increasing force of the enemy, and the disadvantageous nature of the ground, had greatly augmented the difficulty and danger of the embarkation, and several general officers now proposed to the commander-in-chief that he should negotiate for leave to retire to his ships upon terms. . . . . Moore's high spirit and clear judgment revolted at the idea, and he rejected the degrading advice without hesitation.

All the encumbrances of the army were shipped in the night of the 15th and morning of the 16th, and everything was prepared to withdraw the fighting men as soon as the darkness would permit them to move without being perceived; and the precautions taken would without doubt have insured the success of this difficult operation, but a more glorious event was destined to give a melancholy but graceful termination to the campaign. About two o'clock in the afternoon a general movement along the French line gave notice of an approaching battle. . . . .

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence; but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces; the arm was hanging by a piece of skin; the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh; and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, who was

near, attempted to take it off; but the dying man stopped him, saying, "*It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me;*"—and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

Meanwhile the army was rapidly gaining ground. The reserve, overthrowing everything in the valley, obliged La Houssaye's dragoons, who had dismounted, to retire, turned the enemy on that side, and even approached the eminence upon which the great battery was posted; on the left, Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the fourteenth, carried Palavia Abaxo, which General Foy defended but feebly; in the centre, the obstinate dispute for Elvina had terminated in favour of the British, and when the night set in their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while the French were falling back in confusion. . . . . To continue the action in the dark was to tempt Fortune: the French were still the more numerous, and their ground was strong; moreover, the disorder they were in offered such a favourable opportunity to get on board the ships, that Sir John Hope, upon whom the command of the army had devolved, satisfied with having repulsed the attack, judged it more prudent to pursue the original plan of embarking during the night. This operation was effected without delay, the arrangements being so complete that neither confusion nor difficulty occurred. The piquets, kindling a number of fires, covered the retreat of the columns, and being themselves withdrawn at day-break, were embarked under the protection of General Hill's brigade, which was posted near the ramparts of the town.

When the morning dawned, the French, observing that the British had abandoned their position, pushed forward some battalions to the heights of St. Lucie, and about mid-day succeeded in establishing a battery, which, playing upon the shipping in the harbour, caused a great deal of disorder among the transports. Several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went ashore; but the troops being immediately removed by the men-of-war's boats, the stranded vessels were burnt, and the whole fleet at last got out of harbour. General Hill's brigade then embarked from

the citadel, while General Beresford, with a rear guard, kept possession of that work until the 18th, when the wounded being all put on board, his troops likewise embarked: the inhabitants faithfully maintained the town against the French, and the fleet sailed for England. . . . .

Thus ended the retreat to Coruña, a transaction which, up to this day, has called forth as much of falsehood and malignity as servile and interested writers could offer to the unprincipled leaders of a base faction, but which posterity will regard as a genuine example of ability and patriotism. From the spot where he fell, the general who had conducted it was carried to the town by a party of soldiers. His blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great; yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "*No, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound; but there was no hope. The pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten; and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, he said, "*You know that I always wished to die this way.*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, observed, "*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated: but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff; and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength failed fast, and life was almost extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country*

*will do me justice !*" In a few minutes afterwards he died ; and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Coruña. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours ; and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism, more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall, graceful person, his dark, searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding ; while the lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, being adorned by a subtle, playful wit, gave him in conversation an ascendancy that he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness ; and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character, as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit—a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him ; for while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base—and with characteristic propriety, they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession, and feeling that he was worthy to lead a British army, hailed the fortune that placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed, the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared ; but the austere glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confiding in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance ; and opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude. No insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination. Fortune frowned without subduing his constancy ; Death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when

his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself ; neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

SIR W. NAPIER.

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THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave of the hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
But little he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him !

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;  
And we heard the distant and random gun,  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory !

WOLFE

**BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, AND DEATH OF NELSON.**

OCTOBER 21, 1805.

EARLY on the morning of 14th September Nelson reached Portsmouth, and having despatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face. Many were in tears, and many knelt down before him and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity, but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength: and therefore they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he returned their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat, for the people would not be debarred from gazing till the last moment upon the hero—the darling hero of England! . . .

At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the star-board tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs, of thirty-three and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of Oc-

tober was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also, and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long, heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines, and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:—

“May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, amen, amen.”

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen: he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack, thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived and as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet



in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. The officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty!" Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England, shall endure—Nelson's last signal: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north

than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz; the lee line therefore was first engaged. "See!" cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side, "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was, and was told in reply that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson; "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look, yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike! For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The Admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair of the Marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?"

and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them; upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore brace bits on the quarter deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other; each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-top-mast, with all her studding-sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoutable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action.

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## BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, AND DEATH OF NELSON.

(Continued.)

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoutable*, supposing that she had struck because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice

spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one; just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars! Had he but concealed those badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at each hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly

cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed! he is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublime moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy: "ten ships have struck; but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "there was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no," he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "so great that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger

voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed ; "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard ;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings,— "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy ; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek ; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty !" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that ?" said Nelson ; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatio as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty !" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part were not idle ; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizzen-top of the *Redoutable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound. He did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quartermaster had seen him fire, and easily recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quartermaster and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the *Victory's* poop ; the two mid-

shipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, "That's he—that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizzen-top and found him dead, with one ball through his head and another through his breast.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven. Twenty of the enemy struck, but it was not possible to anchor the fleet, as Nelson had enjoined. A gale came on from the south-west: some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz, others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated—they were destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the King, the Legislature, and the Nation would

have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed—whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney corner” to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson’s surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now when they were no longer in existence.

The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson’s translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not, indeed, his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

SOUTHEY.



## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON understood his business. Here was a man who in each moment and emergency knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad. Napoleon had been the first man of the world, if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigour by the extraordinary unity of his action.

He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing everything to his aim—money, troops, generals, and his own safety also; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendour of his own means. "Incidents ought not to govern policy," he said, "but policy incidents." "To be hurried away by every event, is to have no political system at all." His victories were only so many doors, and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstances. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark.

He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history, of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not, therefore, be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will: not blood-thirsty, not cruel; but woe to what thing or person stood in his way! "Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Junot, for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery." "Let him carry the battery." "Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?" "*Forward! forward!*"

In the plenitude of his resources every obstacle seemed to vanish. "There shall be no Alps," he said; and he built his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their steepest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as any town in France. Having

decided what was to be done, he did that with might and main. He put out all his strength. He risked everything, and spared nothing—neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, nor himself. If fighting be the best mode of adjusting national differences (as large majorities of men seem to agree) certainly Bonaparte was right in making it thorough.

"The grand principle of war," he said, "was, that an army ought always to be ready, by day and by night, and at all hours, to make all the resistance it is capable of making." He never economized his ammunition, but on a hostile position rained a torrent of iron—shells, balls, grape-shot—to annihilate all defence. He went to the edge of his possibility, so heartily was he bent on his object. It is plain that in Italy he did what he could, and all that he could; he came several times within an inch of ruin, and his own person was all but lost. He was flung into the marsh at Arcola. The Austrians were between him and his troops in the confusion of the struggle, and he was brought off with desperate efforts. At Lonato,\* and at other places, he was on the point of being taken prisoner.

He fought sixty battles. He had never enough. Each victory was a new weapon. "My power would fall, were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." He felt, with every wise man, that as much life is needed for conservation as for creation. We are always in peril, always in a bad plight, just on the edge of destruction, and only to be saved by invention and courage. This vigour was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. A thunderbolt in the attack, he was found invulnerable in his intrenchments. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation. His idea of the best defence consisted in being always the attacking party. "My ambition," he says, "was great, but was of a cold nature."

Everything depended on the nicety of his combinations: the stars were not more punctual than his arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello

\* A small town near Lake Garda in Italy.

I ordered Kellermann to attack with eight hundred horse ; and with these he separated the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action ; and I have observed it is always those quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. The same prudence and good sense marked all his behaviour. His instructions to his secretary at the palace are worth remembering :—" During the night, enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate ; with that there is no hurry : but when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost." His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of man. There have been many working kings, from Ulysses to William of Orange, but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance.

To these gifts of nature Napoleon added the advantage of having been born to a private and humble fortune. In his later days he had the weakness of wishing to add to his crowns and badges the prescription of aristocracy ; but he knew his debt to his austere education, and made no secret of his contempt for the born kings, and for " the hereditary donkeys," as he coarsely styled the Bourbons. He said that, in their exile, " they had learned nothing, and forgot nothing." Bonaparte had passed through all the degrees of military service ; but, also, was citizen before he was emperor, and so had the key to citizenship. His remarks and estimates discovered the information and justness of the measurement of the middle class.

Those who had to deal with him found that he was not to be imposed upon, but could cipher as well as another man. When the expenses of the empress, of his household, of his palaces, had accumulated great debts, Napoleon examined the bills of the creditors himself, detected overcharges, errors, and reduced the claims

by considerable sums. His grand weapon, namely, the millions whom he directed, he owed to the representative character which clothed him. He interests us as he stands for France and for Europe; and he exists as captain and king only as far as the Revolution or the interests of the industrious masses found an organ and a leader in him.

In the social interests he knew the meaning and value of labour, and threw himself naturally on that side. The principal works that have survived him are his magnificent roads. He filled his troops with his spirit, and a sort of freedom and companionship grew up between him and them, which the forms of his court never permitted between the officers and himself. They performed under his eye that which no others could do. The best document of his relation to his troops, is the order of the day on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, in which Napoleon promises the troops that he will keep his person out of reach of fire. This declaration, which is the reverse of that ordinarily made by generals and sovereigns on the eve of a battle, sufficiently explains the devotion of the army to their leader.

EMERSON.

### HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;  
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;  
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow;  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

## THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
 Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and  
 brave men:  
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and  
 when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake  
 again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;—  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like  
 a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the  
 wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
 On with the dance! let joy be uncon-  
 fined!  
 No sleep till morn, when youth and plea-  
 sure meet  
 To chase the glowing hours with flying  
 feet—  
 But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in  
 once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's open-  
 ing roar!

Ah! then and there were hurrying to  
 and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of  
 distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour  
 ago [liness;  
 Blushed at the praise of their own love—  
 And there were sudden partings, such as  
 press  
 The life from out young hearts, and  
 choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated;—who  
 could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual  
 eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn  
 could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste:  
 the steed, [ing car,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clatter-  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous  
 speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;

And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning  
 star;  
 While thronged the citizens with terror  
 dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe!  
 they come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's  
 gathering" rose!  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's  
 hills  
 Have heard—and heard, too, have her  
 Saxon foes.  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch  
 thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath  
 which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the moun-  
 taineers  
 With the fierce native daring, which  
 instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years;  
 And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each  
 clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her  
 green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they  
 pass,  
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er  
 grieves—  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above  
 shall grow  
 In its next verdure; when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder  
 cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound  
 of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the  
 day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which,  
 when rent,  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover—heaped  
 and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red  
 burial blent!

BYRON.

## FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

No sounds of labour vexed the quiet air  
From morn till eve. The people all stood  
still,  
And earth won back a Sabbath. There  
were none  
Who cared to buy and sell, and make a  
gain,  
For one whole day. All felt as they had  
lost  
A father, and were fain to keep within,  
Silent, or speaking little. Such a day  
An old man sees but once in all his time.

The simplest peasant in the land that day  
Knew somewhat of his country's grief. He  
heard

The knell of England's hero from the  
tower

Of the old church, and asked the cause,  
and sighed.

The vet'ran who had bled on some far  
field,

Fought o'er the battle for the thousandth  
time

With quaint addition; and the little child  
That stopped his sport to run and ask his  
sire

What it all meant, picked out the simple  
tale,—

How he who drove the French from Water-  
loo,

And crushed the tyrant of the world, and  
made

His country great and glorious,—*he* was  
dead.

All, from the simplest to the stateliest,  
knew

But one sad story—from the cotter's bairn  
Up to the fair-haired lady on the throne,  
Who sat within and sorrowed for her friend;  
And every tear she shed became her well,  
And seemed more lovely in her people's  
eyes

Than all the starry wonders of her crown.

But, as the waters of the Northern Sea  
(When one strong wind blows steady from  
the pole)

Come hurrying to the shore, and far and  
wide

As eye can reach the creaming waves  
press on

Impatient; or, as trees that bow their  
tops

One way, when Alpine hollows bring one  
way

The blast whereat they quiver in the  
vale,—

So millions pressed to swell the general  
grief

One way;—for once all men seemed one  
way drawn;

Or if, through evil hap and unforeseen,  
Some stayed behind, their hearts, at least,  
were there

The whole day through—could think of  
nothing else,

Hear nothing else, see nothing!

In his cell

The student saw the pageant; spied from  
far

The long-drawn pomp which reached from  
west to east,

Slow moving in the silence—casque and  
plume

And banner waving sad; the marvellous  
state

Of heralds, soldiers, nobles, foreign powers,  
With baton, or with pennon; princes,

peers,  
Judges, and dignitaries of Church and  
State,

And warriors grown gray-headed;—every  
form

Which greatness can assume or honour  
name,

Peaceful or warlike,—each and all were  
there;

Trooping in sable sorrow after him  
Who slept serene upon his funeral car

In glorious rest! . . . A child might under-  
stand

That 'twas no national sorrow, but a grief  
Wide as the world. A child might under-  
stand

That all mankind were sorrowing for *one*!

That banded nations had conspired to  
pay

This homage to the chief who drew his  
sword

At the command of Duty; kept it bright  
Through perilous days; and soon as Victory

smiled,  
Laid it, unsullied, in the lap of Peace.

Oriel College.

ANON.

## BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in  
Algiers;

There was lack of woman's nursing, there  
was dearth of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his  
life-blood ebbed away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear  
what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that  
comrade's hand,

And he said: "I never more shall see my  
own, my native land:

Take a message and a token to some distant  
friends of mine,

For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on  
the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions, when  
they meet and crowd around,

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant  
vineyard ground,

That we fought the battle bravely; and  
when the day was done,

Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath  
the setting sun.

And 'midst the dead and dying were some  
grown old in wars—

The death-wound on their gallant breasts,  
the last of many scars;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld  
life's morn decline;

And one had come from Bingen—fair  
Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother that her other sons shall  
comfort her old age,

And I was aye a truant bird, that thought  
his home a cage;

For my father was a soldier, and, even as a  
child,

My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of  
struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his  
scanty hoard,

I let them take whate'er they would, but  
kept my father's sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the  
bright light used to shine,

On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bin-  
gen on the Rhine!

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob  
with drooping head,

When the troops are marching home again,  
with glad and gallant tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm  
and steadfast eye,

For her brother was a soldier too, and not  
afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her  
in my name

To listen to him kindly, without regret or  
shame;

And to hang the old sword in its place (my  
father's sword and mine),

For the honour of old Bingen—dear Bingen  
on the Rhine!

There's *another*—not a sister; in the  
happy days gone by,

You'd have known her by the merriment  
that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle  
scorning!

O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes  
sometimes heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere  
this moon be risen

My body will be out of pain—my soul be  
out of prison)

I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the  
yellow sunlight shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bin-  
gen on the Rhine!

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard,  
or seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing in chorus  
sweet and clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the  
slanting hill,

That echoing chorus sounded, through the  
evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we  
passed with friendly talk

Down many a path beloved of yore, and  
well-remembered walk;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly  
in mine;—

But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved  
Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser; his grasp  
 was childish weak;  
 His eyes put on a dying look; he sighed,  
 and ceased to speak.  
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark  
 of life had fled;  
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land  
 —was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and  
 calmly she looked down  
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with  
 bloody corpses strown;  
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale  
 light seemed to shine,  
 As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen  
 on the Rhine!

HON. MRS. NORTON.

### THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

THERE's a white stone placed upon yonder  
 tomb—

Beneath is a soldier lying; [plume,  
 The death-wound came amid sword and  
 When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,  
 By wet wild-flowers surrounded;  
 The church shadow falls o'er the place of  
 his rest,  
 Where the steps of his childhood  
 bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,  
 There was woman's gentle weeping,  
 And the wailing of age and infant cries,  
 O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,  
 With his father's sword and blessing;  
 He stood with the valiant side by side,  
 His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again in the light of his fame,  
 When the red campaign was over;

One heart that in secret had kept his name,  
 Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky;  
 He left his sweet home for battle, [cry,  
 Left his young child's lip for the loud war—  
 And the cannon's long death rattle.

He came again—but an altered man:  
 The path of the grave was before him,  
 And the smile that he wore was cold and  
 wan,  
 For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory—spoke of cheer:  
 These are words that are vainly spoken  
 To the childless mother or orphan's ear,  
 Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the  
 stone,  
 Half hidden by yonder willow;  
 There he sleeps, whose death in battle was  
 won,  
 But who died on his own home pillow!

L. E. LONDON.

### THE DEEP.

THERE's beauty in the deep:—  
 The wave is bluer than the sky;  
 And though the light shine bright on high,  
 More softly do the sea gems glow  
 That sparkle in the depths below;  
 The rainbow's tints are only made  
 When on the waters they are laid;  
 And sun and moon most sweetly shine  
 Upon the ocean's level brine:  
 There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep:—  
 It is not in the surf's rough roar,  
 Nor in the whispering, shelly shore:—  
 They are but earthly sounds, that tell  
 But little of the sea nymph's shell,

That sends its loud clear note abroad,  
 Or winds its softness through the flood,  
 Echoes through groves with coral gay,  
 And dies on spongy banks away:  
 There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep:—  
 Above, let tides and tempests rave,  
 And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;  
 Above, let care and fear contend  
 With sin and sorrow to the end;—  
 Here, far beneath the tainted foam  
 That frets above our peaceful home,  
 We dream in joy, and wake in love,  
 Nor know the rage that yells above:  
 There's quiet in the deep.

BRAINARD.



**LIFE IN ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND.**

THE Anglo-Saxons breakfasted at nine o'clock. This meal consisted probably of bread, meat, and ale, but was a lighter repast than that taken when the hurry of the day lay behind. It was eaten often in the bower. Between breakfast and noon-meal at three lay the most active period of the day. Let me picture a few scenes in Anglo-Saxon life, as displayed in the chief occupations of the time.

Leaving the ladies of his household to linger among the roses and lilies of their gardens, or to ply their embroidering needles in some cool recess of the orchard, festooned with broad vine leaves and scented with the smell of apples, the earl or thane went out to the porch of his dwelling, and, sitting there upon a fixed throne, gave alms to a horde of beggars, or presided over the assembly of the local court.

Autumn brought delightful days to the royal and noble sportsmen of Anglo-Saxon England. Galloping down from his home, perched, as were all great Saxon houses, on the crest of a commanding hill, the earl, with all care or thought of work flung aside, dashed with his couples of deep-chested Welsh hounds into the glades of a neighbouring forest, already touched with the red and gold of September. Gaily through the shadowy avenues rang the music of the horns, startling red deer and wild boars from their coverts in the brushwood. Away after the dogs, maddened by a fresh scent, goes the gallant hunt—past swine-herds with their goads, driving vast herds of pigs into the dales, where beech-mast and acorns lie thick upon the ground—past wood-cutters, hewing fuel for the castle fire or munching their scanty meal of oaten bread about noon; nor is bridle drawn until the game, antlered or tusked, has rushed into the strong nets spread by attendants at some pass among the trees. Then knife or spear does its bloody work. Among the Anglo-Saxons, as among the Normans and the English of a later day, the bow was a favourite weapon

in the deer-forest. When better game proved scarce, they shot or netted hares.

Hawking long held the place of our modern shooting. Even the grave and business-like Alfred devoted his pen to this enticing subject. And we can well understand the high spirits and merry talk of a hawking party, cantering over rustling leaves, all white and crisp with an October frost, on their way to the reedy mere, where they made sure of abundant game. On each rider's wrist sat a hooded falcon, caught young, perhaps in a dark pine-wood of Norway, and carefully trained by the falconer, who was no unimportant official in an Anglo-Saxon establishment. Arrived at the water, the party broke into sets; and as the blue heron rose on his heavy wing, or a noisy splashing flight of ducks sprang from their watery rest, the hood was removed, and the game shown to the sharp-eyed bird, which, soaring loose into the air from the up-flung wrist, cleft his way in pursuit with rapid pinion, rose above the doomed quarry, and descending with a sudden swoop, struck fatal talons and yet more fatal beak into its back and head, and bore it dead to the ground. A sharp gallop over the broken surface had meantime brought the sportsman up in time to save the game, and restore the red-beaked victor to his hood and perch.

But hunting and hawking were the pastimes of the rich. While fat deer fell under the hunter's dart, and blue feathers strewed the banks of lake and river, the smith hammered red iron on his ringing anvil—the carpenter cut planks for the mead-bench or the bower-wall, or shaped cart-wheels and plough-handles for the labours of the farm—the shoemaker, who also tanned leather and fashioned harness, plied his busy knife and needle—the furrier prepared skins for the lining of stately robes—and in every cloister monks, deep in the mysteries of the furnace, the graving-tool, the paint-brush, and a score of similar instruments, manufactured the best bells, crucifixes, jewellery, and stained glass then to be found in the land.

The Anglo-Saxon farmers were rather graziers than tillers of the soil. Sheep for their wool, swine for their flesh, kine for their beef and hides, dotted the pastures and grubbed in the forests

near every standing. But there was agriculture too. A picture of an Anglo-Saxon farm-house would present, though of course in ruder form, many features of its modern English successor. Amid fields, often bought for four sheep an acre, and scantily manured with marl after the old British fashion, stood a timbered house, flanked by a farm-yard full of ox-stalls, and stocked with geese and fowl. A few bee-hives—the islands of the sugar-cane not being yet discovered—suggested a mead-cask always well filled, and a good supply of sweatmeats for the board; while an orchard, thick with laden boughs, supplied pears and apples, nuts and almonds, and in some districts figs and grapes. From the illustrations of an Anglo-Saxon manuscript we know something of the year's farm-work. January saw the wheel of the iron plough drawn down the brown furrows by its four oxen, harnessed with twisted willow ropes or thongs of thick whale-skin. They dug their vineyards in February, their gardens in March. In April, when seed-time was past, they took their ease over horns of ale. May prepared for the shearing of the wool. June saw the sickles in the wheat; July heard the axe among the trees.\* In August barley was mown with scythes. In September and October hounds and hawks engrossed every day of good weather. Round November fires farming implements were mended or renewed; and the whirling flail, beating the grain from its husk, beat also December chills from the swiftly-running blood. We find in the threshing scene a steward, who stands keeping count, by notches on a stick, of the full baskets of winnowed grain which are pouring into the granary.

Ships came from the Continent to Anglo-Saxon England, laden with furs and silk, gems and gold, rich dresses, wine, oil, and ivory; bearing back, most probably, blood-horses, wool for the looms of Flanders, and in earlier times English slaves for the markets of Aix-la-Chapelle and Rome. The backward condition of trade may be judged from a law which enacted that no bargain should be made except in open court, in presence of the sheriff, the mass-priest, or the lord of the manor. Merchants, travelling

\* It is thought that the artist has here transposed June and July by mistake.

in bands for safety, and carrying their own tents, passed round the different country towns at certain times, when holiday was kept and village sports filled the green with noisy mirth. The wives and daughters of Anglo-Saxon cottages loved bright ribands and showy trinkets, after the fashion of their sex. So while Gurth was wrestling on the grass or grinning at the antics of the dancing bear, Githa was investing her long-hoarded silver pennies in some strings of coloured beads or an ivory comb. Close to the merchant or peddler (if we give him the name which best expresses to modern ears the habit of his life) stood an attendant with a pair of scales, ready to weigh the money in case of any considerable sale. Slaves and cattle formed, in early Saxon days, a common medium of exchange. Whenever gold shone in the merchant's sack, it was chiefly the Byzantine gold *solidus*, shortly called Byzant, worth something more than nine of our shillings. Silver Byzants, worth two shillings, also passed current; and in earlier times Roman money, stamped with the heads of emperors, found its way into Saxon and Anglian purses.

By the Anglo-Saxon a journey was never undertaken for mere pleasure, for many perils beset the way. The rich went short journeys in heavy waggons, longer journeys on horseback—the ladies riding on side-saddles as at present. But most travelling was performed afoot. Horsemen carried spears, for defence against robbers or wild beasts; pedestrians held a stout oak staff, which did double work in aiding and defending the traveller. The stirrup was of an odd triangular shape, the spur a simple spike. A cover wrapped the head; a mantle, the body of travellers. That they sometimes carried umbrellas we know; but these were probably very rare, being confined, like gloves, to the very highest class.

Plenty of ale-houses, in which too much Anglo-Saxon time was spent, filled the towns; but in country districts inns were scarce. There were indeed places, like the Eastern caravanserai, where travellers, carrying their own provisions, found a refuge from wind and rain by night within bare stone walls, the patched-up ruins, perhaps, of an old Roman villa or barrack, which afforded a cheer-

less shelter to the wearied, dripping band. But the hospitality of the Anglo-Saxons, implanted both by custom and by law, not after the narrow modern fashion of entertaining friends, who give parties in return, but the welcoming to bed and board of all comers, known and unknown, caused the lack of inns to be scarcely felt, except in the wilder districts of the land. No sooner did a stranger show his face at the iron-banded door of an Anglo-Saxon dwelling than water was brought to wash his hands and feet; and when he had deposited his arms with the keeper of the door, he took his place at the board among the family and friends of the host. For two nights no question pried into his business or his name; after that time the host became responsible for his character. There were few solitary wayfarers; for the very fact of being alone excited suspicion, and exposed the traveller to the risk of being arrested, or perhaps slain, as a thief.

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## LIFE IN ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND.

(Continued.)

The central picture in Anglo-Saxon life—the great event of the Anglo-Saxon day—was Noon-meat or dinner in the great hall. A little before three the chief and all his household, with any stray guests who might have dropped in, met in the hall, which stood in the centre of its encircling bowers—the principal apartment of every Saxon house. Clouds of wood-smoke, rolling up from a fire which blazed in the middle of the floor, blackened the carved and gilded rafters of the arched roof before it found its way out of the hole above, which did duty as a chimney. Tapestries of purple dye, or glowing with variegated pictures of saints and heroes, hung, or, if the day was stormy, flapped upon the chinky walls. In palaces and earls' mansions coloured tiles, wrought like Roman *tesserae* into a mosaic, formed a clean and pretty pavement; but the common flooring of the time was of clay, baked dry with the heat of winter evenings and summer noons. The only articles

of furniture always in the hall were wooden benches; some of which, especially the *high settle* or seat of the chieftain, boasted cushions, or at least a rug.

While the hungry crowd, fresh from woodland and furrow, were lounging near the fire or hanging up their weapons on the pegs and hooks that jutted from the wall, a number of slaves, dragging in a long, flat, heavy board, placed it on movable legs, and spread on its upper half a handsome cloth. Then were arranged with other utensils for the meal some flattish dishes, baskets of ash-wood for holding bread, a scanty sprinkling of steel knives shaped like our modern razors, platters of wood, and bowls for the universal broth. The ceremony of "laying the board," as the Anglo-Saxon phrased it, being completed, the work of demolition began. Great round cakes of bread—huge junks of boiled bacon—vast rolls of broiled eel—cups of milk—horns of ale—wedges of cheese—lumps of salt butter—and smoking piles of cabbages and beans, melted like magic from the board under the united attack of greasy fingers and grinding jaws. Kneeling slaves offered to the lord and his honoured guests long skewers or spits, on which steaks of beef or venison smoked and sputtered, ready for the hacking blade. Poultry too, game, and geese, filled the spaces of the upper board; but, except naked bones, the crowd of *loaf-eaters*, as Anglo-Saxon domestics were suggestively called, saw little of these daintier kinds of food. Nor did they much care, if to their innumerable hunches of bread they could add enough pig to appease their hunger. Hounds, sitting eager-eyed by their masters, snapped with sudden jaws at scraps of fat flung to them, or retired into private life below the board with some sweet bone that fortune sent them. All the while a clamorous tail of beggars and cripples hung round the door, squabbling over the broken meat, and mingling their unceasing whine with the many noises of the feast.

With the washing of hands, performed for the honoured occupants of the high settle by officious slaves, the solid part of the banquet ended. The board was then dragged out of the hall; the loaf-eaters slunk away to have a nap in the byre, or sat drowsily in corners of the hall; and the drinking began. During the prog-

ress of the meal Welsh ale had flowed freely in horns or vessels of twisted glass. Mead, and in very grand houses wine,\* now began to circle in goblets of gold and silver, or of wood inlaid with those precious metals. Most of the Anglo-Saxon drinking-glasses had rounded bottoms, like our soda-water bottles, so that they could not stand upon the table—a little thing, which then as in later times suggested hard drinking and unceasing rounds. Two attendants, one to pour out the liquor, and the other to hand the cups, waited on the carousers, from whose company the ladies of the household soon withdrew. The clinking of cups together, certain words of pledge, and a kiss opened the revel. In humbler houses, story-telling and songs, sung to the music of the harp by each guest in turn, formed the principal amusement of the drinking-bout. But in great halls, the music of the harp—which, under the poetic name of “glee-wood,” was the national instrument—of fiddles played with bow or finger, of trumpets, pipes, flutes, and horns, filled the hot and smoky air with a clamour of sweet sounds. The solo of the ancient *scop* or maker, who struck his five-stringed harp in praise of old Teutonic heroes, was exchanged in later days for the performances of the glee-man, who played on many instruments, danced with violent and often comical gestures, tossed knives and balls into the air, and did other wondrous feats of jugglery. Meantime the music and the mead did their work upon maddened brains: the revelry grew louder; riddles, which had flown thick round the board at first, gave place to banter, taunts, and fierce boasts of prowess; angry eyes gleamed defiance; and it was well if in the morning the household slaves had not to wash blood-stains from the pavement of the hall, or in the still night, when the drunken brawlers lay stupid on the floor, to drag a dead man from the red splash in which he lay.

From the reek and riot of the hall the ladies escaped to the bower, where they reigned supreme. There, in the earlier part of the day, they had arrayed themselves in their bright-coloured

\* The use of wine among the Anglo-Saxons was limited to the highest class. It was either imported from the Continent or made of home-grown grapes, which since Roman days had ripened in the lower basins of Severn and Thames. Many monasteries, alive to the delights of grape juice, contrived to have a vineyard of their own.

robes, plying tweezers and crisping-irons on their yellow hair, and often heightening the blush that Nature gave them with a shade of rouge. There, too, they used to scold and beat their female slaves, with a violence which said more for their strength of lung and muscle than for the gentleness of their womanhood. When their needles were fairly set agoing upon those pieces of delicate embroidery, known and prized over all Europe as "English work," some gentlemen dropped in, perhaps harp in hand, to chat and play for their amusement, or to engage in games of hazard and skill, which seem to have resembled modern dice and chess. When in later Saxon days supper came into fashion, the round table of the bower was usually spread for *evening-food*, as this meal was called. And not long afterwards, those bags of straw, from which we saw them spring at sunrise, received for another night their human burden, worn out with the labours and the revels of an Anglo-Saxon day.

COLLIER.

#### SPEECH OF HENRY V. AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends,  
 once more;  
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man  
 As modest stillness and humility;  
 But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger—  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage:  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'er-  
 whelm it,  
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
 To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,  
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof!

Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument—  
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
 That those whom you called fathers did beget you!  
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;  
 For there is none of you so mean and base,  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
 Cry—"Heaven for Harry! England! and St. George!"

SHAKESPEARE.



**LIFE IN ANGLO-NORMAN ENGLAND.**

THE tall frowning keep and solid walls of the great stone castles, in which the Norman barons lived, betokened an age of violence and suspicion. Beauty gave way to the needs of safety. Girdled with its green and slimy ditch, round the inner edge of which ran a parapeted wall pierced along the top with shot-holes, stood the building, spreading often over many acres. If an enemy managed to cross the moat and force the gateway, in spite of a portcullis crashing from above and melted lead pouring in burning streams from the perforated top of the rounded arch, but little of his work was yet done; for the keep lifted its huge angular block of masonry within the inner bailey or court-yard, and from the narrow chinks in its ten-foot wall rained a sharp incessant shower of arrows, sweeping all approaches to the high and narrow stair, by which alone access could be had to its interior. These loop-holes were the only windows, except in the topmost story, where the chieftain, like a vulture in his rocky nest, watched all the surrounding country. The day of splendid oriels had not yet come in castle architecture.

Thus a baron in his keep could defy, and often did defy, the king upon his throne. Under his roof, eating daily at his board, lived a throng of armed retainers; and round his castle lay farms tilled by martial franklins, who at his call laid aside their implements of husbandry, took up the sword and spear, which they could wield with equal skill, and marched beneath his banner to the war. With robe ungirt and head uncovered each tenant had done homage and sworn an oath of fealty, placing his joined hands between those of the sitting baron and humbly saying as he knelt, "I become your man from this day forward, of life and limb and of earthly worship, and unto you shall be true and faithful, and bear to you faith for the tenements that I claim to hold of you, saving the faith that I owe unto our sovereign lord the king." A kiss from the baron completed the ceremony.

The furniture of a Norman keep was not unlike that of a Saxon house. There was richer ornament—more elaborate carving. A *faldestol*, the original of our arm-chair, spread its drapery and cushions for the chieftain in his lounging moods. His bed now boasted curtains and a roof, although, like the Saxon lord, he still lay only upon straw. Chimneys tunnelled the thick walls, and the cupboards glittered with glass and silver. Horn lanterns and the old spiked candlesticks lit up his evening hours, when the chess-board arrayed its clumsy men, carved out of walrus-tusk, then commonly called whale's-bone. But he had an unpleasant trick of breaking the chess-board on his opponent's head, when he found himself check-mated; which somewhat marred said opponent's enjoyment of the game. Dice of horn and bone emptied many a purse in Anglo-Norman days. Tables and draughts were also played. Dances and music wiled away the long winter nights; and on summer evenings the castle court-yards resounded with the noise of foot-ball, *kayles* (a sort of ninepins), wrestling, boxing, leaping, and the fierce joys of the bull-bait. But out of doors, when no fighting was on hand, the hound, the hawk, and the lance attracted the best energies and skill of the Norman gentleman.

Rousing the forest-game with dogs, they shot at it with barbed and feathered arrows. A field of ripening corn never turned the chase aside: it was one privilege of a feudal baron to ride as he pleased over his tenants' crops, and another to quarter his insolent hunting train in the farm-houses which pleased him best. The elaborate details of *woodcraft* became an important part of a noble boy's education, for the numerous bugle calls and the scientific dissection of a dead stag took many seasons to learn. After the Conquest, to kill a deer or own a hawk came more than ever to be regarded as the special privilege of the aristocracy. Hence the rage of Cœur de Lion when he heard a falcon's cry from the door of a Calabrian peasant's hut. The hawk, daintily dressed, as befitted the companion of nobility, with his head wrapped in an embroidered hood and a peal of silver bells tinkling from his rough legs, sat in state, bound with leathern jesses to the wrist, which

was protected by a thick glove. The ladies and the clergy loved him. By many a mere fat abbots ambled on their ponies over the swampy soil, and sweet shrill voices cheered the long-winged hawk, as he darted off in pursuit of the soaring quarry.

The author of *Ivanhoe* and kindred pens have made the tournament a picture familiar to all readers of romance. It therefore needs no long description here. It was held in honour of some great event—a coronation, wedding, or victory. Having practised well during squirehood at the *quintain*,\* the knight, clad in full armour, with visor barred and the colours of his lady on crest and scarf, rode into the lists, for which some level green was chosen and surrounded with a palisade. For days before, his shield had been hanging in a neighbouring church, as a sign of his intention to compete in this great game of chivalry. If any stain lay on his knighthood, a lady, by touching the suspended shield with a wand, could debar him from a share in the jousting. And if, when he had entered the lists, he was rude to a lady, or broke in any way the etiquette of the tilt-yard, he was beaten from the lists with the ashwood lances of the knights. The simple joust was the shock of two knights, who galloped with levelled spears at each other, aiming at breast or head, with the object either of unhorsing the antagonist, or, if he sat his charger well, of splintering the lance upon his helmet or his shield. The *mellay* (*mêlée*) hurled together, at the dropping of the prince's baton, two parties of knights, who hacked away at each other with axe and mace and sword, often gashing limbs and breaking bones in the wild excitement of the fray. Bright eyes glanced from the surrounding scaffolds upon the brutal sport; and when the victor, with broken plume, and dusty, battered, red-splashed armour, dragged his wearied or wounded limbs to the footstool of the beauty who presided as Queen over the festival, her white hands decorated him with the meed of his achievements.

The Normans probably dined at nine in the morning. When

\* The Quintain was a revolving wooden figure—often representing a Saracen,—which, if not struck right in the centre with the blunted lance, whirled rapidly on its pivot, and dealt the awkward marksman a smart stroke of its outstretched wooden sword.

they rose they took a light meal; and ate something also after their day's work, immediately before going to bed. Goose and garlic formed a favourite dish. Their cookery was more elaborate, and, in comparison, more delicate, than the preparations for a Saxon feed. But the character for temperance, which they brought with them from the Continent, soon vanished; for they learned from the conquered Saxons to gorge and swill till they were sick. The poorer classes hardly ever ate flesh, living principally on bread, butter, and cheese; a social fact which seems to underlie that usage of our tongue by which the living animals in field or stall bore Anglo-Saxon names—ox, sheep, calf, pig, deer—while their flesh, promoted to Norman dishes, rejoiced in names of French origin—beef, mutton, veal, pork, venison. Round cakes, piously marked with a cross, piled the tables, on which pastry of various kinds also appeared. In good houses cups of glass held the wine, which was borne from the cellar below in jugs. Squatted round the door or on the stair leading to the Norman dining-hall, which was often on an upper floor, was a crowd of beggars or lickers (*lecheurs*), who grew so insolent in the days of Rufus, that ushers armed with rods were posted outside to beat back the noisy throng, who thought little of snatching the dishes as the cooks carried them to table!

The *jougleur*, who under the Normans filled the place of the Saxon gleeman, tumbled, sang, and balanced knives in the hall, or out in the bailey of an afternoon displayed the acquirements of his trained monkey or bear. The fool, too, clad in coloured patch-work, cracked his ribald jokes and shook his cap and bells at the elbow of roaring barons, when the board was spread and the circles of the wine began.

While knights hunted in the greenwood or tilted in the lists, and *jougleurs* tumbled in the noisy hall, the monk in the quiet Scriptorium compiled chronicles of passing events, copied valuable manuscripts, and painted rich borderings and brilliant initials on every page. These illuminations form a valuable set of materials for our pictures of life in the Middle Ages. Monasteries served many useful purposes at the time of which I write. Besides their

manifest value as centres of study and literary work, they gave alms to the poor, a supper and a bed to travellers; their tenants were better off and better treated than the tenants of the nobles; the monks could store grain, grow apples, and cultivate their flower-beds with little risk of injury from war, because they had spiritual thunders at their call which awed the superstitious soldiery into a respect for sacred property. Splendid structures these monasteries generally were, since that vivid taste for architecture which the Norman possessed in a high degree, and which could not find room for its display in the naked strength of the solid keep, lavished its entire energy and grace upon buildings lying in the safe shadow of the Cross. Nor was architectural taste the only reason for their magnificence. Since they were nearly all erected as offerings to Heaven, the religion of the age, such as it was, impelled the pious builders to spare no cost in decorating the exterior with fretwork and sculpture of Caen stone, the interior with gilded cornices and windows of painted glass.

As schools, too, the monasteries did no trifling service to society in the Middle Ages. In addition to their influence as great centres of learning, Anglo-Saxon law had enjoined every mass-priest to keep a school in his parish church, where all the young committed to his care might be instructed. This custom continued long after the Norman Conquest. In the Trinity College Psalter we have a picture of a Norman school, where the pupils sit in a circular row round the master as he lectures to them from a long roll of manuscript. Two writers sit by the desk, busy with copies resembling that the teacher holds. The youth of the middle classes, destined for the cloister or the merchant's stall, chiefly thronged these schools. The aristocracy cared little for book-learning. Very few indeed of the barons could read or write. But all could ride, fence, tilt, play, and carve extremely well; for to these accomplishments many years of pagehood and squirehood were given. The University of Oxford was fast growing into a formidable rival of the great school at Paris. But the latter still sent forth the greatest men of the age. Becket, and that noted English monk born near St. Albans,—Nicholas Breakspear, who became Pope in

1154 under the name of Adrian IV.,—were both distinguished students of Paris.

The only Norman coin we have is the silver penny. Round halfpence and farthings were probably issued. As in Saxon days, the gold was foreign. In the reign of the Conqueror, and for some time afterwards, tax-collectors and merchants reckoned money after the Saxon fashion.

COLLIER.

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### ANGLO-SAXON AND NORMAN FRENCH.

THE proud Norman was not successful in imposing his own tongue upon the subjugated nation, when the fatal day of Hastings placed the British realm in the hands of his race. In vain was Norman-French spoken from throne, pulpit, and judgment-seat; in vain did the Norman nobles long disdain to learn the language of the enslaved Saxon. For a time the two idioms lived side by side, though in very different conditions; the one, the language of the master, at court and in the castles of the soldiers who had become noble lords and powerful barons; the other, the language of the conquered, spoken only in the lowly hut of the subjugated people. The Norman altered and increased the latter, but he could not extirpate it. To *defend his conquest*, he took *possession* of the *country*; and, *master* of the *soil*, he *erected fortresses* and *castles*, and *attempted to introduce new terms*. The *universe* and the *firmament*, the *planets*, *comets*, and *meteors*, the *atmosphere* and the *seasons*, all were *impressed with the seal of the conqueror*. Hills became *mountains*, and dales *valleys*; streams were called *rivers*, and brooks *rivulets*; waterfalls changed into *cascades*, and woods into *forests*. The deer, the ox, the calf, the swine, and the sheep appeared on his *sumptuous table* as *venison*, *beef*, *veal*, *pork*, and *mutton*. *Salmon*, *sturgeon*, *lamprey*, and *trout* became known as *delicacies*; *serpents* and *lizards*, *squirrels*, *falcons* and *herons*, *cocks* and *pigeons*, *stallions* and *mules*, were added to the *animal kingdom*. Earls and lords were *placed in rank* below his *dukes* and *marquises*.

New titles and dignities, of viscount, baron and baronet, squire and master, were created; and the mayor presided over the Saxon aldermen and sheriff; the chancellor and the peer, the ambassador and the chamberlain, the general and the admiral headed the list of officers of the government. The king alone retained his name, but the state and the court became French: the administration was carried on according to the constitution; treaties were concluded by the ministers in their cabinet and submitted for approval to the sovereign; the privy council was consulted on the affairs of the empire, and loyal subjects sent representatives to parliament. Here the members debated on matters of grave importance, on peace and war, ordered the army and the navy, disposed of the national treasury, contracted debts, and had their sessions and their parties. At brilliant feasts and splendid tournaments collected the flower of chivalry; magnificent balls, where beauty and delicious music enchanted the assembled nobles, gave new splendour to society, polished the manners and excited the admiration of the ancient inhabitants, who, charmed by such elegance, recognized in their conquerors persons of superior intelligence, admired them, and endeavoured to imitate their fashions.

But the dominion of the Norman did not extend to the home of the Saxon; it stopped at the threshold of his house: there, around the fireside in his kitchen and the hearth in his room, he met his beloved kindred; the bride, the wife, and the husband, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, tied to each other by love, friendship, and kind feelings, knew nothing dearer than their own sweet home. The Saxon's flocks, still grazing in his fields and meadows, gave him milk and butter, meat and wool; the herdsman watched them in spring and summer; the ploughman drew his furrows, and used his harrows, and, in harvest, the cart and the flail; the reaper plied his scythe, piled up sheaves and hauled his wheat, oats, and rye to the barn. The waggoner drove his wain, with its wheels, felloes, spokes, and nave, and his team bent heavily under their yoke. In his trade by land and sea, he still sold and bought; in the store or the shop, the market or the street, he cheapened his goods and had all his dealings, as peddler or weaver, baker or cooper,

saddler, miller or tanner. He lent or borrowed, trusted his neighbour, and with skill and care thrived and grew wealthy. Later, when he longed once more for freedom, his warriors took their weapons, their axes, swords, and spears, or their dreaded bow and arrow. They leaped without stirrup into the saddle, and killed with dart and gavelock. At other times they launched their boats and ships, which were still pure Anglo-Saxon from keel to deck and from the helm or the rudder to the top of the mast, afloat and ashore, with sail or with oar. As his fathers had done before him in the land of his birth, the Saxon would not merely eat, drink, and sleep, or spend his time in playing the harp and the fiddle, but by walking, riding, fishing, and hunting, he kept young and healthy; while his lady with her children were busy teaching or learning how to read and to write, to sing and to draw. Even needlework was not forgotten, as their writers say that "by this they shone most in the world." The wisdom of later ages was not known then, but they had their homespun sayings, which by all mankind are yet looked upon as true wisdom, as: *God helps them that help themselves; lost time is never found again; when sorrow is asleep, wake it not!*

Thus the two languages, now contending and then mingling with each other, continued for nearly four hundred years side by side in the British kingdom; the Norman-French, an exotic plant, deprived of its native soil and heat, flourishing for a time, but gradually withering and fading away; the language of the subject, like an indigenous tree, trimmed by the rough storm, grafted in many a branch by an unskilful hand, but still giving shade with its wide-spreading foliage, and bearing flowers and fruit in abundance. The Normans had conquered the land and the race, but they struggled in vain against the language that conquered them in its turn, and, by its spirit, converted them into Englishmen. In vain did they haughtily refuse to learn a word of that despised tongue, and asked, in the words of the minister of Henry III., indignantly, "Am I an Englishman, that I should know these (Saxon) charters and these laws?" In vain it was that William and his successors filled bishopric and abbey with the



most learned and best educated men of France, and deposed Saxon dignitaries, like Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, because he was an "idiot who did not know the French tongue, and could not aid in the king's council." Neither sufferings nor death itself could, apparently, teach these haughty Normans the necessity of learning the language of their new home. When in the year 1080 some Northumbrians presented to Vulcher (Walchere), Bishop and Lord of Durham (Dunholme), an humble and submissive request, the proud prelate required, in answer to their request, that they should pay four hundred pounds of silver. Their astonished but determined spokesman asked for leave to consult with his associates, but, knowing the bishop's entire ignorance of Saxon, he said to his friends: "Short red (speech), god red, slee (slay) ye se bisceop!" and immediately they fell upon the bishop, and slew him and one hundred men of French and Flemish blood!

It is well known how Robert of Gloucester and some of his followers, who befriended the Princess Matilda in her difficulties with Stephen, were taken prisoners at the siege of Winchester, and had to pay with their lives for their ignorance of Saxon, which alone betrayed them, when they fled, in excellent disguise, through the country. The manner in which Henry II., on his return from Ireland, resented the imagined insult of some Pembrokeshire peasants, who greeted him as their "goode olde cyngel" has passed from Brompton into most historical records. Much later, even, when Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, was Chancellor to Richard I., he knew nothing of the language of the people whose interests were intrusted to his care. Hoveden tells, with great simplicity, in his letter of Pugh, Bishop of Coventry, how the great Chancellor became a defaulter and escaped to Canterbury, carrying with him the keys of the King's castle! Thence he made his way to the sea-shore, disguised as a female linen-merchant, and, seated upon a stone near the water's edge, waited for the vessel that was to carry him across the Channel. Some countrywomen approached, and asked the price of his ware. He could not answer a word! Others came; curiosity was excited; and when the unlucky bishop laughed at his own predicament, they resented the provocation by

lifting his veil. They discovered the newly-shaven beard of the sulky woman! Workmen happened to come up, joined in the chorus of indignant women, knocked the Chancellor down, and dragged him through sand and mire to a neighbouring town, where he was kept prisoner in a dark cellar until some Norman soldiers came up and saved him from further disgrace. . . .

Thus we see that conquests cannot exterminate a language, nor drive it from its native soil. The Normans, with all their power and strength, lords of the land, masters of the people, and with every advantage on their side, could not destroy a highly cultivated, ancient, and national tongue, like the Saxon. It rose against them and conquered them in its turn. . . .

The Normans could, as conquerors, seat their Norman-French upon the throne and the judge's bench, at the dais of the noble and in the refectory of the monk, but they found the door of manor and cottage jealously guarded. Their numbers, moreover, were too small to allow them to spread all over the kingdom. Their soldiers were stationed in a few garrisons and citadels, to secure the towns and overawe the country, where their great skill in fortification, of which the Saxons knew nothing, was an ample compensation for their small numbers. The few Norman soldiers and their families, thus immured in castles, and too haughty to associate with the despised Saxons, anxiously preserved their connection with France, where many still possessed estates, and held no intercourse but with their own countrymen. . . .

The Norman-French was, therefore, neither carried to all parts of the great kingdom, because of the comparatively small number of invaders, nor supported by the aid of intellectual superiority. The Anglo-Saxon, on the other hand, had been carefully guarded and preserved by the people; it had never lost its hold upon their affections; persecution and the necessity of concealment had made it but all the dearer to the suffering race. It now made its way, slowly and almost imperceptibly, but with unerring and unceasing perseverance, from rank to rank, until it finally reached the very court from which it had been so ignominiously driven, and seated itself once more upon the throne of England!

DE VEE.

## THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

*The scene of this Poem is laid in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Scotland.*

## PART I.

## THE CHASE.

James IV. of Scotland (known throughout the poem as Fitz-James, or the Knight of Snowdon), in a stag-hunt is separated from his attendants—He loses his gallant horse, and wanders alone on foot in the pass of the Trossachs—Description of the Trossachs and Loch Katrine.

## I.

THE Stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where danced the moon on Monan's  
rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;  
But, when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Ben-voirlieh's head,  
The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy  
bay  
Resounded up the rocky way;  
And faint, from further distance borne,  
We heard the clanging hoof and horn.

## II.

As chief who hears his warder call,  
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"  
The antlered monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
But, ere his fleet career he took,  
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;  
Like crested leader proud and high,  
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;  
A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
A moment listened to the cry,  
That thickened as the chase drew nigh—  
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,  
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,  
And, stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-var.

## III.

Yelled on the view the opening pack;  
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awakened mountain gave response.  
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
Clattered an hundred steeds along;  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
An hundred voices joined the shout;  
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,  
No rest Ben-voirlieh's echoes knew.  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in her covert covered the doe;

The falcon, from her cairn on high,  
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken  
The hurricane had swept the glen.  
Faint, and more faint, its falling din  
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,  
And silence settled, wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

## IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war  
Disturbed the heights of Uam-var,  
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,  
A giant made his den of old;  
For ere that steep ascent was won,  
High in his pathway hung the sun;  
And many a gallant, stayed per-force,  
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse;  
And of the trackers of the deer  
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;—  
So shrewdly on the mountain side  
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

## V.

The noble Stag was pausing now  
Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
Where broad extended, far beneath,  
The varied realms of fair Menteith.  
With anxious eye he wandered o'er  
Mountain and meadow, moes and moor,  
And pondered refuge from his toil,  
By far Loch Ard or Aberfoyle.  
But nearer was the copsewood gray  
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,  
And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.  
Fresh vigour with the hope returned—  
With flying foot the heath he spurned,  
Held westward with unwearied race,  
And left behind the panting chase.

## VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;  
What reins were tightened in despair,  
When rose Ben-ledi's ridge in air;

Who flagged upon Bochart's heath,  
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—  
For twice that day, from shore to shore,  
The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er.  
Few were the stragglers, following far,  
That reached the Lake of Vennachar;  
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
The headmost horseman rode alone.

## VII.

Alone, but with unabated zeal,  
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;  
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,  
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,  
While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
The labouring Stag strained full in view.  
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,  
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,  
Fast on his flying traces came,  
And all but won that desperate game:  
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,  
Vindictive toiled the blood-hounds stanch;  
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
Nor further might the quarry strain.  
Thus up the margin of the lake,  
Between the precipice and brake,  
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

## VIII.

The Hunter marked that mountain high,  
The lone lake's western boundary,  
And deemed the Stag must turn to bay,  
Where that huge rampart barred the way:  
Already glorying in the prize,  
Measured his antlers with his eyes;  
For the death-wound, and death-halloo,  
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew;—  
But, thundering as he came prepared,  
With ready arm and weapon bared,  
The wily quarry shunned the shock,  
And turned him from the opposing rock;  
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,  
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,  
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook  
His solitary refuge took.  
There, while, close couched, the thicket shed  
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,  
He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
Rave through the hollow pass amain,  
Chiding the rocks that yelled again!

## IX.

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,  
To cheer them on the vanished game;  
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,  
The gallant horse exhausted fell!  
The impatient rider strove in vain  
To rouse him with the spur and rein;  
For the good steed, his labours o'er,  
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more:

Then, touched with pity and remorse,  
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.  
"I little thought, when first thy rein  
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,  
That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!  
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
That cost thy life, my gallant gray!"

## X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,  
The sulky leaders of the chase:  
Close to their master's side they pressed,  
With drooping tail and humbled crest;  
But still the dingle's hollow throat  
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.  
The owlets started from their dream,  
The eagles answered with their scream.  
Round and around the sounds were cast,  
Till echo seemed an answering blast;  
And on the Hunter hied his way,  
To join some comrades of the day;  
Yet often paused, so strange the road,  
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

## XI.

The western waves of ebbing day  
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire.  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravine below,  
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid,  
Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the tower which builders vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.  
The rocky summits, split and rent,  
Formed turret, dome, or battlement;  
Or seemed fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret—  
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,  
Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;  
For, from their shivered brows displayed,  
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen,  
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

## XII.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child

Here eglantine embalmed the air,  
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;  
The primrose pale, and violet flower,  
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;  
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,  
Emblems of punishment and pride,  
Grouped their dark hues with every  
stain

The weather-beaten crags retain.  
With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;  
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;  
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,  
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.  
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
Where glistening streamers waved and  
danced,

The wanderer's eye could barely view  
The summer heaven's delicious blue;  
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream.

## XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep  
A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
Affording scarce such breadth of brim  
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.  
Lost for a space, through thickets veer-  
ing,

But broader when again appearing,  
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face  
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;  
And further as the Hunter strayed,  
Still broader sweep its channels made.  
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
Emerging from entangled wood,  
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,  
Like castle girdled with its moat;  
Yet broader floods, extending still,  
Divide them from their parent hill,  
Till each, retiring, claims to be  
An islet in an inland sea.

## XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,  
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
A far projecting precipice.  
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,  
The hazel saplings lent their aid;  
And thus an airy point he won,  
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
One burnished sheet of living gold,  
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled;—  
In all her length far winding lay,  
With promontory, creek, and bay;

And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the livelier light;  
And mountains, that like giants stand,  
To sentinel enchanted land.  
High on the south, huge Ben-venue  
Down on the lake in masses threw  
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly  
hurled,—

The fragments of an earlier world;  
A wildering forest feathered o'er  
His ruined sides and summit hoar;  
While on the north, through middle air,  
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

## XV.

From the steep promontory gazed  
The stranger, raptured and amazed.  
And, "What a scene were here," he cried,  
"For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!  
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;  
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;  
On yonder meadow, far away,  
The turrets of a cloister gray.  
How blithely might the bugle-horn  
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!  
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute  
Chime, when the groves were still and  
mute!

And, when the midnight moon should lave  
Her forehead in the silver wave,  
How solemn on the ear would come  
The holy matins' distant hum;  
While the deep peal's commanding tone  
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
A sainted hermit from his cell,  
To drop a bead with every knell—  
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
Should each bewildered stranger call  
To friendly feast and lighted hall.

## XVI.

Blithe were it then to wander here!  
But now,—beahrew yon nimble deer!—  
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,  
The copse must give my evening fare;  
Some mossy bank my couch must be,  
Some rustling oak my canopy.  
Yet pass we that; the war and chase  
Give little choice of resting-place;—  
A summer night in green-wood spent,  
Were but to-morrow's merriment:  
But hosts may in these wilds abound,  
Such as are better missed than found;—  
To meet with Highland plunderers here  
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—  
I am alone;—my bugle strain  
May call some straggler of the train;  
Or, fall the worst that may betide,  
Ere now this falchion has been tried."

## PART II.

## THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Ellen (daughter of the Douglas) appears, at the sound of Fitz-Jamies's hunting-horn—"Ellen's Isle," a little island in Loch Katrine.

## I.

BUT scarce again his horn he wound,  
When, lo! forth starting at the sound,  
From underneath an aged oak,  
That slanted from the islet rock,  
A damsel guider of its way,  
A little skiff shot to the bay,  
That round the promontory steep  
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,  
The weeping-willow twig to lave,  
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,  
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.  
The boat had touched the silver strand  
Just as the Hunter left his stand,  
And stood concealed amid the brake,  
To view this Lady of the Lake.  
The maiden paused, as if again  
She thought to catch the distant strain.  
With head up-raised, and look intent,  
And eye and ear attentive bent,  
And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
Like monument of Grecian art,  
In listening mood she seemed to stand,  
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

## II.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
Of finer form, or lovelier face!  
What though the sun, with ardent frown,  
Had slightly tinged her cheek with  
brown?—  
The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
Served too in hastier swell to show  
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:  
What though no rule of courtly grace  
To measured mood had trained her pace?—  
A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;  
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,  
Elastic, from her airy tread!  
What though upon her speech there hung  
The accents of the mountain tongue?—  
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,  
The list'n'r held his breath to hear!

## III.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;—  
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,  
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.

And seldom was a snood amid  
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,  
Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
The plumage of the raven's wing;  
And seldom o'er a breast so fair  
Mantled a plaid with modest care;  
And never brooch the folds combined  
Above a heart more good and kind.  
Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye:  
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
Than every free-born glance confessed  
The guileless movements of her breast;  
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,  
Or filial love was glowing there,  
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,  
Or tale of injury called forth  
The indignant spirit of the North.  
One only passion, unrevealed,  
With maiden pride the maid concealed,  
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—  
Oh! need I tell that passion's name?

## IV.

Impatient of the silent horn,  
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—  
"Father!" she cried;—the rocks around  
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.  
A while she paused, no answer came:—  
"Malcolm, was thine the blast?"—the name  
Less resolutely uttered fell,  
The echoes could not catch the swell.  
"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,  
Advancing from a hazel shade.  
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar  
Pushed her light shallop from the shore;  
And when a space was gained between,  
Closer she drew her bosom's screen,  
(So forth the startled swan would swing,  
So turn to prune his ruffled wing;)   
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,  
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.  
Not his the form, nor his the eye,  
That youthful maidens wont to fly. . . .

## V.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,  
And, reassured, at length replied,  
That Highland halls were open still  
To wildered wanderers of the hill.

"Nor think you unexpected come  
To yon lone isle, our desert home:  
Before the heath had lost the dew,  
This morn, a couch was pulled for you;  
On yonder mountain's purple head  
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled;  
And our broad nets have swept the mere,  
To furnish forth your evening cheer."—  
"Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,  
Your courtesy has erred," he said;  
"No right have I to claim, misplaced,  
The welcome of expected guest.  
A wanderer, here by fortune tossed,  
My way, my friends, my courser lost,  
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
Have ever drawn your mountain air,  
Till on this lake's romantic strand  
I found a fay in fairy-land!"—

## VI.

"I well believe," the maid replied,  
As her light skiff approached the side,—  
"I well believe that ne'er before  
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;  
But yet, as far as yesternight,  
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—  
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent  
Was on the visioned future bent.  
He saw your steed, a dappled gray,  
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;  
Painted exact your form and mien,  
Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green,  
That tasselled horn so gallily gilt,  
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,  
That cap with heron plumage trim,  
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.  
He bade that all should ready be,  
To grace a guest of fair degree;  
But light I held his prophecy,  
And deemed it was my father's horn  
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

## VII.

The stranger smiled:—"Since to your home  
A destined errant-knight I come,  
Announced by prophet sooth and old,  
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,  
I'll lightly front each high emprise,  
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.  
Permit me, first, the task to guide  
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."  
The maid, with smile suppressed and aly,  
The toll unwonted saw him try;  
For seldom, sure, if e'er before,  
His noble hand had grasped an oar:  
Yet with main strength his strokes he  
drew,  
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;—

With heads erect, and whimpering cry,  
The hounds behind their passage ply.  
Nor frequent does the bright oar break  
The darkening mirror of the lake,  
Until the rocky isle they reach,  
And moor their shallop on the beach. ....

## VIII.

The mistress of the mansion came,  
Mature of age, a graceful dame;  
Whose easy step and stately port  
Had well become a princely court;  
To whom, though more than kindred  
knew,

Young Ellen gave a mother's due.  
Meet welcome to her guest she made,  
And every courteous rite was paid  
That hospitality could claim,  
Though all unasked his birth and name.  
Such then the reverence to a guest,  
That fellest foe might join the feast,  
And from his deadliest foeman's door  
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.  
At length his rank the stranger names—  
"The Knight of Snowdown," James Fitz-  
James;

Lord of a barren heritage,  
Which his brave sires, from age to age,  
By their good swords had held with toil:  
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,  
And he, God wot, was forced to stand  
Off for his right with blade in hand.  
This morning with Lord Moray's train  
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,  
Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,  
Lost his good steed, and wandered  
here. ....

[*Ellen reveals the secret of her love for  
Malcolm Græme to Fitz-James.*]

## IX.

"Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear  
the truth!

Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—  
If yet he is!—exposed for me  
And mine to dread extremity;—  
Thou hast the secret of my heart;  
Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

## X.

Fitz-James knew every wily train  
A lady's fickle heart to gain;  
But here he knew and felt them vain:  
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,  
To give her steadfast speech the lie;  
In maiden confidence she stood,  
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,

\* *Snowdown*, an old name of Stirling.

And told her love with such a sigh  
Of deep and hopeless agony,  
As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom,  
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.  
Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye—  
But not with hope fled sympathy.  
He proffered to attend her side,  
As brother would a sister guide.—  
"Oh! little know'st thou Roderick's heart!  
Safer for both we go apart.  
O haste thee, and from Allan learn  
If thou mayst trust yon wily kern."  
With hand upon his forehead laid,  
The conflict of his mind to shade,  
A parting step or two he made;  
Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,  
He paused, and turned, and came again.

## XI.

"Hear, lady, yet, a parting word!—  
It chanced in fight that my poor sword  
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.  
This ring the grateful monarch gave,  
And bade, when I had boon to crave,

To bring it back, and boldly claim  
The recompense that I would name.  
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,  
But one who lives by lance and sword,  
Whose castle is his helm and shield,  
His lordship the embattled field.  
What from a prince can I demand,  
Who neither reck of state nor land?  
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine:  
Each guard and usher knows the sign.  
Seek thou the King without delay;  
This signet shall secure thy way;  
And claim thy suit, whatever it be,  
As ransom of his pledge to me."  
He placed the golden circlet on,  
Paused—kissed her hand—and then was gone.

The aged Minstrel stood aghast,  
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.  
He joined his guide, and wending down  
The ridges of the mountain brown,  
Across the stream they took their way,  
That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

## PART III.

## FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

Fitz-James in his wanderings reaches a watch-fire—Receives protection for the night from a mountaineer—The mountaineer (who is Roderick Dhu) conducts the King next morning to Coillantog's ford.

## I.

THE shades of eve come slowly down,  
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,  
The fox is heard upon the fell;  
Enough remains of glimmering light  
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
Yet not enough from far to show  
His figure to the watchful foe.  
With cautious step, and ear awake,  
He climbs the crag and threads the  
brake;  
And not the summer solstice, there,  
Tempered the midnight mountain air,  
But every breeze that swept the wold  
Benumbed his dréunched limbs with cold.  
In dread, in danger, and alone,  
Famished and chilled, through ways un-  
known,  
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;  
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,  
A watch-fire close before him burned.

## II.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;  
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—  
"Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand!"—

"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"  
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
My life's beset, my path is lost,  
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."  
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—  
"No."  
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—  
"I dare! to him and all the band  
He brings to aid his murderous hand."  
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of  
game  
The privilege of chase may claim—  
Though space and law the stag we lend,  
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend—  
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,  
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?  
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,  
Who say thou camest a secret spy!"—  
"They, do, by Heaven!—Come Roderick  
Dhu,  
And of his clan the boldest two,  
And let me but till morning rest,  
I write the falsehood on their crest."  
"If by the blaze I mark aright,  
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight."  
"Then by these tokens mayst thou know  
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."



"Enough, enough;—sit down, and share  
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

## III.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,  
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;  
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.  
He tended him like welcome guest,  
Then thus his further speech addressed :—  
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu  
A clansman born, a kinsman true;  
Each word against his honour spoke,  
Demands of me avenging stroke;  
Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,  
A mighty augury is laid.  
It rests with me to wind my horn,—  
Thou art with numbers overborne;  
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,  
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand :  
But not for clan nor kindred's cause  
Will I depart from honour's laws;—  
To assail a wearied man were shame,  
And stranger is a holy name;  
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,  
In vain he never must require.  
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;  
Myself will guide thee on the way, [ward,  
O'er stock and stone, through watch and  
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,  
As far as Collantogle's ford;  
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—  
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,  
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—  
"Well, rest thee; for the bitter'n cry  
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."  
With that he shook the gathered heath,  
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;  
And the brave foemen, side by side,  
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,  
And slept until the dawning beam  
Purpled the mountain and the stream. . . .

## IV.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,  
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
The warriors left their lowly bed,  
Looked out upon the dappled sky,  
Muttered their soldier matins by,  
And then awaked their fire, to steal,  
As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
That o'er, the Gael\* around him threw  
His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
And, true to promise, led the way,  
By thickest green and mountain gray.  
A wildering path!—they winded now  
Along the precipice's brow,

Commanding the rich scenes beneath,  
The windings of the Forth and Teith,  
And all the vales between that lie,  
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;  
Then, sunk in copse, their furthest glance  
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.  
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain  
Assistance from the hand to gain;  
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,  
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—  
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,  
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

## V.

At length they came where, stern and  
steep,  
The hill sinks down upon the deep.  
Here Vennachar in silver flows—  
There, ridge on ridge, Ben-ledi rose;  
Ever the hollow path twined on,  
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;  
An hundred men might hold the post  
With hardihood against a host.  
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,  
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
And patches bright of bracken green,  
And heather black, that waved so high,  
It held the copse in rivalry.  
But where the lake slept deep and still,  
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;  
And oft both path and hill were torn,  
Where wintry torrent down had borne,  
And heaped upon the cumbered land  
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.  
So toilsome was the road to trace,  
The guide, abating of his pace,  
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
And asked Fitz-James, by what strange  
cause

He sought these wilds, traversed by few,  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

## VI.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,  
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;  
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,  
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.  
When here, but three days since, I came,  
Bewildered in pursuit of game,  
All seemed as peaceful and as still  
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;  
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,  
Nor soon expected back from war.  
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,  
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."—  
"Yet why a second venture try?"—  
"A warrior thou, and ask me why?"—

\* The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul*; and terms the Lowlanders *Sassenach*, or Saxons.

Moves our free course by such fixed cause  
As gives the poor mechanic laws?  
Enough, I sought to drive away  
The lazy hours of peaceful day;  
Slight cause will then suffice to guide  
A knight's free footsteps far and wide;—  
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,  
The merry glance of mountain maid;  
Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
The danger's self is lure alone.”—

## VII.

“Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—  
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,  
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?”—  
“No, by my word;—of bands prepared  
To guard King James's sports I heard;  
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear  
This muster of the mountaineer,  
Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.”—  
“Free be they flung!—for we were loth  
Their silken folds should feast the moth.  
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave  
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,  
Bewildered in the mountain game,  
Whence the bold boast by which you show  
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?”—  
“Warrior! but yester-morn I knew  
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
Save as an outlawed, desperate man,  
The chief of a rebellious clan,  
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,  
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;  
Yet this alone might from his part  
Sever each true and loyal heart.”

## VIII.

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,  
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.  
A space he paused, then sternly said,—  
“And heardst thou why he drew his blade?  
Heardst thou that shameful word and blow  
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?  
What recked the Chieftain if he stood  
On Highland heath or Holy-Rood?  
He rights such wrong where it is given,  
If it were in the court of Heaven.”—  
“Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,  
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;  
While Albany, with feeble hand,  
Held borrowed truncheon of command,  
The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,  
Was stranger to respect and power.  
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—  
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,

Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain  
His herds and harvest reared in vain,—  
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn  
The spoils from such foul foray borne.”

## IX.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,  
And answered with disdainful smile,—  
“Saxon! from yonder mountain high  
I marked thee send delighted eye,  
Far to the south and east, where lay,  
Extended in succession gay,  
Deep-waving fields and pastures green,  
With gentle slopes and groves between;—  
These fertile plains, that softened vale,  
Were once the birthright of the Gael;  
The stranger came with iron hand,  
And from our fathers reft the land.  
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell  
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.  
Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
For fattened steer or household bread;  
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,  
And well the mountain might reply,—  
'To you, as to your sires of yore,  
Belong the target and claymore!  
I give you shelter in my breast,  
Your own good blades must win the rest.’  
Pent in this fortress of the North,  
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
And from the robber rend the prey?  
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain  
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;  
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
But one along yon river's mase,—  
The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Shall with strong hand redeem his share.  
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold  
That plundering Lowland field and fold  
Is aught but retribution true?—  
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.”—

## X.

Answered Fitz-James—“And, if I sought,  
Think'st thou no other could be brought?  
What deem ye of my path waylaid?  
My life given o'er to ambuscade?”—  
“As of a need to rashness due.  
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—  
'I seek my hound or falcon strayed,—  
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—  
Free hadst thou been to come and go;  
But secret path marks secret foe.  
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,  
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,  
Save to fulfil an augury.”—  
“Well, let it pass; nor will I now  
Fresh cause of enmity avow,

To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.  
 Enough, I am by promise tied  
 To match me with this man of pride.  
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen  
 In peace; but when I come agen,  
 I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.  
 For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,  
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
 As I, until before me stand  
 This rebel Chieftain and his band!"—

## XI.

"Have, then, thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,

And he was answered from the hill;  
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
 From crag to crag the signal flew.  
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;  
 On right, on left, above, below,  
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;  
 From shingles gray their lances start,  
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,  
 The rushes and the willow-wand  
 Are bristling into axe and brand,  
 And every tuft of broom gives life  
 To plaided warrior armed for strife!  
 That whistle garrisoned the glen  
 At once with full five hundred men,  
 As if the yawning hill to heaven  
 A subterranean host had given.  
 Watching their leader's beck and will,  
 All silent there they stood, and still:  
 Like the loose crags whose threatening  
 mass

Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
 As if an infant's touch could urge  
 Their headlong passage down the verge,  
 With step and weapon forward flung,  
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.  
 The mountaineer cast glance of pride  
 Along Ben-ledi's living side,  
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow  
 Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou  
 now?

These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true:  
 And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu!"

## XII.

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart

The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,  
 He manned himself with dauntless air,  
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare;  
 His back against a rock he bore,  
 And firmly placed his foot before:—  
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
 From its firm base as soon as I."

Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes  
 Respect was mingled with surprise,  
 And the stern joy which warriors feel  
 In foemen worthy of their steel.  
 Short space he stood—then waved his  
 hand:

Down sunk the disappearing band;  
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,  
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;  
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
 In osiers pale and copses low;—  
 It seemed as if their mother Earth  
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth!  
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air  
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—  
 The next but swept a lone hill-side,  
 Where heath and fern were waving wide:  
 The sun's last glance was glinted back  
 From spear and glaive, from targe and  
 jack,—  
 The next, all unreflected, shone  
 On bracken green and cold gray stone.

## XIII.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce be-  
 lieved

The witness that his sight received;  
 Such apparition well might seem  
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
 And to his look the Chief replied:—  
 "Fear nought—nay, that I need not  
 say—

But, doubt not ought from mine array.  
 Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word  
 As far as Collantogle ford:  
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
 For aid against one valiant hand,  
 Though on our strife lay every vale  
 Bent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
 So move we on;—I only meant  
 To show the reed on which you leant,  
 Deeming this path you might pursue  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."  
 They moved:—I said Fitz-James was brave,  
 As ever knight that belted glaive;  
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,  
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew  
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,  
 Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife  
 With lances, that, to take his life,  
 Waited but signal from a guide  
 So late dishonoured and defied.  
 Ever, by stealth, his eyes sought round  
 The vanished guardians of the ground;  
 And still, from copse and heather deep,  
 Fancy saw spear and broad-sword peep,

And in the plover's shrilly strain  
The signal whistle heard again.  
Nor breathed he free till far behind  
The pass was left; for then they wind

Along a wide and level green,  
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,  
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,  
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

## PART IV.

## THE COMBAT.

Combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu: Fitz-James the victor—At the sound of his horn his attendants appear—Return to Stirling Castle.

## I.

THE Chief in silence strode before,  
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,  
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless  
mines

On Bochart the mouldering lines,  
Where Rome, the empress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.  
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,  
Threw down his target and his plaid,  
And to the Lowland warrior said:—

"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,  
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
This head of a rebellious clan,  
Hath led thee safe, through watch and  
ward,

Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.  
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.  
See here, all vantageless I stand,  
Armed, like thyself, with single brand:  
For this is Collantogle ford,  
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

## II.

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delayed,  
When foeman bade me draw my blade;  
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death:  
Yet sure thy fair and gen'rous faith,  
And my deep debt for life preserved,  
A better meed have well deserved:  
Can nought but blood our feud atone?  
Are there no means?"—"No, stranger,  
none!

And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—  
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;  
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred  
Between the living and the dead:  
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
His party conquers in the strife.'"  
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,  
"The riddle is already read.

Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—  
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.

Thus Fate has solved her prophecy;  
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
To James, at Stirling, let us go;  
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
Or if the King shall not agree  
To grant thee grace and favour free,  
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,  
That, to thy native strengths restored,  
With each advantage shalt thou stand  
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

## III.

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye:  
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?  
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—  
My clansman's blood demands revenge.—  
Not yet prepared?—By Heaven, I change  
My thought, and hold thy valour light  
As that of some vain carpet knight,  
Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
And whose best boast is but to wear  
A braid of his fair lady's hair."

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!  
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;  
For I have sworn this braid to stain  
In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—  
Yet think not that by thee alone,  
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown:  
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,  
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
Of this small horn one feeble blast  
Would fearful odds against thee cast.  
But fear not, doubt not, which thou wilt—  
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

Then each at once his falchion drew,  
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again;  
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
In dubious strife they darkly closed!

## IV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu  
That on the field his targe he threw,

Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
Had death so often dashed aside ;  
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
He practised every pass and ward,  
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;  
While less expert, though stronger far,  
The Gael maintained unequal war.  
Three times in closing strife they stood,  
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;—  
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
And showered his blows like wintry rain ;  
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,  
Against the winter shower is proof,  
The foe, invulnerable still,  
Foiled his wild rage with steady skill ;  
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
And, backwards borne upon the lea,  
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

## V.

" Now, yield thee, or by Him who made  
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my  
blade ! "—

" Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !  
Let recreant yield, who fears to die. "—  
Like adder darting from his coil,  
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;  
Received, but recked not of a wound,  
And locked his arms his foeman round !—  
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !  
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !  
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel  
Through bars of brass and triple steel !—  
They tug, they strain !—down, down they go,  
The Gael above, Fitz-James below !  
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,  
His knee was planted on his breast ;  
His clotted locks he backward threw,  
Across his brow his hand he drew,  
From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !—  
But hate and fury ill supplied  
The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
And all too late the advantage came,  
To turn the odds of deadly game ;  
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,  
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and  
eye.

Down came the blow ! but in the heath  
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
The struggling foe may now unclasp  
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;—

Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

## VI.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,  
Redeemed, unhoped, from desperate strife :  
Next on his foe his look he cast,  
Whose every gasp appeared his last ;  
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid,—  
" Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly  
paid :

Yet with thy foe must die or live  
The praise that Faith and Valour give. "  
With that he blew a bugle note,  
Undid the collar from his throat,  
Unbonneted, and by the wave  
Sate down his brow and hands to lave.  
Then faint afar are heard the feet  
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ;  
The sounds increase, and now are seen  
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green,—  
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,  
By loosened rein, a saddled steed ;  
Each onward held his headlong course,  
And by Fitz-James reined up his horse,—  
With wonder viewed the bloody spot :—  
" Exclaim not, gallants ! question not.—  
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,  
And bind the wounds of yonder knight ;  
Let the gray palfrey bear his weight,  
We destined for a fairer freight,  
And bring him on to Stirling straight !  
I will before at better speed,  
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.  
The sun rides high ;—I must be boun  
To see the archer game at noon ;  
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—  
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

" Stand, Bayard, stand ! "—The steed  
obeyed,

With arching neck and bending head,  
And glancing eye and quivering ear,  
As if he loved his lord to hear.  
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,  
No grasp upon the saddle laid,  
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,  
And lightly bounded from the plain,  
Turned on the horse his armed heel,  
And stirred his courage with the steel.  
Bounded the fiery steed in air,  
The rider sate erect and fair,  
Then like a bolt from steel cross-bow  
Forth launched, along the plain they go.  
They dashed that rapid torrent through,  
And up Carbonie's hill they flew ;  
Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,  
His merry-men followed as they might.

Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,  
And in the race they mock thy tide;  
Torry and Lendrick now are passed,  
And Deanston lies behind them east;  
They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,  
They sink in distant woodland soon;  
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,  
They sweep like breeze through Ochertyre;  
They mark just glance and disappear  
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;

They bathe their coursers' sweltering  
sides,  
Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides,  
And on the opposing shore take ground,  
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.  
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-  
Forth,  
And soon the bulwark of the North,  
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,  
Upon their fleet career looked down . . .

## PART V.

## ELLEN AT STIRLING CASTLE.

SCENE.—The guard-room.—Ellen shows the signet ring.—The King as Fitz-James surprises Ellen.—She is taken by him into court.—Recognises him as King.—Presents the ring.—Obtains the pardon of her father the Douglas, and her lover Malcolm Grème.—She is united to Malcolm by the sanction of the King.

## I.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang  
With soldier-step and weapon clang,  
While drums, with rolling note, foretell  
Relief to weary sentinel.  
Through narrow loop and casement barred,  
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,  
And, struggling with the smoky air,  
Deadened the torches' yellow glare.  
In comfortless alliance shone  
The lights through arch of blackened stone,  
And showed wild shapes in garb of war,  
Faces deformed with beard and scar,  
All haggard from the midnight watch,  
And fevered with the stern debauch;  
For the oak table's massive board,  
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,  
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,  
Showed in what sport the night had flown.  
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;  
Some laboured still their thirst to quench;  
Some, chilled with watching, spread their  
hands  
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,  
While round them, or beside them flung,  
At every step their harness rung.

## II.

These drew not for their fields the sword,  
Like tenants of a feudal lord,  
Nor owned the patriarchal claim  
Of chieftain in their leader's name;—  
Adventurers they, from far who roved,  
To live by battle which they loved.  
There the Italian's clouded face,  
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;  
The mountain-loving Switzer there  
More freely breathed in mountain air;  
The Fleming there despised the soil  
That paid so ill the labourer's toil;

Their rolls showed French and German  
And merry England's exiles came, [name;  
To share, with ill-concealed disdain,  
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.  
All brave in arms, well trained to wield  
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;  
In camps, licentious, wild, and bold;  
In pillage, fierce and uncontrolled;  
And now, by holytide and feast,  
From rules of discipline released. . . .

## III.

The warder's challenge, heard without,  
Stayed in mid-roar the merry shout.  
A soldier to the portal went,—  
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;  
And—beat for jubilee the drum!  
A maid and minstrel with him come!"  
Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,  
Was entering now the Court of Guard,  
A harper with him, and in plaid  
All muffled close, a mountain maid,  
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view  
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.  
"What news?" they roared—"I only  
know,  
From noon till eve we fought with foe,  
As wild and as untameable  
As the rude mountains where they dwell.  
On both sides store of blood is lost,  
Nor much success can either boast."  
"But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil  
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.  
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;  
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!  
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,  
The leader of a juggler band!"

## IV.

"No, comrade;—no such fortune mine.  
After the fight, these sought our line,

That aged harper and the girl;  
And, having audience of the Earl,  
Mar bade I should purvey them steed,  
And bring them hitherward with speed.  
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,  
For none shall do them shame or harm."—  
"Hear ye his boast?" cried John of  
Brent,

Ever to strife and jangling bent;  
"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,  
And yet the jealous niggard grudge  
To pay the forester his fee?  
I'll have my share, howe'er it be,  
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."—  
Bertram his forward step withstood;  
And, burning in his vengeful mood,  
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,  
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;  
But Ellen boldly stepped between,  
And dropped at once the tartan screen—  
So, from his morning cloud, appears  
The sun of May, through summer tears.  
The savage soldiery, amazed,  
As on descended angel gazed;  
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,  
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

v.

Boldly she spoke:—"Soldiers, attend!  
My father was the soldier's friend;  
Cheered him in camps, in marches led,  
And with him in the battle bled.  
Not from the valiant, or the strong,  
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."—  
Answered De Brent, most forward still  
In every feat or good or ill:—  
"I shame me of the part I played;  
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!  
An outlaw I by forest laws,  
And merry Needwood knows the cause.  
Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,"—  
He wiped his iron eye and brow,—  
"Must bear such age, I think, as thou.—  
Hear ye, my mates:—I go to call  
The Captain of our watch to hall:  
There lies my halberd on the floor;  
And he that steps my halberd o'er,  
To do the maid injurious part,  
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!—  
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough:  
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

vi.

Their Captain came, a gallant young, —  
(Of Tullibardine's house he sprung,)  
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;  
Gay was his mien, his humour light,  
And, though by courtesy controlled,  
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.

The high-born maiden ill could brook  
The scanning of his curious look  
And dauntless eye;—and yet, in sooth,  
Young Lewis was a generous youth;  
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,  
Ill suited to the garb and scene,  
Might lightly bear construction strange,  
And give loose fancy scope to range.—  
"Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!  
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,  
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,  
Like errant damosel of yore?  
Does thy high quest a knight require,  
Or may the venture suit a squire?"—  
Her dark eye flashed;—she paused and  
sighed,—

"Oh, what have I to do with pride!—  
Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,  
A suppliant for a father's life,  
I crave an audience of the King.  
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,  
The royal pledge of grateful claims,  
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

vii.

The signet-ring young Lewis took,  
With deep respect and altered look;  
And said:—"This ring our duties own;  
And pardon, if, to worth unknown,  
In semblance mean obscurely veiled,  
Lady, in aught my folly failed.  
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,  
The King shall know what suitor waits.  
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower  
Repose you till his waking hour;  
Female attendance shall obey  
Your hest, for service or array.  
Permit I marshal you the way."  
But, ere she followed, with the grace  
And open bounty of her race,  
She bade her slender purse be shared  
Among the soldiers of the guard.  
The rest with thanks their guerdon took;  
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,  
On the reluctant maiden's hold  
Forced bluntly back the proffered gold;—  
"Forgive a haughty English heart,  
And, oh, forget its ruder part!  
The vacant purse shall be my share,  
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,  
Perchance in jeopardy of war,  
Where gayer crests may keep afar."  
With thanks,—'twas all she could,—the  
maid

His rugged courtesy repaid. ....

viii.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,  
Remained in lordly bower apart,

Where played, with many-coloured gleams,  
Through storied pane the rising beams.  
In vain on gilded roof they fall,  
And lightened up a tapestried wall;  
And for her use a menial train  
A rich collation spread in vain.  
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,  
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;—  
Or, if she looked, 'twas but to say,  
With better omen dawned the day  
In that lone lale, where waved on high  
The dun deer's hide for canopy;  
Where oft her noble father shared  
The simple meal her care prepared;  
While Lufra, crouching by her side,  
Her station claimed with jealous pride;  
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,  
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Grame;  
Whose answer, oft at random made,  
The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.—  
Those who such simple joys have known,  
Are taught to prize them when they're  
gone.

But sudden, see, she lifts her head!  
The window seeks with cautious tread.  
What distant music has the power  
To win her in this woful hour!  
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung  
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

## IX.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED  
HUNTSMAN.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were, as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forests green,  
With bended bow and blood-bound free,  
For that's the life that's meet for me.

"I hate to learn the ebb of time  
From yon dull steeples' drowsy chime;  
Or mark it as the sun-beams crawl,  
Inch after inch, along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matins ring,  
The sabbie rook my vespers sing;  
These towers, although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.

"No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wand with evening dew;  
A blitheome welcome blithely meet,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—  
That life is lost to love and me!"

## X.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,  
The list'ner had not turned her head,

It trickled still, the starting tear,  
When light a footstep struck her ear,  
And Snowdown's graceful Knight was  
near.

She turned the hastier, lest again  
The prisoner should renew his strain.  
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she  
said;

"How may an almost orphan maid  
Pay the deep debt?"—"O say not so!  
To me no gratitude you owe.  
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,  
And bid thy noble father live;  
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,  
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.  
No tyrant he, though free and pride  
May lead his better mood aside.  
Come, Ellen, come!—'tis more than  
time,—

He holds his court at morning prime."—  
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,  
As to a brother's arm she clung.  
Gently he dried the falling tear,  
And gently whispered hope and cheer;  
Her faltering steps half led, half stayed,  
Through gallery fair and high arcade,  
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride  
A portal arch unfolded wide.

## XI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,  
A thronging scene of figures bright;  
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,  
As when the setting sun has given  
Ten thousand hues to summer even,  
And from their tissue fancy frames  
Aërial knights and fairy dames.  
Still by Fitz-James her footing stayed;  
A few faint steps she forward made,  
Then slow her drooping head she raised,  
And fearful round the presence gazed;  
For him she sought, who owned this  
state,  
The dreaded Prince, whose will was  
fate!—

She gazed on many a princely port,  
Might well have ruled a royal court;  
On many a splendid garb she gazed—  
Then turned bewildered and amazed;  
For all stood bare, and in the room  
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.  
To him each lady's look was lent;  
On him each courtier's eye was bent;  
'Midst furs, and silks, and jewels sheen,  
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,  
The centre of the glittering ring,—  
And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's  
King!



## XII.

As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,  
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
Poor Helen glided from her stay,  
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;  
No word her choking voice commands,—  
She showed the ring, she clasped her hands!

Oh! not a moment could he brook,  
The generous Prince, that suppliant look!  
Gently he raised her; and, the while,  
Checked with a glance the circle's smile;  
Gracèful, but grave, her brow he kissed,  
And bade her terrors be dismissed:—  
“Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James  
The fealty of Scotland claims.

To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;  
He will redeem his signet-ring.  
Ask nought for Douglas;—yester even  
His Prince and he have much forgiven:  
Wrong hath he had from slanderous  
tongue—

I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.  
We would not to the vulgar crowd  
Yield what they craved with clamour loud;  
Calmly we heard and judged his cause—  
Our council aided, and our laws.  
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,  
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn;  
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own  
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.—  
But, lovely infidel! how now?  
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?  
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;  
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.”

## XIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,  
And on his neck his daughter hung.  
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,  
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—  
When it can say, with godlike voice,  
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!  
Yet would not James the general eye  
On nature's raptures long should pry;  
He stepped between—“Nay, Douglas, nay,  
Steal not my proselyte away!  
The riddle 'tis my right to read,  
That brought this happy chance to speed.  
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray  
In life's more low but happier way,  
'Tis under name which veils my power,  
Nor falsely vells—for Stirling's tower  
Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,  
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.

Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,  
Thus learn to right the injured cause.”—  
Then, in a tone apart and low:—  
“Ah, little traitress! none must know  
What idle dream, what lighter thought,  
What vanity full dearly bought,  
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew  
My spell-bound steps to Ben-venue,  
In dangerous hour, and all but gave  
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!”—  
Aloud he spoke:—“Thou still dost hold  
That little talisman of gold,  
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—  
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?”

## XIV.

Full well the conscious maiden guessed  
He probed the weakness of her breast;  
But, with that consciousness, there came  
A light'ning of her fears for Grème,  
And more she deemed the Monarch's ire  
Kindled 'gainst him who, for her sire,  
Rebellious broad-sword boldly drew;  
And, to her generous feeling true,  
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.—  
“Forbear thy suit;—the King of kings  
Alone can stay life's parting wings:  
I know his heart, I know his hand,  
Have shared his cheer, and proved his  
brand;—

My fairest earldom would I give  
To bid Clan-Alpine's chieftain live!—  
Hast thou no other boon to crave,  
No other captive friend to save?”—  
Blushing, she turned her from the King,  
And to the Douglas gave the ring,  
As if she wished her sire to speak  
The suit that stained her glowing cheek.—  
“Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,  
And stubborn Justice holds her course!  
Malcolm, come forth!”—And, at the word,  
Down kneeled the Grème to Scotland's  
Lord.—

“For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,  
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,  
A refuge for an outlawed man,  
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name—  
Fetters and warder for the Grème!”  
His chain of gold the King unstrung,  
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung;  
Then gently drew the glittering band,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## SOLILCQUY.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>             'Tis now the dead of night, and half the<br/>             world<br/>             Is with a lonely solemn darkness hung!<br/>             Yet I (so coy a dame is Sleep to me)<br/>             With all the weary courtship of<br/>             My care-tired thoughts, can't win her to<br/>             my bed,<br/>             Though even the stars do wink, as 'twere<br/>             with overwatching.<br/>             I'll forth and walk a while.—The air's<br/>             refreshing,<br/>             And the ripe harvest of the new-mown<br/>             hay<br/>             Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour,—<br/>             How awful is this gloom!—And hark! from<br/>             camp to camp<br/>             The hum of either army stilly sounds,<br/>             That the fixed sentinels almost receive<br/>             The secret whispers of each other's watch:           </p> | <p>             Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful<br/>             neighings,<br/>             Piercing the night's dull ear.—Hark! from<br/>             the tents,<br/>             The armourers accomplishing the knights,<br/>             With clink of hammers closing rivets<br/>             up,<br/>             Give dreadful note of preparation; while<br/>             some<br/>             Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,<br/>             With patience sit, and inly ruminate<br/>             The morning's danger. By yon heaven,<br/>             my stern<br/>             Impatience chides this tardy-gaited Night,<br/>             Which, like a foul and ugly witch, doth<br/>             limp<br/>             So tediously away.—I'll to my couch,<br/>             And once more try to sleep her into<br/>             morning.           </p> |
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SHAKSPEARE.

## SHAKSPEARE.

It has been said, by some critic, that Shakspeare was distinguished from the other dramatic writers of his day only by his wit; that they had all his other qualities but that;—that one writer had as much sense; another, as much fancy; another, as much knowledge of character; another, the same depth of passion; and another, as great power of language. This statement is not true; nor is the inference from it well founded, even if it were. This person does not seem to be aware, that, upon his own showing, the great distinction of Shakspeare's genius was its virtually including the genius of all the great men of his age, and not its differing from them in one accidental particular.

The striking peculiarity of Shakspeare's mind was its generic quality, its power of communication with all other minds; so that it contained a universe of thought and feeling within itself, and no one peculiar bias or exclusive excellence more than another. He was just like any other man, but that he was like all other

men. He was the least of an egotist that it was possible to be. He was nothing in himself, but he was all that others were, or that they could become. He not only had in himself the germs of every faculty and feeling, but he could follow them by anticipation, intuitively, into all their conceivable ramifications, through every change of fortune, or conflict of passion, or turn of thought. He had "a mind reflecting ages past" and present; all the people that ever lived were there. There was no respect of persons with him. His genius shone equally on the evil and on the good, on the wise and the foolish, the monarch and the beggar. "All corners of the earth; kings, queens, and states; maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave," are hardly hid from his searching glance. He was like the genius of humanity, changing places with all of us at pleasure, and playing with our purposes as with his own.

He turned the globe round for his amusement, and surveyed the generations of men and the individuals as they passed, with their different concerns, passions, follies, vices, virtues, actions, and motives; as well those they knew as those they did not know or acknowledge to themselves. The dreams of childhood, the ravings of despair, were the toys of his fancy. Airy beings waited at his call and came at his bidding. Harmless fairies "nodded to him and did him their courtesies;" and the night-hag bestrode the blast at the command of "his so potent art."

He had only to speak of anything, in order to become that thing, with all the circumstances belonging to it. When he conceived of a character, whether real or imaginary, he not only entered into all its thoughts and feelings, but seemed instantly, and as if by touching a secret spring, to be surrounded with all the same objects, "subject to the same skyey influences," the same local, outward, and unforeseen accidents, which would occur in reality. Thus, the character of Caliban not only stands before us with a language and manners of his own, but the scenery and situation of the enchanted island he inhabits, the traditions of the place, its strange noises, its hidden recesses, "his frequent haunts, and ancient neighbourhood," are given with a miraculous truth of

nature, and with all the familiarity of an old recollection. "The whole coheres semblably together," in time, place, and circumstance.

In reading this author, you do not merely learn what his characters say ; you see their persons. By something expressed or understood, you are at no loss to decipher their peculiar physiognomy, the meaning of a look, the grouping, the by-play, as we might see it on the stage. A word, an epithet, paints a whole scene, or throws us back whole years in the history of the person represented. So (as it has been ingeniously remarked), when Prospero describes himself as being left alone in the boat with his daughter, the epithet which he applies to her, "Me and thy *crying* self," flings the imagination instantly back from the grown woman to the helpless condition of infancy, and places the first and most trying scene of his misfortune before us, with all that he must have suffered in the interval.

How well the silent anguish of Macduff is conveyed to the reader, by the friendly expostulation of Malcolm,—“What ! man, ne’er pull your hat upon your brows !” Again, Hamlet, in the scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, somewhat abruptly concludes his fine soliloquy on life by saying, “Man delights me not, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so :” which is explained by their answer—“My lord, we had no such stuff in our thoughts ; but we smiled to think, if you delight not in man, what scanty entertainment the players shall receive from you, whom we met on the way ;”—as if, while Hamlet was making his speech, his two old school-fellows from Wittenberg had been really standing by, and he had seen them smiling by stealth, at the idea of the players crossing their minds. It is not “a combination and a form” of words, a set-speech or two, a preconcerted theory of a character, that will do this ; but all the persons concerned must have been present in the poet’s imagination, as at a kind of rehearsal ; and whatever would have passed through their minds on the occasion, and have been observed by others, passed through his, and is made known to the reader.

HAZLITT.

## WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

*Wolsey.*—Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost; And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a ripening—nips his root, And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,

This many summers in a sea of glory; But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

At length broke under me, and now has left me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;

I feel my heart new opened: Oh, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or women have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,— Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

*Crom.*—I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.*—What! amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,

I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.*—How does your grace?

*Wol.*—Why, well.

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell. I know myself now; and I feel within me A peace above all earthly dignities—

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken A load would sink a navy, too much honour:

Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

*Crom.*—I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.*—I hope I have. I am able now, methinks

(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel), T' endure more miseries, and greater far,

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. What news abroad?

*Crom.*—The heaviest, and the worst, Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.*—God bless him!

*Crom.*—The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.*—That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue Long in his highness' favour, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!

What more?

*Crom.*—That Cranmer is returned with welcome,

Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.*—That's news indeed.

*Crom.*—Last, that the Lady Anne, Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was viewed in open, as his queen, Going to chapel; and the voice is now

Only about her coronation.

*Wol.*—There was the weight that pulled me down. O Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me; all my glories

In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth my honours, Or gild again the noble troops that waited

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now

To be thy lord and master. Seek the king; That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him

What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him  
(I know his noble nature) not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good  
Cromwell,

Neglect him not; make use now, and provide

For thine own future safety.

*Crom.*—O, my lord,  
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The king shall have my service; but my prayers

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

*Wol.*—Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me

Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,

Cromwell;  
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee;

Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—

Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;

A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.

Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:

By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't? Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that

hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To allence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;

And—Prithee, lead me in:  
There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,

And my integrity to Heaven, is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,

Cromwell!

Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my king, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.*—Good sir, have patience.  
*Wol.*—So I have. Farewell  
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

SHAKESPEARE

### SCENE FROM MACBETH.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* [Looking on his hands] This is a sorry sight.

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and addressed them

Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodged together.

*Macb.* One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say,  
"Amen."

When they did say, "God bless us."

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could I not pronounce, "Amen?"

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us  
mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry,  
"Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep!"—the innocent sleep;

Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of  
care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's  
bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second  
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried, "Sleep no more!"  
to all the house:

"Glamis hath murdered sleep: and therefore  
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep  
no more!"

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried?

Why, worthythane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to  
think

So brain-sickly of things:—Go, get some  
water,

And wash this filthy witness from your  
hand.—

Why did you bring these daggers from the  
place?

They must lie there: go, carry them; and  
smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.*

I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.*

Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the  
dead

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

*Macb.*

Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise  
appalls me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck  
out mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this  
blood

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand  
will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour;  
but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear  
a knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our  
chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*]

Hark! more knocking.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call  
us,

And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not  
know myself. [*Knock.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking!—I  
would thou couldst!

SHAKESPEARE

## THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE, IN MACBETH.

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbeth. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my

understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect.

My understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* should produce any effect, direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length I solved it to my own satisfaction, and my solution is this: Murder in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason, that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) among all living creatures: this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude.

Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What, then, must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings and are made to understand them—not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic: the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer (such a murderer as a poet will condescend to) there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakspeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but, though in *Macbeth* the strife of mind is greater than in his wife—the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught



chiefly by contagion from her—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, “the gracious Duncan,” and adequately to expound “the deep damnation of his taking off,” this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, that is, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man, was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader’s attention.

If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is that in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man,—if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed.

All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible by re-action. Now apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and

made sensible. Another world has stepped in, and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed;" Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman: both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable?

In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice: time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the re-action has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again, and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

O mighty poet! thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature—like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder,—which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert; but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident.

DE QUINCEY.

## HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be, that is the question;—  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them? To die,—  
 to sleep,—  
 No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural  
 shocks  
 That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to  
 sleep;—  
 To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's  
 the rub!  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams  
 may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause. There's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns  
 of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's  
 contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's de-  
 lay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels  
 bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after  
 death,—  
 The undiscovered country, from whose  
 bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we  
 have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us  
 all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE

## THE WIFE'S DUTY TO HER HUSBAND.

Fig, fie! unknit that threatening, unkind  
 brow;  
 And dart not scornful glances from those  
 eyes,  
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
 It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the  
 meads;  
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake  
 fair buds;  
 And in no sense is meet, or amiable.  
 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.  
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy  
 keeper,  
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares  
 for thee,  
 And for thy maintenance commits his  
 body  
 To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
 To watch the night in storms, the day in  
 cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and  
 safe;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband;  
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen,  
 sour,  
 And not obedient to his honest will,  
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—  
 I am ashamed that women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for  
 peace;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love, and  
 obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and  
 smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts

SHAKESPEARE.

## OTHELLO'S APOLOGY FOR HIS MARRIAGE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors;  
 My very noble and approved good masters—  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's  
 daughter,  
 It is most true; true, I have married her:  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in  
 speech,  
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of  
 peace;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven  
 years' pith,  
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they  
 have used  
 Their dearest action in the tented field;  
 And little of this great world can I speak  
 More than pertains to feats of broils and  
 battles:  
 And little, therefore, shall I grace my cause  
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your  
 patience,  
 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs,  
 what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
 (For such proceeding I am charged withal,)  
 I won his daughter with. . . .  
 Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
 Still questioned me the story of my life  
 From year to year—the battles, sieges,  
 fortunes,  
 That I have passed.  
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous  
 chances;  
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field;  
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes I' the imminent  
 deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption  
 thence,  
 And portance in my travels' history.  
 . . . . This to hear  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
 But still the house-affairs would draw her  
 thence:  
 Which ever as she could with haste  
 despatch,  
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse. Which I  
 observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good  
 means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something  
 heard,  
 But not intently. I did consent;  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffered.—My story being  
 done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 She said 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
 She wished she had not heard it; yet she  
 wished  
 That Heaven had made her such a man:  
 she thanked me;  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved  
 her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint  
 I spake:  
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed;  
 And I loved her that she did pity them.—  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

SHAKESPEARE.

## COMMONWEALTH OF BEES.

So work the honey bees;  
 Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach  
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
 They have a king and officers of sorts:  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at  
 home:  
 Others, like merchants, venture trade  
 abroad:  
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;

Which pillage they with merry march bring  
 To the tent royal of their emperor: [home  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;  
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;  
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to executors pale  
 The lazy yawning drone.

SHAKESPEARE.

**STORY OF THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.**

EDWARD III., after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:—

“My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and our daughters, to the enemy. Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends; there is one

expedient left!—a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient left! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail to live for ever in the memories of his countrymen."

He spoke; but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed:—"I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous, of this martyrdom than I can be, though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"

"Your son!" exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.

"Ah, my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed. But no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality! Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes."

"Your kinsman," cried John de Aire.

"Your kinsman," cried James Wissant.

"Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant.

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais?"

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens with their families through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take the last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them; they groaned, they

wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

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The English by this time were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots as they passed. They bowed to them on all sides; they murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?"

"They are," says Mauny; "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."

"Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward. "Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?"

"Not in the least, my lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity at times is

indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission by punishment and example. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful re-enforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience.

"My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of shame to Edward—a reproach to his conquests, an indelible disgrace to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death by which their glory would be consummated, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

"I am convinced; you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward. "Prevent the execution; have them instantly before us."

They came, when the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:—

"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that



valour and virtue by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers! you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or of station;—that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed—provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.”

“Ah, my country!” exclaimed Pierre, “it is now that I tremble for you! Edward only wins our cities; but Philippa conquers our hearts!”

HENRY BROOKE.

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#### MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
 It bleaseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown:  
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;—  
 But mercy is above the sceptred sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings—  
 It is an attribute to God himself;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKSPERE.

### THE HANSE.

ABOUT the end of the twelfth century commerce began to extend towards the north of Europe. Along the German shores of the Baltic sprang up thriving towns, which sent out ships to Russia, Norway, England, and other parts, and exchanged the raw materials which they thus acquired for the merchandise of Southern Europe and the Levant, which reached them both by land and sea. Before the middle of the thirteenth century, this trade had become so valuable as to excite the rapacity, not only of numerous pirates who infested the seas, but of princes and nobles, who exacted arbitrary and excessive tolls.

To defend their interests against these assailants, the chief ports entered into a league, binding themselves to afford mutual aid and protection. Lubeck stood at the head of this association; Hamburg and Bremen ranked next; and one after another the principal towns gave in their adhesion, the movement spreading from east to west. The numbers of the league fluctuated, but at one time it is known to have comprised more than eighty different towns. In the fourteenth century its authority extended from the right bank of the Meuse and the Isles of Zeeland to Revel in Esthonia. Moreover, it rallied around it the chief commercial towns of the interior, such as Cologne, Dortmund, Munster, Brunswick, Magdeburg, &c. From its rise to its decline, the Hanse had for its object the protection and development of commerce, the maintenance of existing and the acquisition of new privileges. The association was governed by a Diet, to which each town sent representatives, and which met once in three years in Lubeck. As the confederation expanded, it became necessary to divide it into several provinces, of which the capitals were Lubeck, Cologne, Brunswick, and Dantzic.

In Russia the Hanse found a valuable and almost virgin field for its commercial enterprise. Thence it drew large supplies of timber, flax, hemp, ropes, skins and furs, wax and tallow;—bestow-

ing, in return (for the trade was one of barter), salt, herrings, and coarse cloth, for the mass of the peasants; and brocades, jewels, wines, and other articles of luxury, for the wealthy boyards and princes. A factory at Novgorod conducted these transactions. Another factory at Bergen placed the Hanse in direct contact with Norway and Sweden. This was an establishment of considerable magnitude, comprising twenty-two courts, and serving not only as a lodging for the staff of agents and clerks, but as a warehouse for the goods. The chief exports from this quarter were timber, resin, sperm oil, and, above all, salted fish—a commodity in great demand at a time when Europe was still Catholic and fasted faithfully on the appointed days. The Hanse had two other large factories; one in Bruges employing three hundred agents, and another in London.

Year by year the Hanse grew more rich and powerful. New branches of business were opened up, new factories were founded. Kings and princes were glad to be on good terms with so influential a body. Ambassadors from the Kings of England, France, Sweden, and Denmark, and even from the Emperor himself, waited on the Diet, to ask favours, and to offer trading privileges in return.

The original object of the league—mutual protection—was reasonable and legitimate, but was gradually expanded into a policy of forcible aggression and imperious monopoly. Not only were foreigners, in their voyages to the Hanse towns, compelled to employ Hanseatic ships, but the commerce of the north-east and west of Europe was almost exclusively in the hands of the league. There were no bounds to its greed and selfishness. It did its utmost to crush all growing trade, navigation, and even manufactures, which in the least interfered with its gains. It warned away all strangers from the Baltic; and when it found any there, it seized and destroyed their vessels. In order to maintain this monopoly, it was ready to make the greatest sacrifices, to equip fleets, and sustain long and costly campaigns. With Denmark it waged a desperate war; and it also came into collision with Sweden and Norway. From these contests it came off victorious, and the whole of Scandinavia was compelled to acknowledge its commer-

cial supremacy. It had a rupture also with the Netherlands, whose flag it banished from the Baltic.

These unbounded pretensions naturally excited a great deal of ill feeling against the Hanse, and, in the end, proved fatal to it. One after another, the markets which it had been accustomed to regard as its own private estates, threw off their allegiance, and admitted the traders of other nations. Then it was that the league began to suffer in another way from its narrow-minded selfishness. As long as it had exclusive command of foreign sources of supply, it did not trouble itself to develop the resources of Germany—indeed it rather endeavoured to repress them, when it thought that others were likely to profit by them; but when one by one its monopolies exploded, it found reason to repent that it had neglected to cultivate the productive powers of its own country.

These causes, combined with the change of route to India, led to the gradual decline of this famous confederation; and at the last general assembly, held at Lubeck in 1630, the deputies from the several cities appeared merely to declare their secession. In a modified form, however, the Hanse lingered on till the beginning of the present century—the shadow of a great name. The Free Cities of Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen, and Frankfort-on-the-Maine are now only nominally the representatives of the Hanse.

J. H. FYFE.

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### THE BURGHERS OF BRUGES AND GHENT.

WHILE a despotic mercantile league was carrying matters with a high hand in the north, Flanders was acquiring a considerable commerce. Bruges and Ghent were its two most flourishing cities. Although not upon the coast, Bruges communicated with the sea by a canal which led to Sluis, six leagues distant, on the Bay of Zwin. The access to this port was difficult, and constant care had to be taken to keep the channel free from obstruction; but, in spite of these disadvantages, Bruges carried on an important maritime trade, and became, before the end of the thirteenth century, the chief emporium for the merchandise of Europe and the Levant, as

well as the centre of the commerce of the Low Countries. Thither came wool from England, linen from Belgium, silk from Persia, hemp from Russia, Venetian cloth-of-gold, and Eastern spices. In the middle of the fourteenth century it had a population of one hundred and fifty thousand. Within its walls were the hotels of twenty ambassadors and the factories of seventeen different kingdoms.

The wealth of the citizens was manifested in their outward splendour. When Philip-le-Bel, King of France, visited Flanders with his Queen, the latter was so amazed by the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed, "I thought I was the only queen here, but, judging from the apparel of those I see around me, there must be many wives of kings and princes present!" Again, when in 1351 the burgomasters of Bruges, Ghent, and Ypres, went to Paris to pay homage to King John, they were received with much pomp and distinction, but yet found reason to be dissatisfied. Being invited to a grand feast, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions. In order to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they took off their richly embroidered cloaks, folded them, and sat upon them. On rising from table they left their cloaks behind them; and being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon von Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, "We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner!"

Ghent was then the chief seat of the cloth manufacture. Situated in the midst of well-cultivated plains, its walls measured nine miles in circuit, and enclosed a large and prosperous population. In the time of Charles V. it was one of the principal cities in Europe; and that monarch used to boast, punning on the name, that he could put all Paris in his glove—*dans son gant* (Ghent). In the fourteenth century there were in the city and its environs forty thousand weavers! When they went to and from their work they filled the streets with such a dense throng that all business had to be suspended; and the bell of the city rang out to caution other people to stay within doors, and to warn mothers that they

must fetch in their children, lest they should be trampled under foot.

These work-people well knew their value to the city, and asserted their independence very emphatically. Their allegiance to the Counts of Flanders and Dukes of Burgundy was little more than nominal; for whenever these princes sought to impose any tax which their subjects disliked, the great bell Roland at once sounded an alarm, and the citizens seized the arms they always kept beside them, and, without changing their working dress, merely attaching a white sleeve or hood as a badge, sallied out to vindicate their rights. In 1400 there were eighty thousand persons in Ghent capable of bearing arms; and the weavers alone furnished a formidable contingent of twenty thousand. If, however, this force kept the great in check, it also proved of much assistance to them in the case of an attack from without.

Ypres, Dendermonde, Oudenarde, and Lille stood in the second rank of towns, but did not fall far short of Bruges and Ghent in industry and population. They were engaged in various branches of woollen manufacture; which, as was formally and gracefully acknowledged by the institution of the Order of the Golden Fleece, constituted the basis of the prosperity, power, and grandeur of the country.

J. H. FYFE.

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## THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

A.D. 1574.

MEANTIME, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavourable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So

long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful: infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, children—side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out, women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates; and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-

hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of St. Pancras. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive." . . . .

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes. In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. . . . On it went, sweeping



over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten; as they approached some shallows which led into the great Mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. . . . On again the fleet of Boiset still went, and, overcoming every obstacle, entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved.

J. L. MOTLEY.

### BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Or Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold, determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line:  
It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleetest rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.  
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried, when  
each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail;  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hailed them o'er the wave:  
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save;  
So peace instead of death let us bring;—  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As Death withdrew his shades from the day,  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;  
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died,  
With the gallant good Riou:  
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their  
grave!  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song consoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave!

CAMPBELL.

**POLAND.**

LITTLE more than fifty years have passed since Poland continued to occupy a high place among the Powers of Europe. Her natural means of wealth and force were inferior to those of few states of the second order. The surface of the country exceeded that of France ; and the number of inhabitants was estimated, at the era of the first partition, at fourteen millions—a population probably exceeding that of the British Islands, or of the Spanish Peninsula. The climate was nowhere unfriendly to health, or unfavourable to labour ; the soil was fertile, the produce redundant ; a large portion of the country, still uncleared, afforded ample scope for agricultural enterprise. Great rivers afforded easy means of opening an internal navigation from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.

In addition to these natural advantages, there were many of those circumstances in the history and situation of Poland which render a people fond and proud of their country, and foster that national spirit which is the most effectual instrument either of defence or aggrandizement.

Till the middle of the seventeenth century, she was the predominating Power of the North. With Hungary, and the maritime strength of Venice, she formed the eastern defence of Christendom against the Turkish tyrants of Greece ; and, on the north-east, she was long the sole barrier against the more obscure barbarians of Muscovy, after they had thrown off the Tartarian yoke. A nation which thus constituted a part of the vanguard of civilization necessarily became martial, and gained all the renown in arms which could be acquired before war had become a science. The wars of the Poles—irregular, romantic, full of personal adventure, dependent on individual courage and peculiar character, proceeding little from the policy of cabinets, but deeply imbued by those sentiments of chivalry which may pervade a nation, chequered by extraordinary vicissitudes, carried on against barbarous enemies in remote and wild provinces—were calculated to

leave a deep impression on the feelings of the people, and to give every man the liveliest interest in the glories and dangers of his country.

Whatever renders the members of a community more like each other, and unlike their neighbours, usually strengthens the bond of attachment between them. The Poles were the only representatives of the Sarmatian race in the assembly of civilized nations. Their language and their national literature were cultivated with great success. They contributed, in one instance, signally to the progress of science; and they took no ignoble part in those classical studies which composed the common literature of Europe. They were bound to their country by the peculiarities of its institutions and usages; perhaps, also, by the very defects in their government which at last contributed to its fall, by those dangerous privileges, and by that tumultuary independence, which rendered their condition as much above that of the slaves of absolute monarchy as it was below the lot of those who inherit the blessings of legal and moral freedom.

They had once another singularity, of which they might have been proud, if they had not abandoned it in times which ought to have been more enlightened. Soon after the Reformation, they set the first example of that true religious liberty, which equally admits the members of all sects to the privileges, the offices, and dignities of the commonwealth. For nearly a century they afforded a secure asylum to those obnoxious sects of Anabaptists and Unitarians, whom all other states excluded from toleration; and the Hebrew nation, proscribed everywhere else, for several ages found a second country, with protection to their learned and religious establishments, in this hospitable and tolerant land.

But the Polish people fell—after a wise and virtuous attempt to establish liberty, and a heroic struggle to defend it—by the flagitious wickedness of Russia, by the foul treachery of Prussia, by the unprincipled accession of Austria, and by the short-sighted as well as mean-spirited acquiescence of all the nations of Europe.

SIR JAMES MACINTOSH.

## THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

Oh, sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased  
 a while,  
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to  
 smile,  
 When leagued Oppression poured to North-  
 ern wars  
 Her whiskered pandours and her fierce  
 hussars,  
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of  
 morn,  
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her  
 trumpet-horn;  
 Tumultuous Horror brooded o'er her van,  
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her  
 heights, surveyed,  
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid:  
 "O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding  
 country save!  
 Is there no hand on high to shield the  
 brave?  
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely  
 plains,  
 Rise, fellow-men! our COUNTRY yet re-  
 mains!  
 By that dread name we wave the sword on  
 high,  
 And swear for her to live—with her to  
 die!"

He said, and on the rampart heights  
 arrayed  
 His trusty warriors, few, but undi-  
 mayed:  
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they  
 form,  
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the  
 storm!  
 Low, murmuring sounds along their ban-  
 ners fly,  
 REVENGE OR DEATH!—the watchword and  
 reply;  
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to  
 charm,  
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain—alas! in vain, ye gallant few,  
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunders  
 flew;

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of  
 Time!  
 Sarmatia fell—unwept—without a crime!  
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying  
 foe,  
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her  
 woe!  
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shat-  
 tered spear,  
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high  
 career:  
 Hope, for a season bade the world fare-  
 well,  
 And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko  
 fell!

The sun went down; nor ceased the car-  
 nage there—  
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight  
 air;  
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin  
 glow,  
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far be-  
 low.  
 The storm prevails! the rampart yields a  
 way!  
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dis-  
 may!  
 Hark! as the smouldering piles with thun-  
 der fall,  
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy  
 call!—  
 Earth shook! red meteors flashed along  
 the sky!  
 And conscious Nature shuddered at the  
 cry!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!  
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!  
 Friends of the world! restore your swords  
 to man;  
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the  
 van!  
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
 And make her arm puissant as your  
 own!  
 Oh! once again to Freedom's cause re-  
 turn  
 The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of Ban-  
 nockburn!

CAMPBELL.

## THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

A.D. 1812.

At length Moscow, with its domes, and towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward, and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along; for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary arm sunk to rest, but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and Oriental magnificence that everywhere surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous forebodings that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlours, and bed-rooms, and chambers, all furnished and in order, but no occupants! This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was settling over the city, when the cry of "Fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's faltering empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced—THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

In the morning, Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, September 15th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon lofty Kremlin saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry "Fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene was now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting on the houses; dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings, and the next moment light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and a wild tempest that swept like the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm; white clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the ruins, his face blackened with smoke, and his hair and eyebrows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned—a day of tempest and of flame—and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly

form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempest; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, waving to and fro in the blast.

The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter, as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers, were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier, rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace, as if it were his empire.

But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate leading to the Moskwa, and entered it; but they had entered still further into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye round the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke, and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses and raging of the flames, over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on; and at length, half-suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant.

Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame and smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro, and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron—

he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses and palaces and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire; the heavens a canopy of fire; and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions, from the blowing up of stores of oil and tar and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously toward the sky. Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating, like messengers of death, through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces, glowing with a red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their bases, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin.

Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents, the strong the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and closely-packed city of houses and churches and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

But this was within the city. To Napoleon without, the spec-



tacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing firebrands, now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire.

Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air, as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos—now wrapped in flame and smoke, again emerging into view—standing amid this scene of desolation and terror, like Virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring element. Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterward,—

“It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to the skies of flame above. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!”

J. T. HEADLEY.

#### THE RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY FROM MOSCOW.

|                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| MAGNIFICENCE of ruin! what has<br>Time,<br>In all it ever gazed upon of war,<br>Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly<br>clime,<br>Seen, with that battle's vengeance to<br>compare? | The land behind them massacre and<br>flame;<br>Blood will have tenfold blood. What are<br>they now?—A name. |
| How glorious shone the invaders' pomp<br>afar!                                                                                                                                      | Homeward by hundred thousands, col-<br>umn deep,                                                            |
| Like pampered lions from the spoil they<br>came:                                                                                                                                    | Broad square, loose squadron, rolling<br>like the flood,                                                    |
| The land before them silence and de-<br>spair,                                                                                                                                      | When mighty torrents from their chan-<br>nels leap,                                                         |
|                                                                                                                                                                                     | Rushed through the land the haughty<br>multitude,                                                           |

Billow on endless billow: on through  
wood,  
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy  
vale,  
The death-devoted moved, to clangour  
rude  
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash  
of mail,  
Glancing disastrous light before that sun-  
beam pale.

Again they reach thee, Borodino! Still  
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,  
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and  
chill;  
Friend, foe, stretched thick together,  
clay to clay.  
In vain the startled legions burst away—  
The land was all one naked sepulchre:  
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim  
Decay;  
Still did the hoof and wheel their pass-  
age tear  
Through cloven helmets and arms, and  
corpses mouldering drear.

The field was as they left it; fosse and  
fort  
Streaming with slaughter still, but de-  
solate—  
The cannon flung dismantled by its  
port:  
Each knew the mound, the black ra-  
vine whose strait  
Was won and lost, and thronged with  
dead, till Fate  
Had fixed upon the victor—half un-  
done.  
There was the hill, from which their  
eyes elate  
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden  
zone;  
But Death was at their heels—they shud-  
dered and rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark  
to the gale!  
As it bursts hollow through the rolling  
clouds,  
That from the North in sullen grandeur  
sail  
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness  
broods  
Upon the wild horizon; and the woods,  
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,  
As the gust sweeps them; and those upper  
floods

Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-  
drops chill,  
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing  
showers distill.

They reach the wilderness! The majesty  
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,  
Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrath-  
ful sky:  
If ruins were there, they long had ceased  
to blaze;  
If blood was shed, the ground no more  
betrays,  
E'en by a skeleton, the crime of man:  
Behind them rolls the deep and drench-  
ing haze,  
Wrapping their rear in night; before  
their van  
The struggling daylight shows the un-  
measured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying  
march  
Could bear them from the rushing of His  
wheel  
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's  
clear arch  
At once is covered with a livid veil:  
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep  
clouds reel:  
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,  
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel:  
The snows wheel down through twilight,  
thick and dun.  
Now tremble, men of blood—the judgment  
has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has  
blown,  
And it is answered by the dying roar  
Of armies on that boundless field o'er-  
thrown.  
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar  
Is tempest—  
a sea without a shore,  
Lifting its feathery waves! The legions  
fly;—  
Volley on volley down the hailstones  
pour:  
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wan-  
derers die;  
And, dying, hear the storm but wilder  
thunder by.

Such is the hand of Heaven! A human  
blow  
Had crushed them in the fight, or flung  
the chain

|                                                                                             |                                                            |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| Round them where Moscow's stately<br>towers were low,                                       | (Man following, like the wolves, to rend<br>the slain;)    |
| And all be stilled. But thou! thy battle-<br>plain                                          | Must lie from night to night as in a<br>tomb;              |
| Was a whole empire: that devoted train<br>Must war from day to day with storm<br>and gloom, | Must fly, toil, bleed for home—yet never<br>see that home! |

CROLY.

## THE ORIGIN OF MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS.

AMONG the many forms of scenery which vary the surface of the earth, none fixes itself more firmly on the memory and the imagination than that of the hills and mountains. The aspect of the lower grounds is liable to constant change. We see the waves wearing down the shore, and the rivers ever and anon devastating the meadows. Man himself does much to transform the landscape: he ploughs up peat-mosses, cuts down forests, plants new woodlands along the hill-sides, covers the valleys with corn-fields and orchards, graves the country with lines of roadway, and builds his cottages, villages, sea-ports, and towns. But high above the din and stir of these changes, the great mountains rise before us with still the same forms of peak and crag that were familiar to our forefathers long centuries ago. Amid the fleeting outlines of the lowlands these alone seem to defy the hand of Time. And hence "the everlasting hills" and "ancient mountains" have ever been favourite emblems of permanence and grandeur.

Not that signs of revolution failed to be perceived in the early ages among the crags and valleys of the hills. There is an air of ruin and waste about these high grounds which no eye can miss. But the cleaving of their ravines, the scarping of their precipices, the opening of their valleys, and the strewing of their slopes with piles of loose rock, were looked upon vaguely as the complex result of the first grand upheaval of the mountains out of chaos.\*

Sometimes, however, the traces of destruction were too marked

\* This popular belief, which even yet, in spite of modern science, has not become extinct in this country, is well expressed by Milton:—

"When God said,  
'Be gathered now, ye waters under Heaven,  
Into one place, and let dry land appear;'  
Immediately the mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

Into the clouds! their tops ascend the sky:  
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters."

*Paradise Lost*, book vii.

to be assigned even by the popular mind to the first creation of all things. The hills looked as though, long after their birth, they had been rent in twain; the cliffs were shattered and broken, as if they too had suffered from a like catastrophe; the huge fragments of crag and mountain scattered over the declivities, or lying thickly in the valleys below, seemed all to tell of some conflict, later, indeed, than the making of the world, yet lost in an antiquity far beyond the records of man. To the influence of scenery of this kind on the mind of a people at once observant and imaginative, such legends as that of the Titans should in all likelihood be ascribed. It would be interesting to trace back these legends to their cradle, and to mark how much they owe to the character of the scenery amongst which they took their rise. Perhaps it would be found that the rugged outlines of the Boeotian hills had no small share in the framing of Hesiod's graphic story of that primeval warfare wherein the combatants fought with huge rocks, which, darkening the air as they flew, at last buried the discomfited Titans deep beneath the surface of the land. Nor would it be difficult to trace a close connection between the present scenery of our own country and some of the time-honoured traditional stories of giants and hero-kings, warlocks and witches, or between the doings of the Scandinavian Hrimthursar, or Frost-Giants, and the more characteristic features of the landscapes and climate of the north.

But apart from the region of fable and romance, it is impossible to wander among the glens and solitudes of a wild, mountainous tract, without feeling a certain vague awe, not merely on account of the magnitude or loneliness of the surrounding scenery, but from the mystery that seems to hang over its origin. The gentle undulations of a lowland landscape may never start in the mind a passing thought; but we are arrested at once by the stern, broken features of the hills, and cannot help asking ourselves how they came into being.

To such a question the natural answer is sought in vast primeval convulsions, that suddenly tossed up the mountains, rent open ravines and glens for the rivers, and unfolded wide valleys to

receive and remove the drainage of the country. There is an air at once of simplicity and of grandeur about this explanation, which has made it a favourite and popular one. It deals with that dream-land of conjecture and speculation lying far beyond the pathways of science, where one has no need of facts for either the foundation or superstructure of his theory. It thus requires no scientific knowledge or training; it can be appreciated by all, and may be applied to the history of a mountain-chain by one to whom the very name of geology is unknown. No man, indeed, who is aware of what has been ascertained of the history of the earth can hold this popular notion to the full; for it is now well known that the mountains are of many different ages,—that some of them were rent and worn down before others had begun to be, and that the rocks which form the present surface of the earth are the result of many successive ages of geological change.

To whatever source the origin of the existing configuration of the surface is to be traced, the result of the whole has been a system of the most nicely-adjusted symmetry. Hill and mountain, valley and glen, seem each as if made to fit in closely with its neighbours. One main office of land is to serve as a channel, in which a part of the water which rises from the sea into the clouds may find its way once more to the deep. The manner in which this task is accomplished, familiar and even common-place though it may be, can hardly be thoughtfully contemplated without wonder. From the high grounds the gathered rains and springs descend in hundreds and thousands of water-courses, which, from the tiniest runnel up to the ample river, are all arranged in the closest harmony with each other, and with the whole orderly system of which they form a part. This well-balanced symmetry cannot but have resulted from some general cause, acting uniformly throughout the land which it fashioned for its own ends.

The form of the valleys may vary indefinitely without disturbing the general symmetry. They may be wide, open, smooth, with gently shelving sides; or they may be only narrow gorges, in which the rivers toil between naked walls of rock. Merely from the map one cannot tell where the valleys are wide, and where

narrow. The most precipitous ravines fall easily into the general plan, and lie in the paths of the streams just as naturally and unconstrainedly as do the widest straths. Nor should we fail to remark that the ground-plan of the valleys, as defined on a map by the courses of the streams, is marked everywhere by the same great features, whether the region be one of mountains or low plains. If the map has no hill-shading, it may be impossible to tell which are the higher mountain ranges, and which the lower groups of hills and plains, so uniform is the disposition of the valleys and water-courses apart from relative height.

We have to inquire by what probable means this harmonious grouping of hill, and valley, and water-course was brought about.

Two explanations have been given. One calls in the aid of old terrestrial convulsions, and looks on the valleys and ravines as due to fractures and subsidences or upheavals of the earth's crust; the other, while far from ignoring the influence of subterranean movements, holds that these have not been the chief cause in determining the present form of the ground, but that the valleys are due in the main to *denudation*, or the erosive action of rains, streams, ice, and other sub-aërial forces. Of these two opinions the latter alone appears to me tenable with regard to the hills and valleys of Scotland; and I would here state in a few words the grounds for the belief.

It should be borne in mind, that, in dealing with the past history of our planet, the element of *time* ought never to be lost sight of. To turn away from the known and visible causes of change, and to imagine the former presence of others far more stupendous, because the results achieved seem otherwise inexplicable, is to substitute mere speculation for inductive reasoning. In all such attempts we make the fatal error of forgetting that, in the geological history of our globe, *time is power*. It may not be easy to get thoroughly rid of the natural tendency to associate great effects with great causes; but if one can free himself from this prejudice, he will probably be led, in the spirit of Hutton, to perceive that there appears to be no great change in the configuration of the

land which may not have been brought about by the working of those slow every-day processes which are in progress now.

There can be no dispute regarding the abundance of the upheavals, subsidences, and dislocations which the crust of the earth has undergone; but that our valleys and ravines are not mere cracks, would seem to be put beyond dispute by the fact that for one valley which happens to run along the line of a dislocation, there are, I dare say, fifty or a hundred which do not.\* Moreover, it can be shown that out of every valley and glen a great mass of solid rock has been carried bodily away, and that even the highest mountain-tops have suffered a similar loss. If we could restore the missing material, we should, in truth, be able to fill up the glens and valleys again, so that the mountainous parts of the country would thus be turned into rolling table-lands.

But perhaps the most evident argument against the doctrine of fracture and convulsion, and in favour of the Huttonian theory of erosion, is to be found in the very grouping of the valleys themselves. It appears to me hard to see how a thoughtful survey of the configuration of a land-surface can lead to any other conclusion, than that "the mountains have been formed by the hollowing out of the valleys, and the valleys have been hollowed out by the attrition of hard materials coming from the mountains."

Did the reader ever stand on a flat shore and watch how the water, which had soaked into the sand just below the upper limit of the tide, trickled down the seaward slope towards the pools and shallows on the lower part of the beach? He could hardly find a better illustration of the drainage of a country. The water that oozes out from below high-tide mark, begins by degrees to gather into tiny runnels; these gain size and speed as they descend, often flowing into each other, and thus with their united torrent cutting narrow and sometimes tortuous channels for themselves out of the sand. If the locality be a favourable one, these miniature rivers may be seen undermining their banks, and sweeping the *debris* away to sea. Thus the sand which wore, perhaps, a

\* There is no point which the detailed investigations of the Geological Survey have made clearer than this.

perfectly smooth surface when the tide left it a few hours before, is now channelled and worn into diminutive valleys, gorges, and ravines, with narrow ridges and broader plateaux between them. It might then be taken as a kind of relief model of the drainage of one side of a country. As the process of erosion goes on, the likeness of the beach to a series of river-systems grows every minute more marked. But at last the turned tide comes back and levels the whole; thus illustrating what geologists call "a plain of marine denudation." Yet again this levelled surface, when the tide retires, is once more exposed, the same system of water-carving goes on as before, and a new system of valleys, ravines, water-courses, ridges, and table-lands makes its appearance.

Now it is, I believe, in this kind of way that a great river-system is excavated. The process is then, of course, an infinitely longer one, calling in, as we shall see, the agency of rain, springs, streams, and ice, and making these all work together for the accomplishment of the general end; but in either case the ultimate result is achieved by denudation. Water seeking its way seaward cuts a net-work of paths for itself: an hour or two is enough to channel the sandy beach—millions of years may be needed to cut down a mass of high ground into mountain and glen; but in the long lapse of geological time the one result is, doubtless, as sure as the other.

The conclusion, therefore, to which an attentive examination of the present surface of the country points is, that although the rocks have unquestionably suffered much from subterranean commotion, it is not to that cause that their present external forms are chiefly to be traced; that the mountains exist, not because they have been upheaved as such above the valleys, but because their flanks having been deeply cut away they have been left standing out in relief; and that the valleys are there, not by virtue of old rents and subsidences, but because moving water, with its help-mates frost and ice, has carved them out of the solid rock.

GEIKIE'S *Scenery of Scotland*.



## JULIUS CÆSAR.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
MARCUS ANTONIUS,  
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,  
A Soothsayer.

} *Triumvir: after the death  
of Julius Cæsar.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,  
CASSIUS,  
CÆSAR,  
DECIUS BRUTUS,  
METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA,

} *Conspirators against  
Julius Cæsar.*

VARRO, CLAUDIUS, LUCIUS, *Servants to Brutus.—Citizens, &c.*

## PART I.

SCENE.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

*Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR, BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

*Sooth. Cæsar! . . .*

*Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?*

*I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music, Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.*

*Sooth. Beware the ides of March!*

*Cæs. What man is that?*

*Brut. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.*

*Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.*

*Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.*

*Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.*

*Sooth. Beware the ides of March.*

*Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.*

*[Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.]*

*[CASSIUS persuades BRUTUS to join in a conspiracy against CÆSAR.]*

SCENE.—*The Capitol. The Senate sitting.*

*Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, METELLUS, ANTONY, CASSIUS, CÆSAR, CINNA, DECIUS, and others.*

*Cæs. [To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.*

*Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone. . . .*

*Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,*

*And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.*

*Brut. He is addressed: press near, and second him.*

*Cin. Cæsar, you are the first that rears your hand.*

*Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss That Cæsar and his senate must redress?*

*Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,*

*Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart,— [Kneeling.]*

*Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance and first decree, Into the law of children. Be not fond, To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood That will be thawed from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,*

*Low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.*

*Thy brother by decree is banished: If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.*

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause*

*Will he be satisfied.*

*Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,*

*To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear, For the repealing of my banished brother?*

*Brut. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;*

*Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.*

*Cæs. What, Brutus!*

*Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.*

*Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;*

*If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:*

*But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fixed and resting quality*

*There is no fellow in the firmament. The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,*

*They are all fire, and every one doth shine, But there's but one in all doth hold his place:*

So in the world; 'tis furnished well with  
man,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,  
Let me a little show it, even in this;  
That I was constant Cimber should be  
banished,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck.*

*CÆSAR catches hold of his arm.*

*He is then stabbed by several other  
Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS  
BRUTUS.*

*Cæs.* *Et tu Brute!* Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The senators and people retire  
in confusion.*

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is  
dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the  
streets.

*Cæs.* Some to the common pulpits, and  
cry out,

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

*Bru.* People, and senators! be not  
affrighted;

Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is  
paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this  
mutiny. . . .

[*While the Conspirators consult to-  
gether,*]

Re-enter ANTONY.

*Bru.* Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so  
low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,  
spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee  
well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is  
rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death hour, nor no instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords,  
made rich

With the most noble blood of all this  
world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek  
and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand  
years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of  
death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of  
us.

Though now we must appear bloody and  
cruel,

As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,

And this the bleeding business they have  
done:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful!

And pity to the general wrong of Rome—

As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your  
part,

To you our swords have leaden points,  
Mark Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our  
hearts,

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and  
reverence.

*Cæs.* Your voice shall be as strong as  
any man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient till we have  
peased

The multitude, beside themselves with  
fear,

And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck

him,

Have thus proceeded. . . .

*Ant.* That I did love thee, Cæsar, O,  
'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy  
death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy

blood,

It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius! . . .

*Cas.* Mark Antony,——

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
Friends am I with you all, and love you  
all;

Upon this hope, that you shall give me  
reasons

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:  
And am moreover suitor, that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.  
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you  
do: do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be  
moved

By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon;—  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission,  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall; I like it  
not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you  
Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame  
us,

But speak all good you can devise of  
Cæsar,

And say you do't by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral: and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow  
us. [Exit all but ANTONY.]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece  
of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these  
butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly  
blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their  
ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my  
tongue;—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they  
behold

Their infants quartered with the hands of  
war;

All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atræ by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's  
voice

Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of  
war. . . .

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come  
to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is  
coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—  
O Cæsar!— [Seeing the body.]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and  
weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven  
leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him  
what hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous  
Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a  
while;

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this  
course

Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which, thou shalt dis-  
course

To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.

[Exit with CÆSAR'S body]

## PART II.

SCENE.—*The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Cit.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons should be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

*1st Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*2nd Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.*]

*3rd Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth,—as which of you shall not? With this I depart:—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus! live, live!

*1st Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*2nd Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*3rd Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*4th Cit.* Cæsar's better parts shall be crowned in Brutus.

*1st Cit.* We'll bring him to his house With shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

*2nd Cit.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

*1st Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

*1st Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*3rd Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes into the pulpit.*]

*4th Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

*3rd Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

*4th Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

*1st Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*3rd Cit.* Nay, that's certain :  
We are blest'd that Rome is rid of him.

*2nd Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony  
can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen ! lend  
me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones ;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;  
So are they all, all honourable men ;)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to  
Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar  
hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse : was this  
ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once ; not without  
cause :

What cause withholds you then to mourn  
for him ?

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason.—Bear  
with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

*1st Cit.* Methinks there is much reason  
in his sayings.

*2nd Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the  
matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong. . . .

*4th Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again  
to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar  
might

Have stood against the world : now lies he  
there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius  
wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and  
you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment, with the seal of  
Cæsar ;

I found it in his closet—'tis his will :  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read.)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's  
wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

*4th Cit.* We'll hear the will : read it,  
Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will ! we will hear  
Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I  
must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved  
you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but  
men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
'Tis good you know not that you are his  
heirs ;

For if you should, O, what would come  
of it !

*4th Cit.* Read the will ; we'll hear it,  
Antony :

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? will you stay  
a while ?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it :  
I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar ; I do  
fear it.

*4th Cit.* They were traitors : honourable  
men !

*All.* The will ! the testament !

*2nd Cit.* They were villains, murderers :  
the will ! read the will !

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read  
the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*Several Cit.* Come down.

*2nd Cit.* Descend.

*3rd Cit.* You shall have leave.

*[Antony comes down.]*

*4th Cit.* A ring; stand round.

*1st Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

*2nd Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*Several Cit.* Stand back; room; bear back.

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;  
That day he overcame the Nervii:—  
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger  
through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus  
stabbed;

And as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's  
angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar  
loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors'  
arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his  
mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great  
Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you  
feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but  
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you  
here,

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with  
traitors.

*1st Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

*2nd Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

*3rd Cit.* O woful day!

*4th Cit.* O traitors, villains!

*1st Cit.* O most bloody sight!

*2nd Cit.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge! About! Seek! Burn!  
Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor  
live!

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

*1st Cit.* Peace there! Hear the noble  
Antony.

*2nd Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow  
him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me  
not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are hon-  
ourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know  
not,

That made them do it: they are wise and  
honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer  
you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your  
hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know  
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor  
worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of  
speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do  
know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor,  
poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I  
Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a  
tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should  
move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

*1st Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*3rd Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the con-  
spirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear  
me speak.

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most  
noble Antony!

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

*Alas*, you know not: I must tell you, then: You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*2nd Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

*3rd Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

*1st Cit.* Never, never! Come, away, away! We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body. . . .

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow?

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome. . . .

### PART III.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, assume the government of Rome. They are opposed by Brutus and Cassius, who levy powers to make war on the triumvirate.

SCENE.—*Tent of BRUTUS, in the Camp near Sardis.*

*Bru.* What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand but in a forced affection;

For they have grudged us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to

fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on;  
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at

Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

*Cas.* No more. Good night;  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence. . .

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*[Var. and Clau. lie down.]*

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.  
*Bru.* It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. *[Music, and a song.]*

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave,  
good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee: and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why comest thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well; then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. *[Exit Ghost.]*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!

*Luc.* My lord?

*Var.* My lord?

*Clau.* My lord?

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

*Var., Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay: saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Var., Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.

*[Exeunt.]*

*[BRUTUS and CASSIUS are defeated at the battle of Philippi. They perish by their own hands. The drama ends with the following eulogium on BRUTUS by ANTONY and OCTAVIUS:]*

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators save only he  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.  
So call the field to rest; and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

SHAKESPEARE.



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